THE

Divine COMPANION:

OR,

DAVID's HARP New-Tun'd.

Being a Choice COLLECTION of

PSALMS, HYMNS, and ANTHEMS,

FOR

One, Two, Three, Four, and Five Voices:

None of them ever before Printed.

The Words being taken from the Beſt Authors, and Set by ſeveral of the moſt Eminent Maſters.

To be uſed in Churches or Private Families, for the greater Advancement of DIVINE MUSICK.

Pſalm CXLVI. Ver. 1. *Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul, while I live will I Praiſe the Lord; yea, ſo long as I have any Being I will ſing Praiſes unto my God.*

And that above we may be ſure to know
Our Parts, theſe Hymns we practice here below:
And while we Sing we conſecrate our Art,
And offer up with ev'ry Tongue a Heart.

LONDON,

Printed: And Sold by *J. Robinſon*, at the *Golden Lion* in *Ludgate-ſtreet*.

AN

Alphabetical TABLE,

Which readily (by the Page) directs to each *Anthem*, *Hymn*, and *Pſalm*; and the Name of each Perſon who Compos'd them.

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BOOKS printed by, and for *William Pearson*, over-against *Wright*'s *Coffee-house* in *Aldersgate-Street*.

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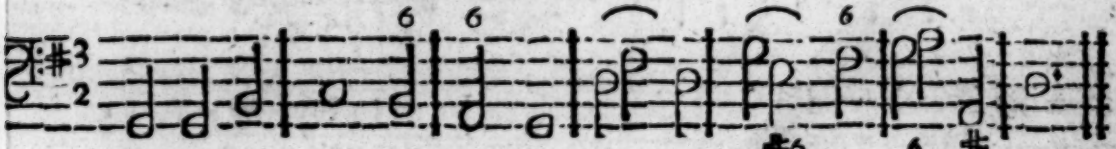

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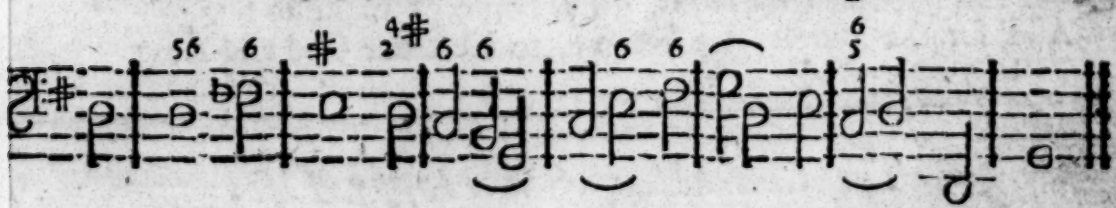

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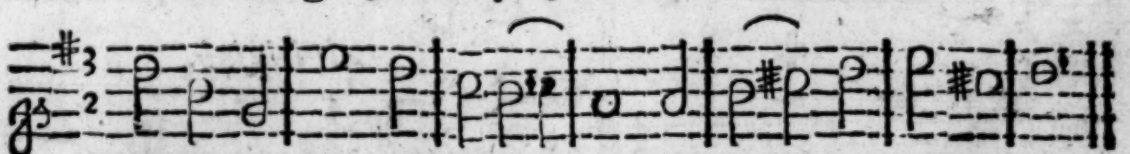

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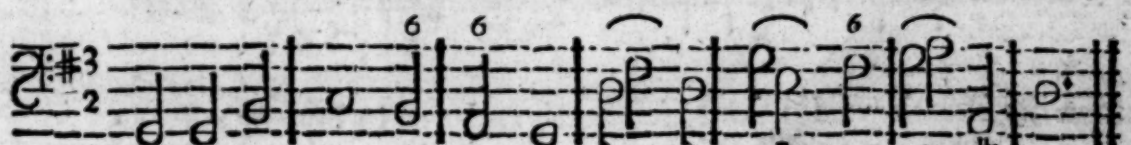

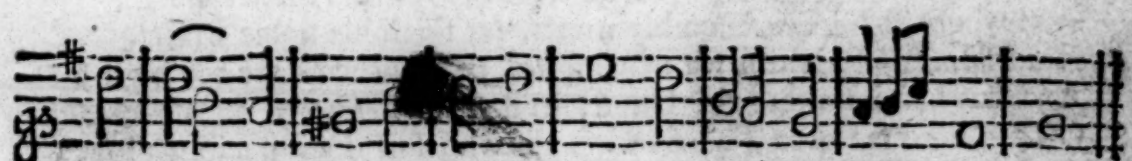

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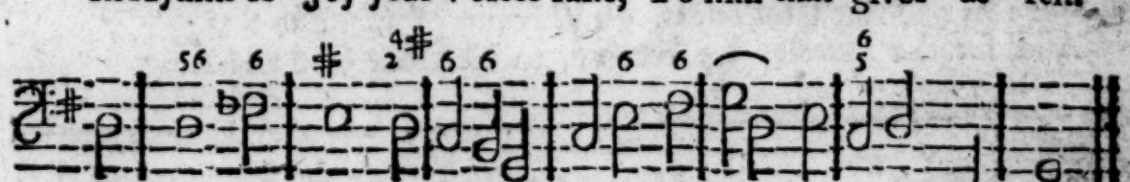

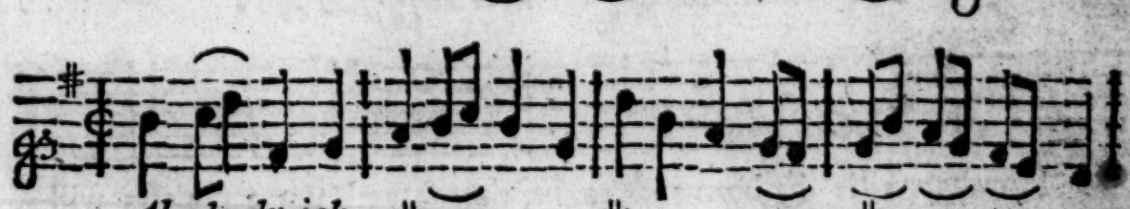

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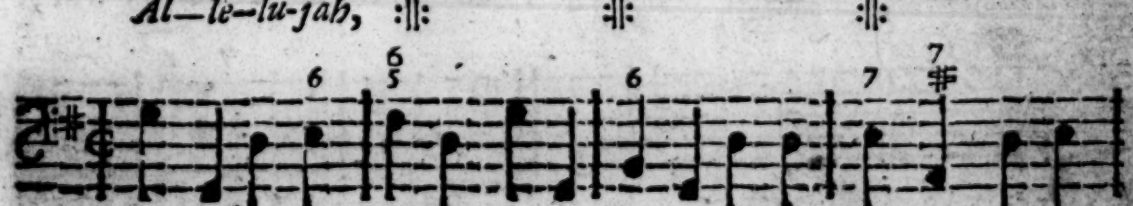

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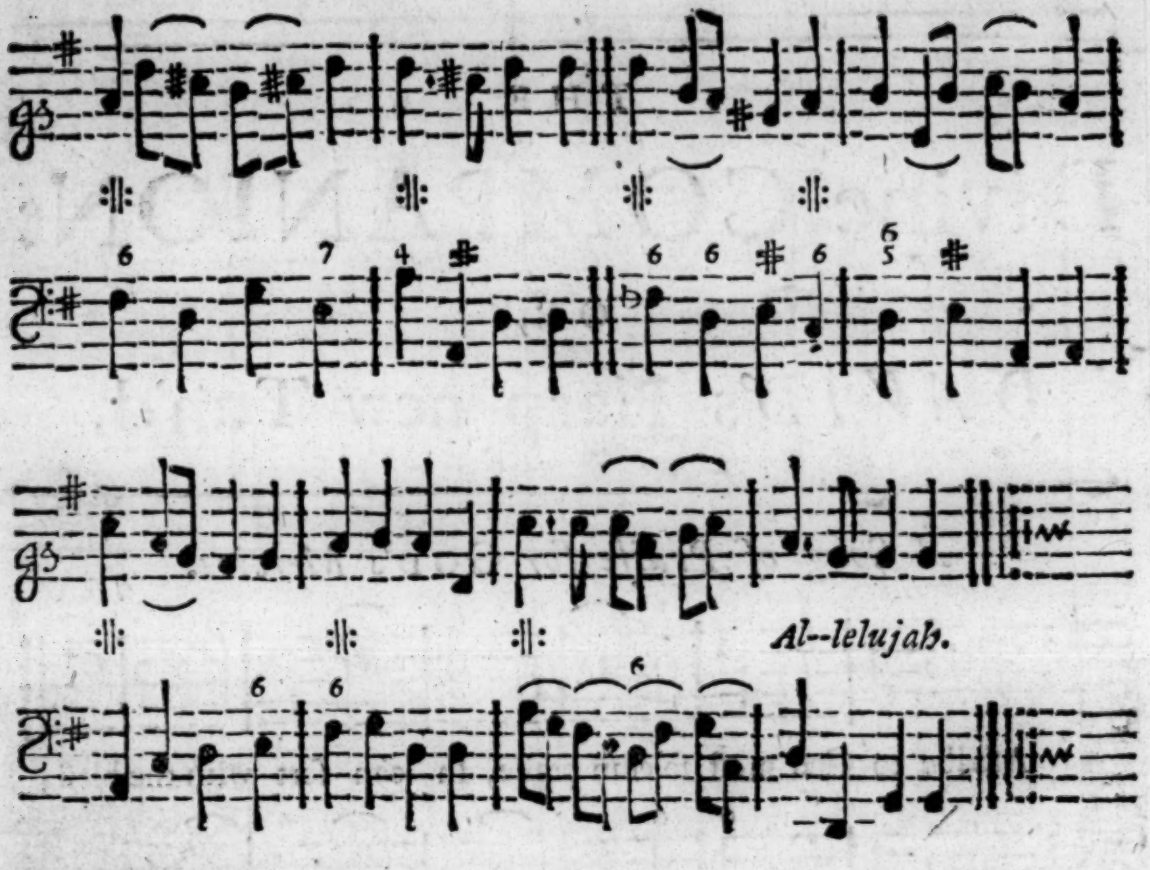
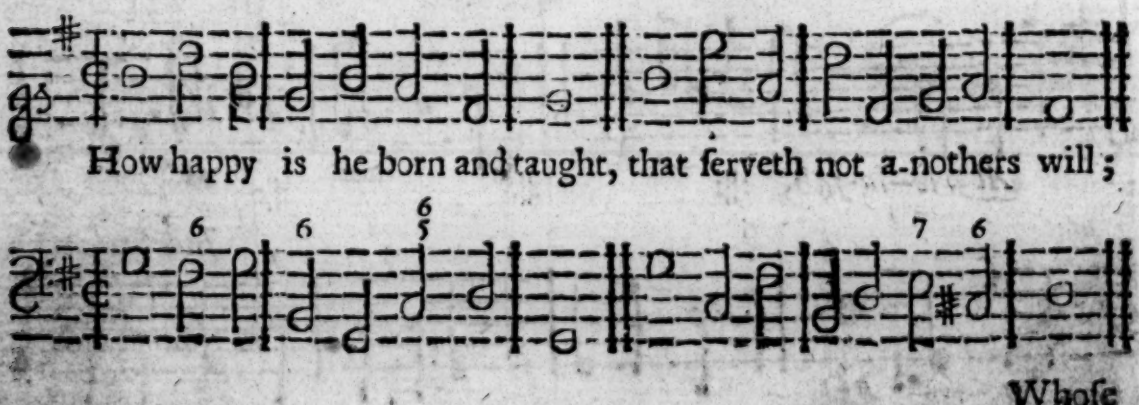
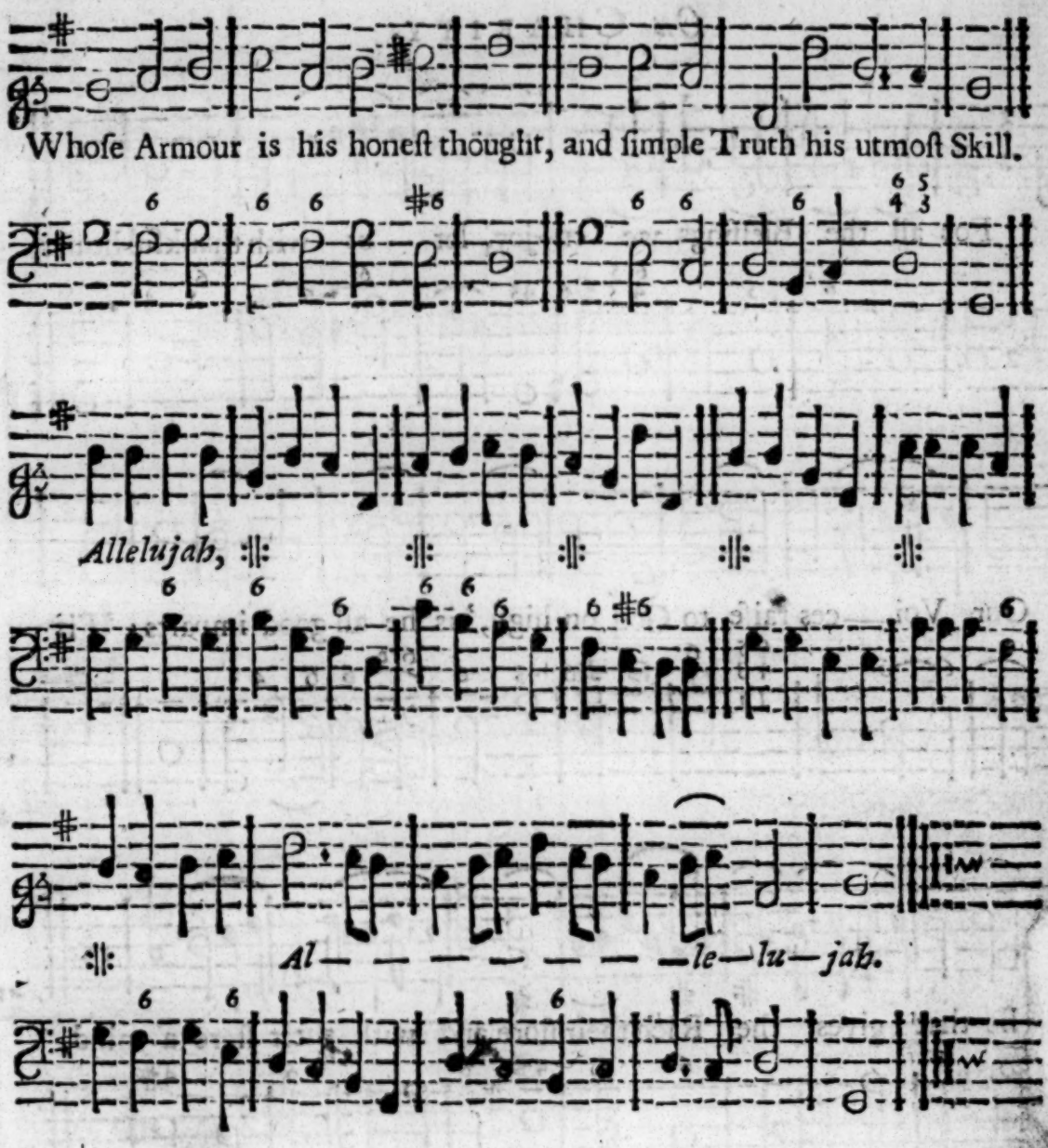


2 That Breath we did from God receive, let us in Hymns reſtore;
And whilſt we on this Bounty live, ſing Praiſes and adore.
3 Let us to God in grateful Thanks, our cheerful Voices raiſe;
And where the great Aſſembly meets, ſet forth his noble Praiſe.
4 To Pſalms and Hymns we may aſpire, tho' Anthems are too high;
And ſtrive to immitate the Choir, in decent Harmony.
5 O then with me give Thanks to God, who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe, be endleſs as his Love.
6 For this our trueſt Int'reſt is, glad Hymns of praiſe to ſing;
And for the Mercies we receive, to bleſs our God and King.

The Character of a Happy Life.



Whoſe



2 Whose Passions not his Masters are, whose Soul is still prepar'd for Death;
Unty'd unto the World by Care, of publick Fame, or private Breath.

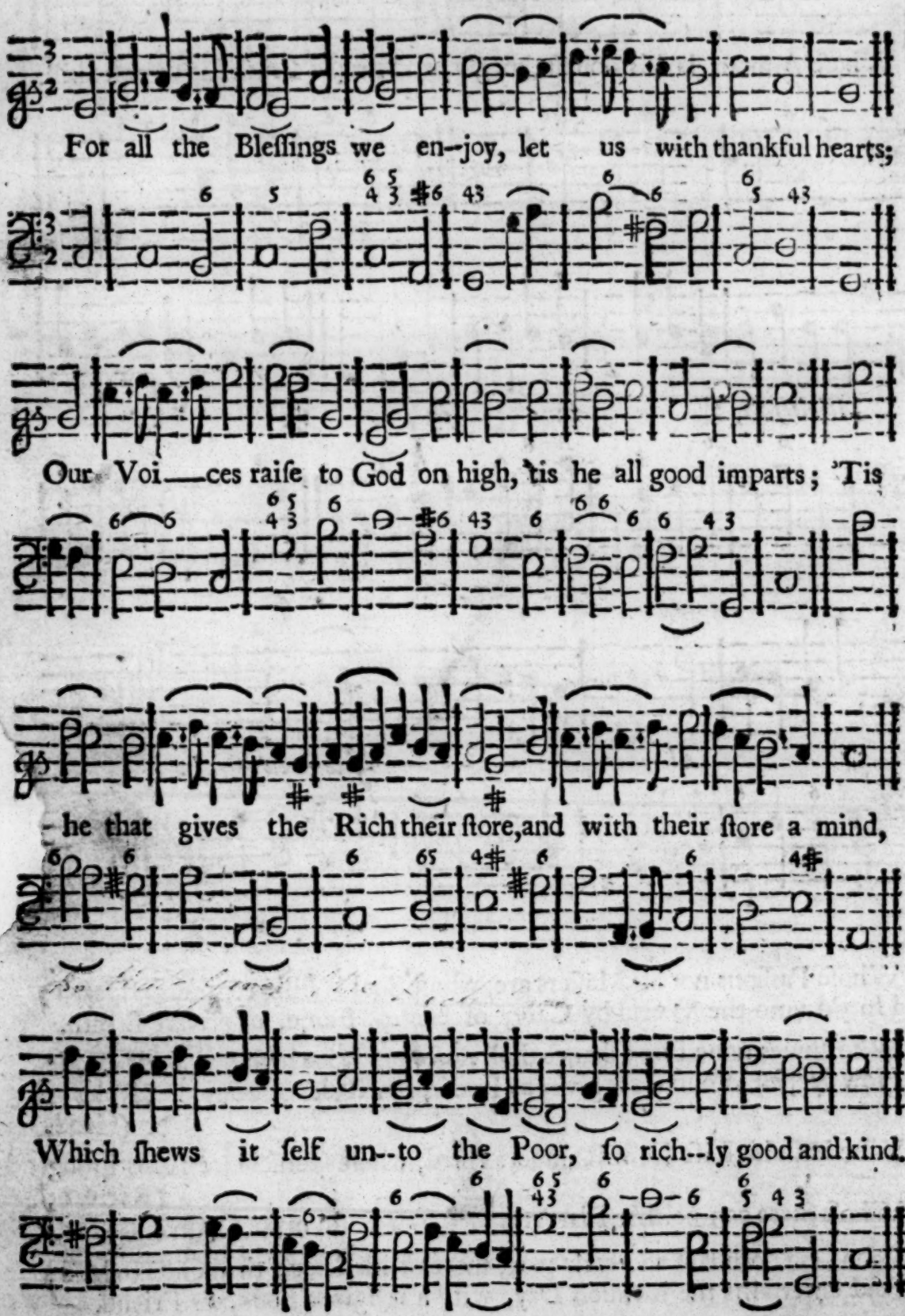
3 Who envies none that Chance doth raise, nor Vice hath ever understood;
How deepest Wounds are giv'n by Praise, nor Rules of State, but Rules of (Good.

4 Who hath his Life from Rumours freed, whose Conscience is his strong (Retreat;
Whose State can neither Flatt'rers feed, nor Ruin make Oppressors great.

5 Who God doth late and early pray, more of his Grace, than Gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless Day, with a religious Book, or Friend.

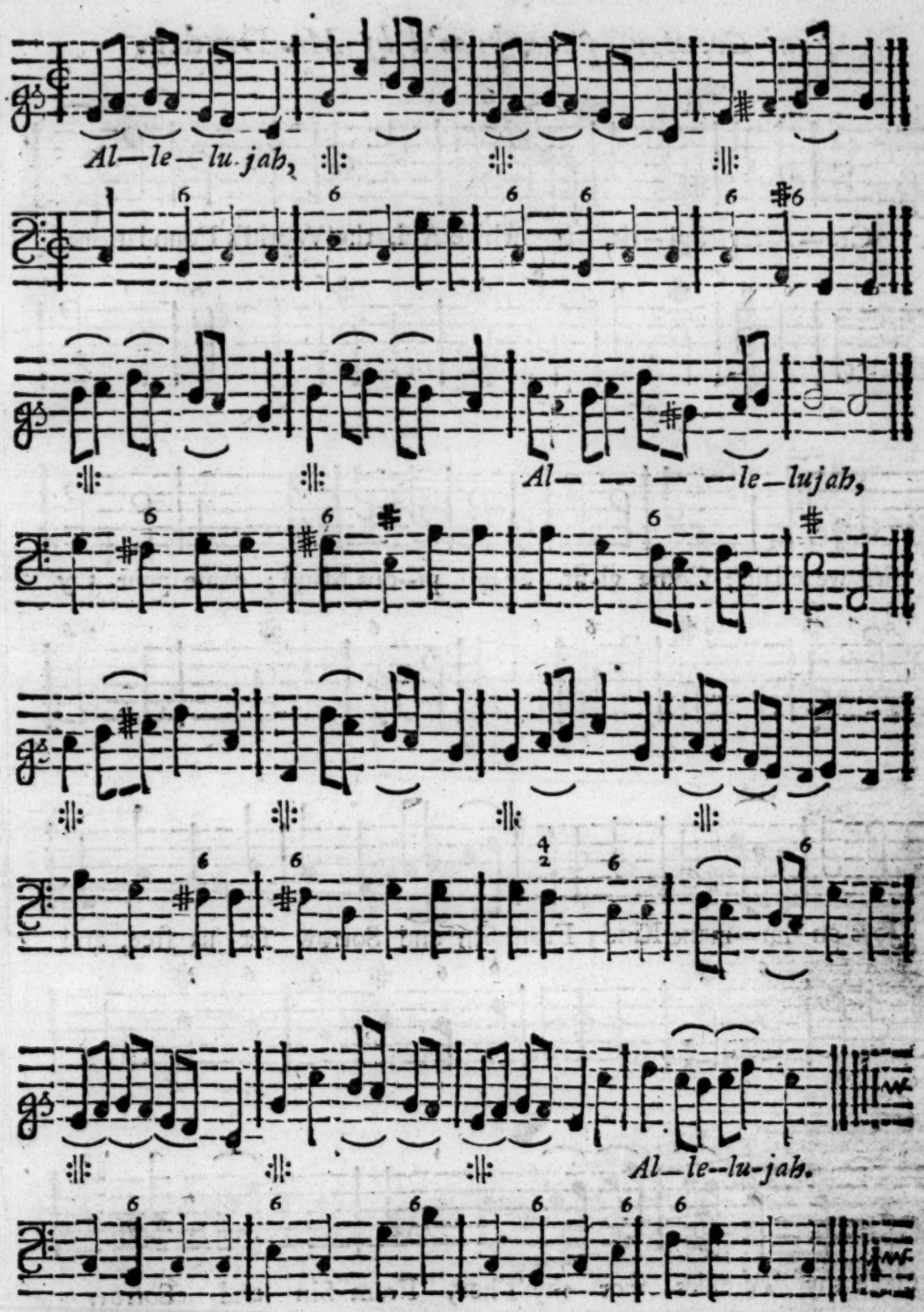
6 This Man is freed from servile Bands, of Hope to rise, or Fear to fall;
Lord of himself, tho' not of Lands; and having nothing, yet hath all.

On CHARITY.



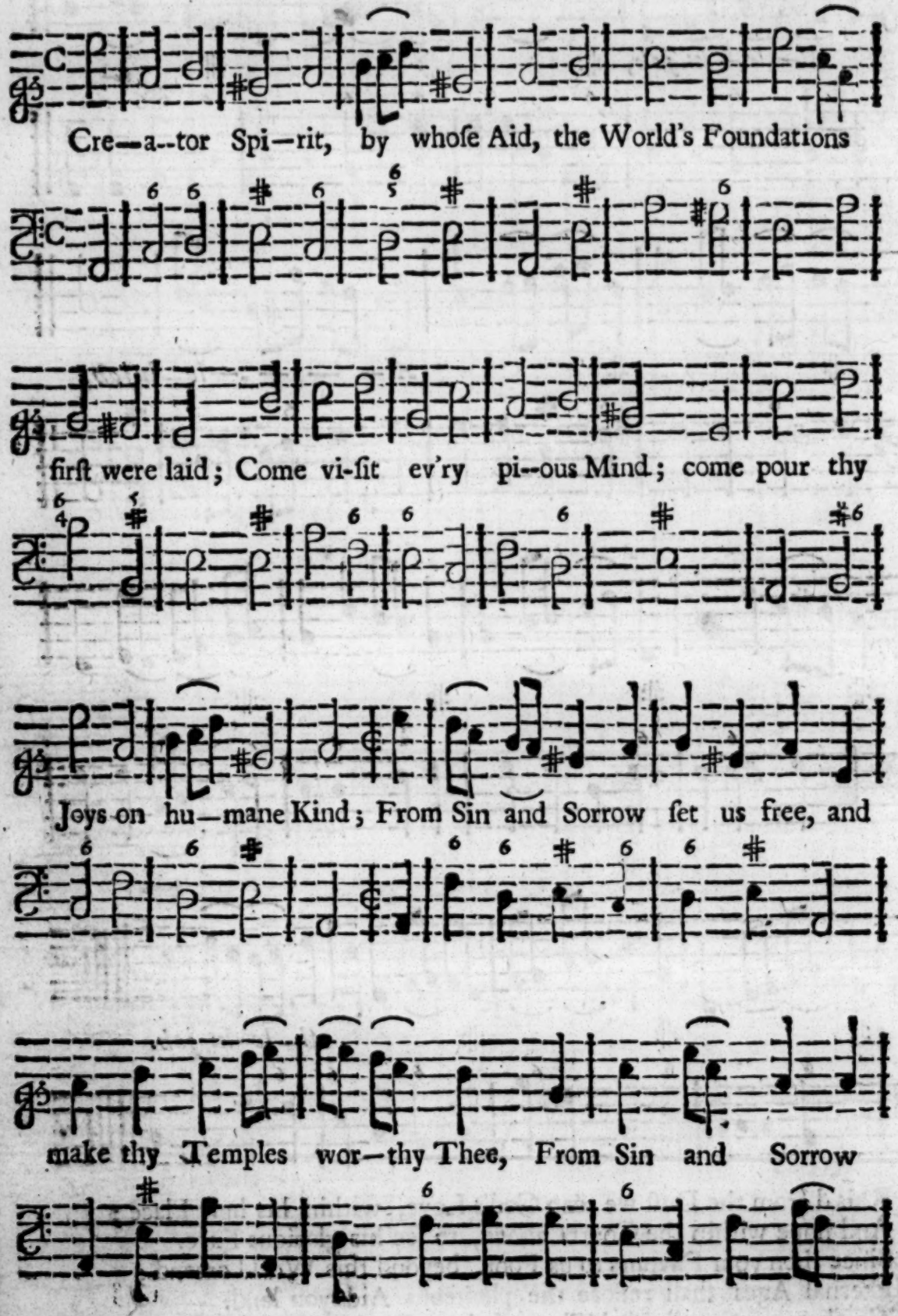
2 Hence all our preſents Comforts flow, and future Comforts ſpring;
Whilſt we poor Babes are taught to know our Selves, and God our King.

3 Rais'd



3 Rais'd from the Duſt we reap God's Love, within his holy Place;
And hope within the Courts above, to ſee his glorious Face.
4 Since then your Favours to us Poor, beyond this World extend;
Eternal Ages ſhall reſtore the plenteous Aid you lend.
5 To that great undivided Three, whom Earth and Heaven adore;
As was, and is, all Glory be, till time ſhall be no more.

Veni Creator, paraphras'd by Mr. Dryden.



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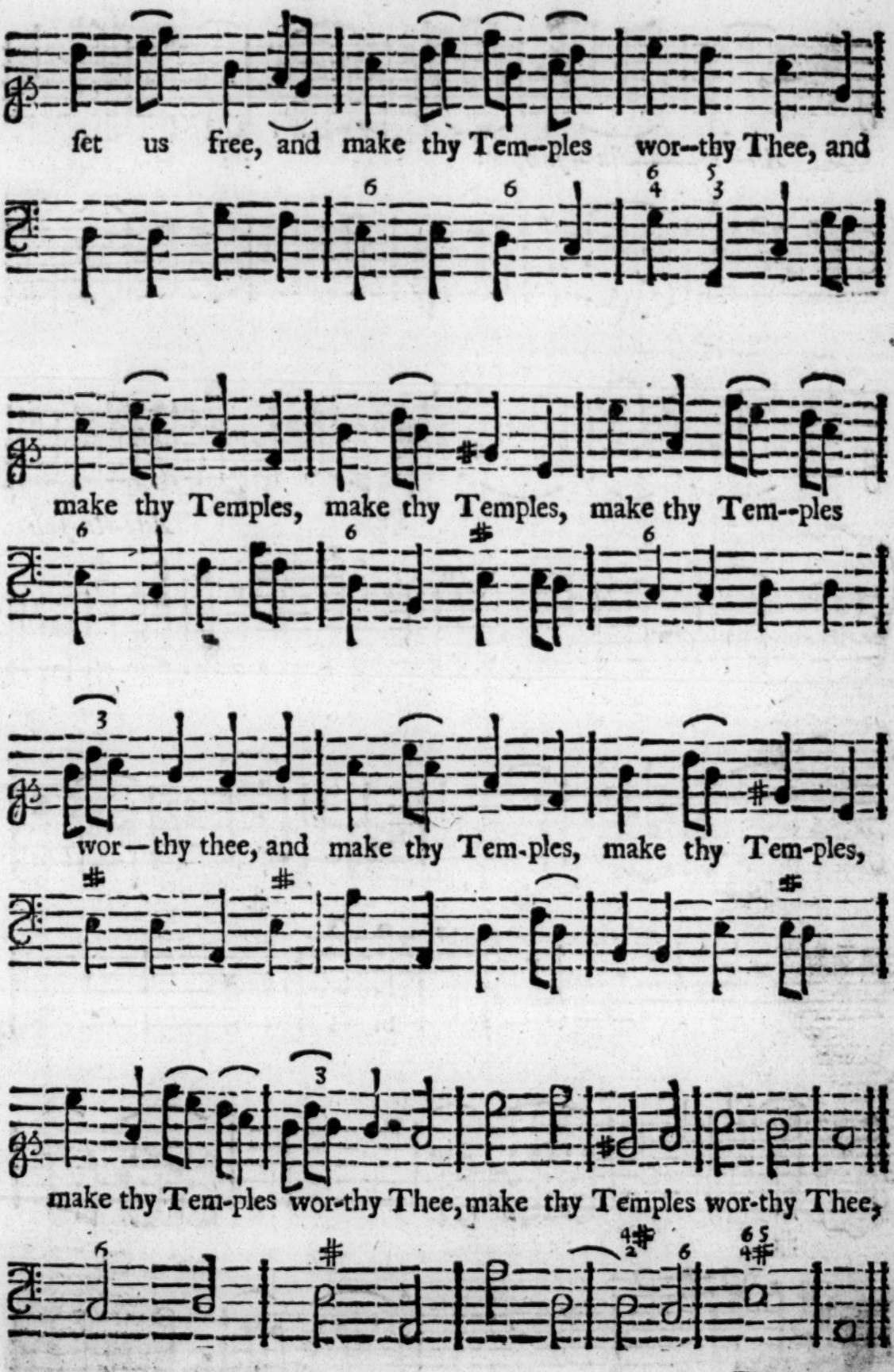

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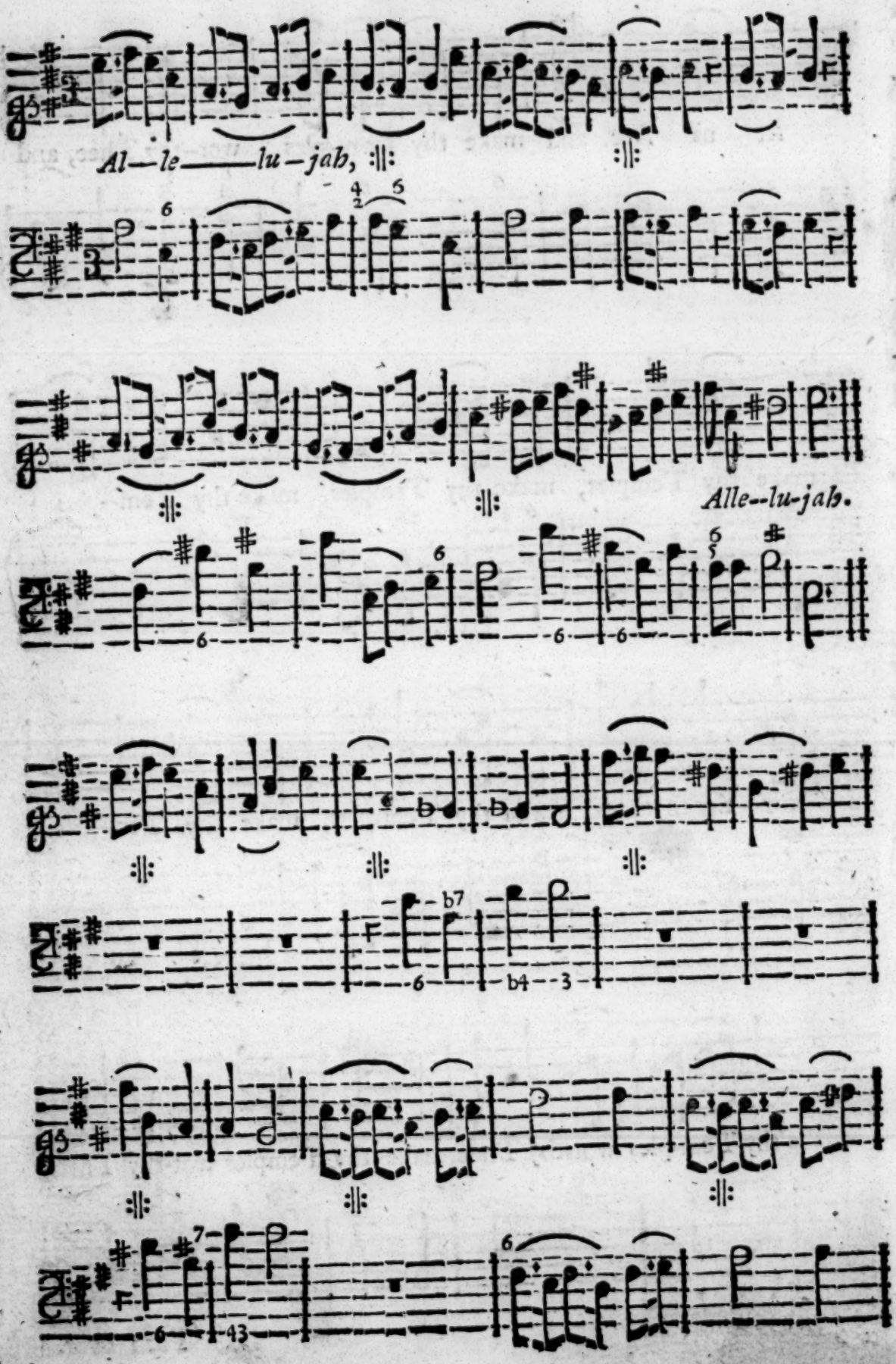
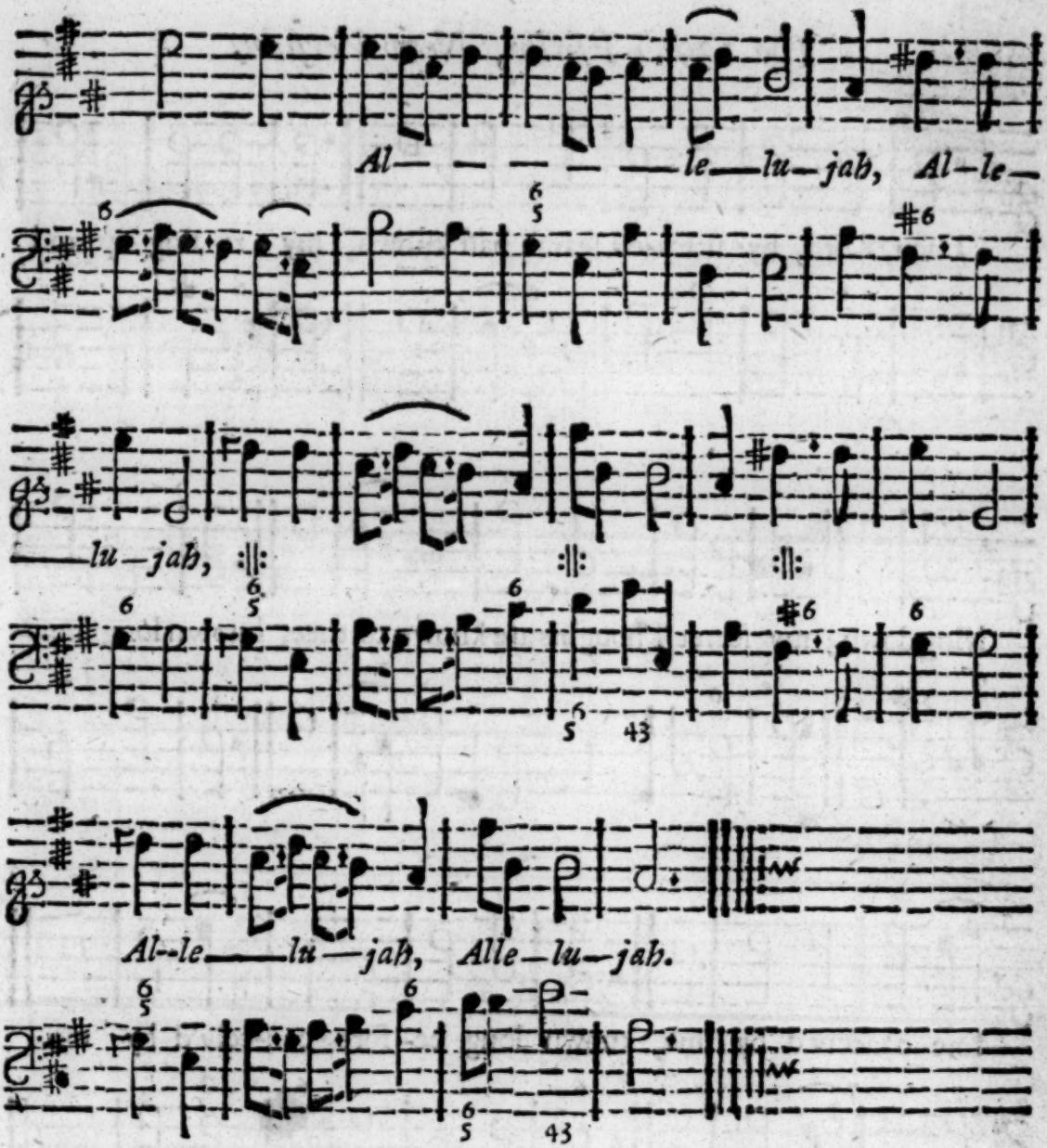




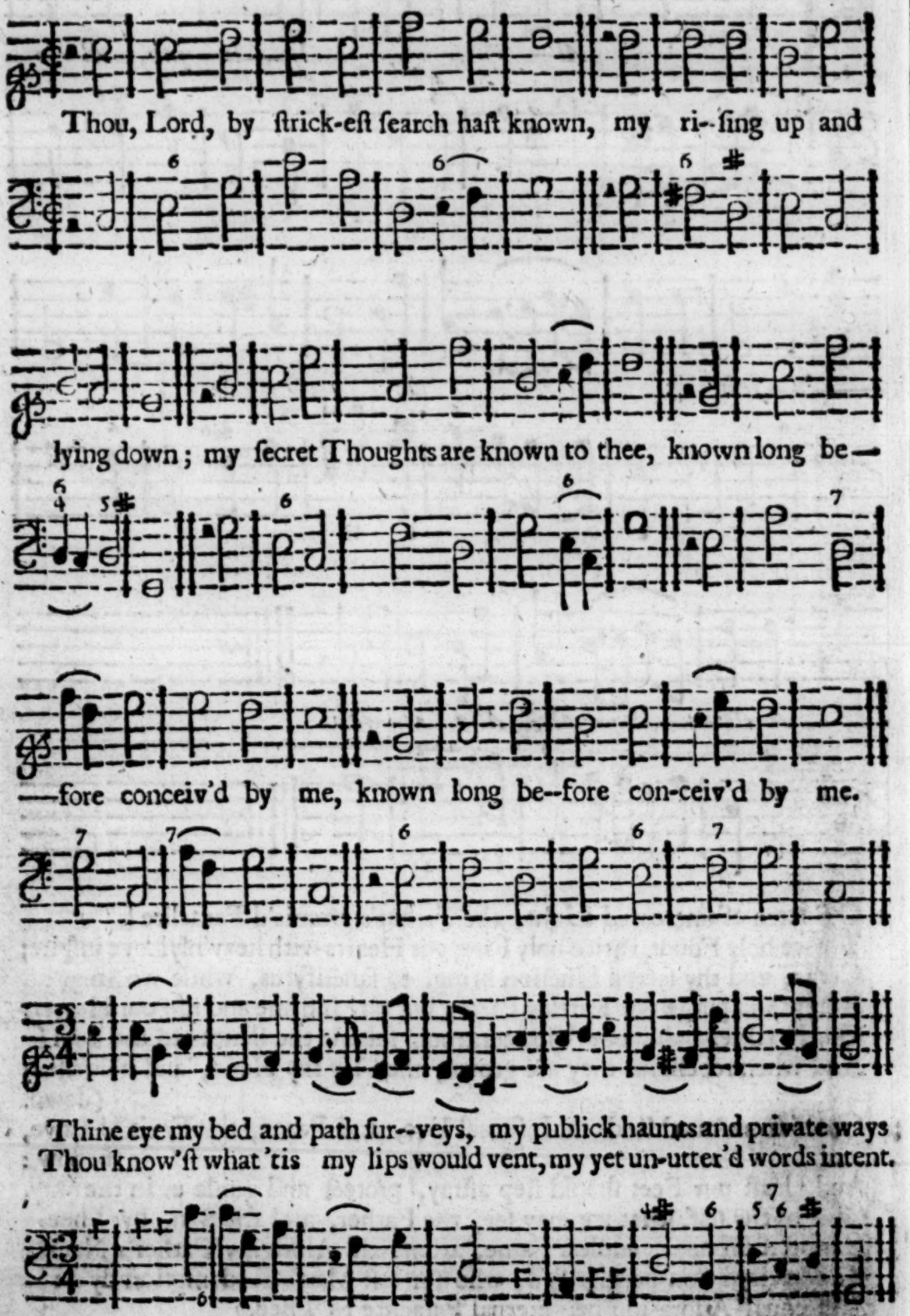
2 O Source of uncreated Light, the Father's promis'd Paraclite!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire, our Hearts with heav'nly Love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred Unction bring, to ſanctify us, while we Sing.

3 Refine and purge our Earthly Parts; but oh! inflame and fire our Hearts:
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul, ſubmit the Sences to the Soul;
And when rebellious they are grown, then lay thy Hand, and hold them down.

4 Chace from our Minds th' Infernal Foe, and Peace, the Fruit of Love, beſtow:
And, leaſt our Feet ſhould ſtep aſtray, protect and guide us in the way.
Give us thy ſelf, that we may ſee, the Father, and the Son, by Thee.

5 Immortal Honour, endleſs Fame, attend th' Almighty Father's Name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd, who for loſt Man's Redemption dy'd:
And equal Adoration be, eternal Paraclite to Thee.

The 139th Pſalm, New Verſion.



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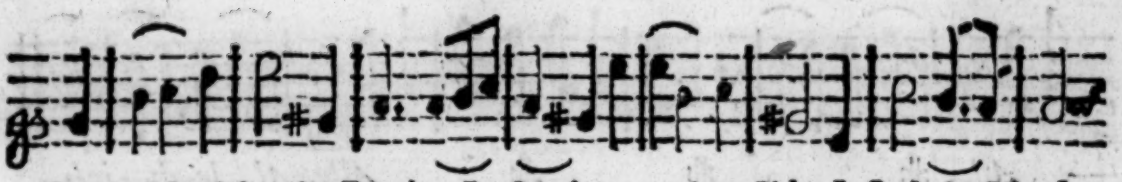
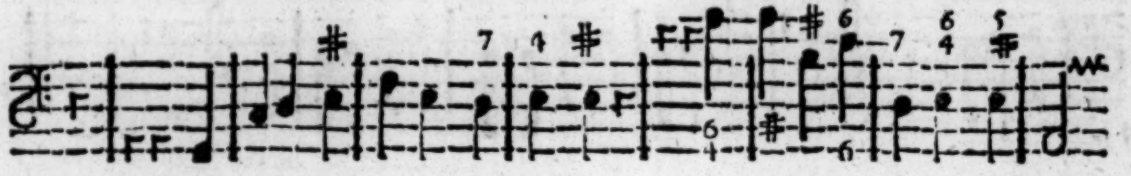
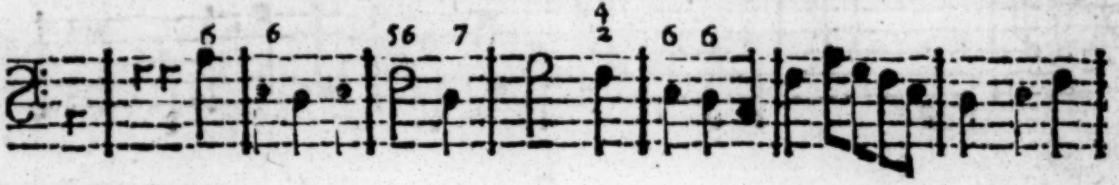


Surround-ed by thy Pow'r, I ſtand on ev'-ry Side, I find thy Hand;



O Skill for human Reach, too high, too dazling bright, too da--zling



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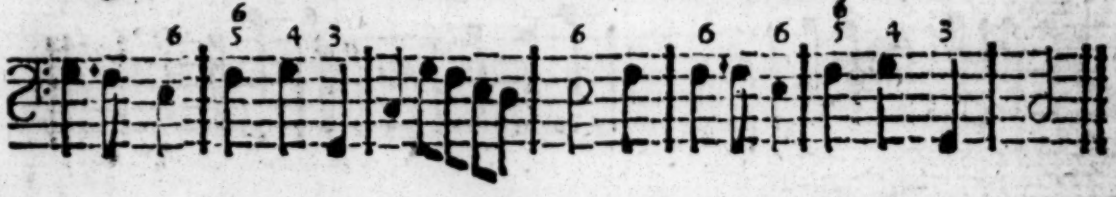

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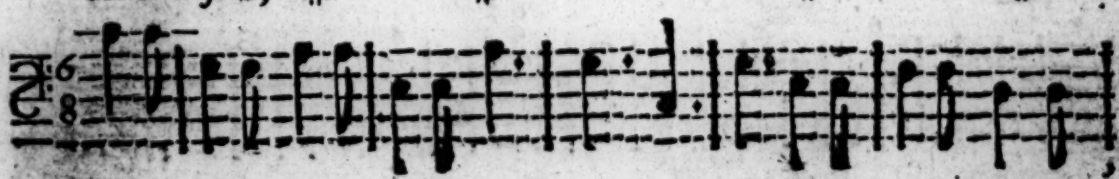

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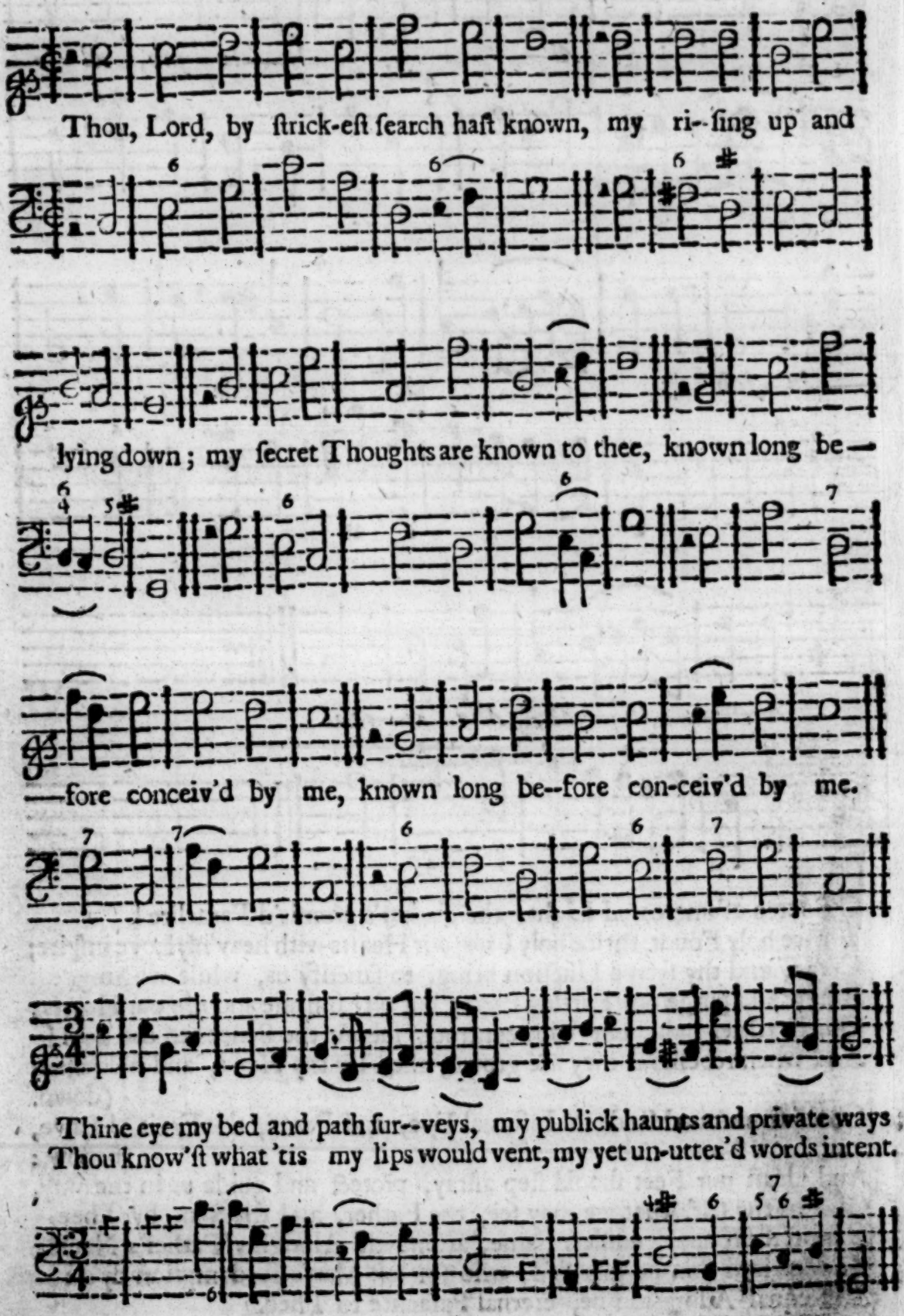

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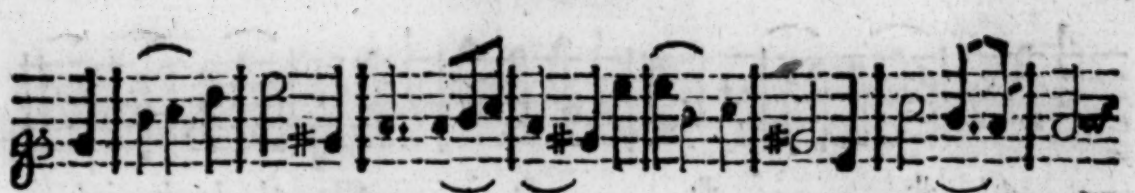

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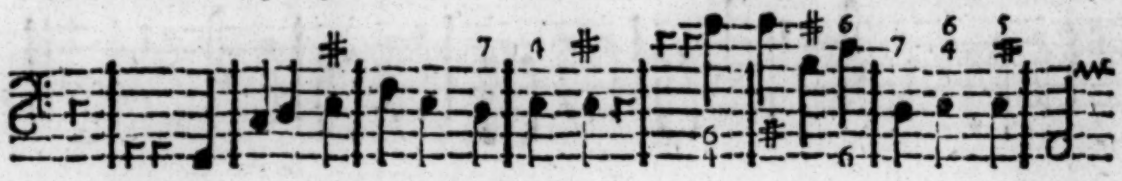

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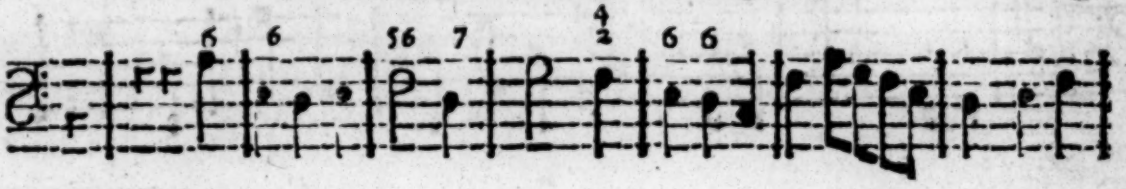

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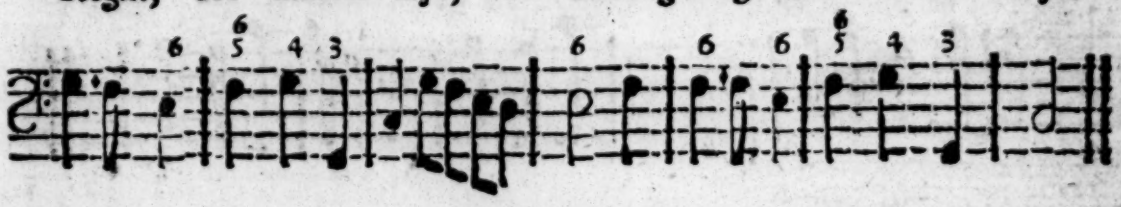

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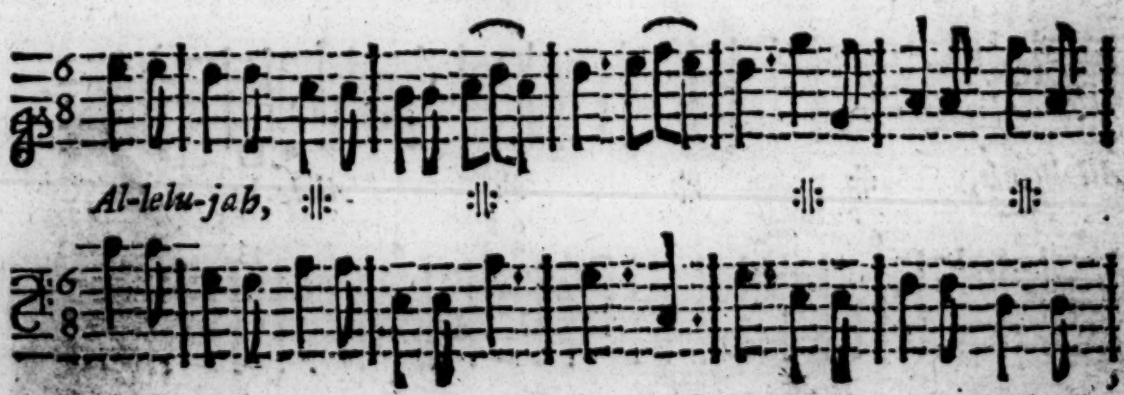

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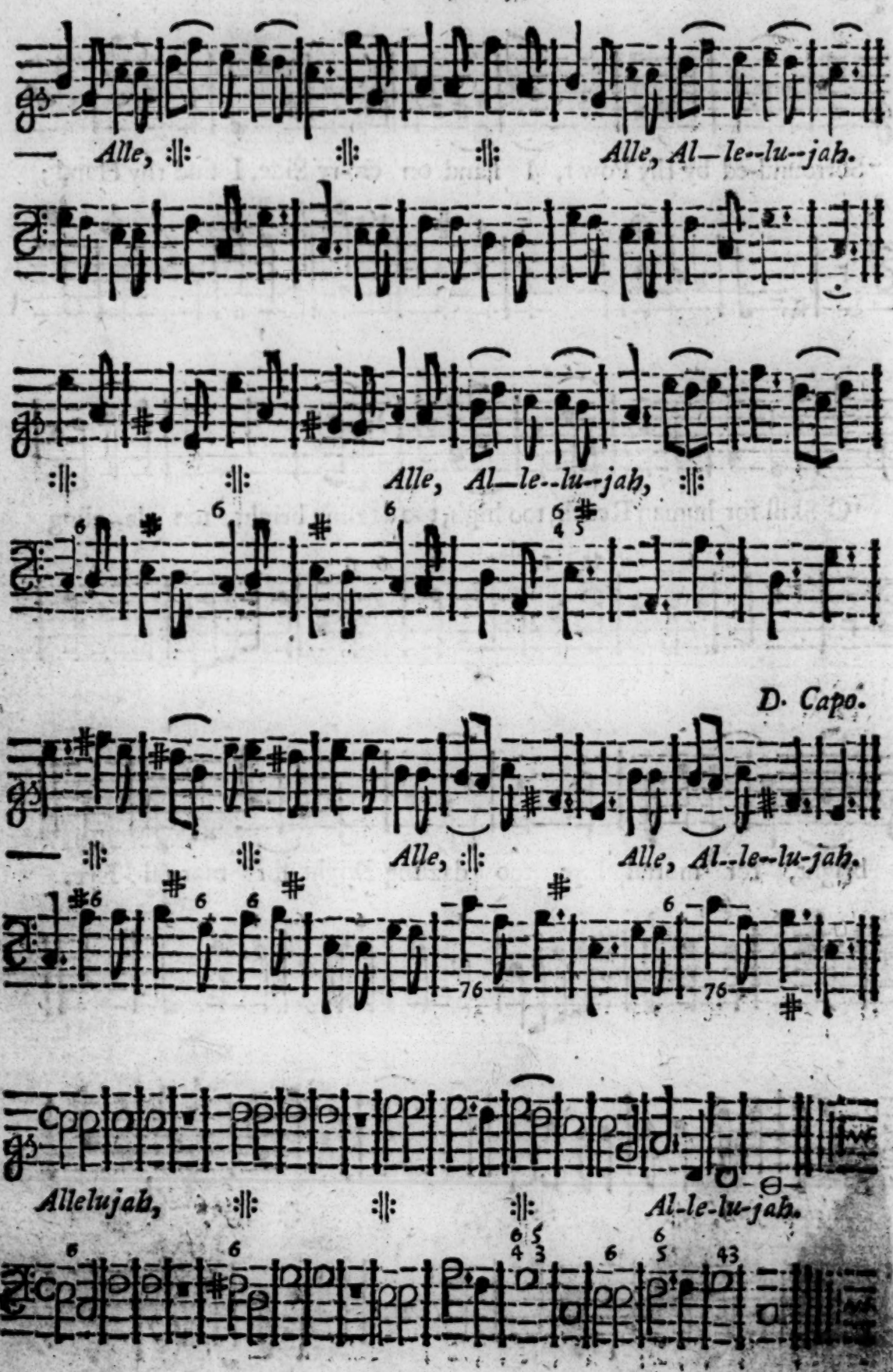

Alle, Alle, Al—le--lu--jah.
Alle, Al—le--lu--jah,
D. Capo.
Alle, Alle, Al--le--lu-jah.
Allelujah, Al-le-lu-jah.

O cou'd I ſo perfidious be, to think of once deſerting Thee;
Where, Lord, cou'd I thy Influence ſhun, or whither from thy Preſence run;
If up to Heav'n I take my Flight, 'tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains, 'tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns:
If I the Morning's Wings cou'd gain, and fly beyond the Weſtern Main;
Thy ſwifter Hand wou'd firſt arrive, and there arreſt thy Fugitive.

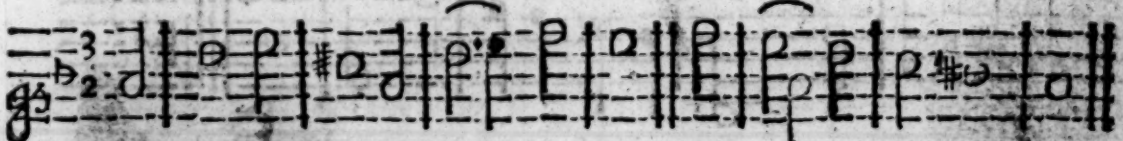
Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Light, beneath the Sable Wings of Night;
One Glance from Thee, one piercing Ray, would kindle Darkneſs into Day.
The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe, no Screen from thy all ſearching Eyes;
Thro' Midnight Shades thou find'ſt thy Way, as in the blazing Noon of Day;
Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart, my Reins, and ev'ry vital Part;
Each ſingle Thread in Nature's Loom, by Thee was cover'd in the Womb.

I'll praiſe Thee from whoſe Hand I came, a Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders Thou in me haſt ſhown, my Soul with grateful Joy muſt owu:
Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey, while yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay;
In ſecret, how exactly wrought, e'en from its dark Encloſure brought:
Thou did'ſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee, its Parts were regiſtred by Thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took, form'd by the Model of thy Book.

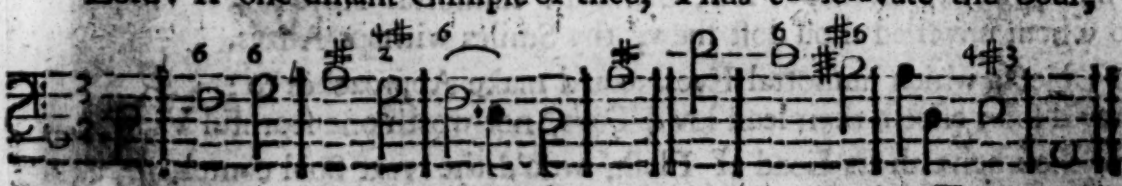
Let me acknowledge to a God, that ſince this Maze of Life I trod;
My Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount, the Pow'r of Numbers to recount:
Far ſooner could I reckon o'er, the Sands upon the Oceans Shore;
Each Morn reviſing what I've done, I find th' Account but new begun:
The Wicked thou ſhall ſlay, O God, depart from me ye Men of Blood;
Whoſe Tongues Heav'ns Majeſty prophane, and take the Almighty's Name (in vain.

Lord, hate not I their impious Crew, who Thee with Enmity purſue;
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs, when Reprobates thy Law tranſgreſs;
Who practice Enmity to Thee, ſhall utmoſt Hatred have from me;
Such Men, I utterly deteſt, as if they were my Foes profeſt:
Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart, if Miſchief lurk in any Part;
Correct me where I go aſtray, and guide me in thy perfect Way.

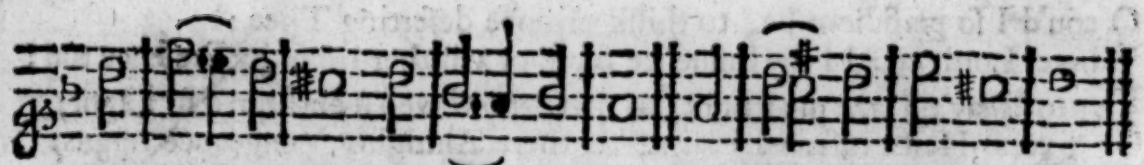
The Rapture *by a young* Lady. *Set by Mr.* P. Prelleur.



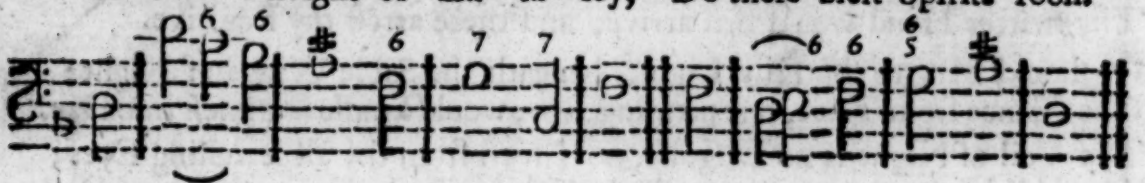
Lord! if one diſtant Glimpſe of thee, Thus e—le--vate the Soul;



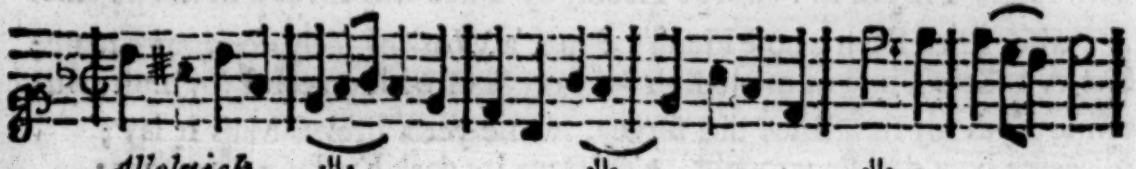
Turn over.



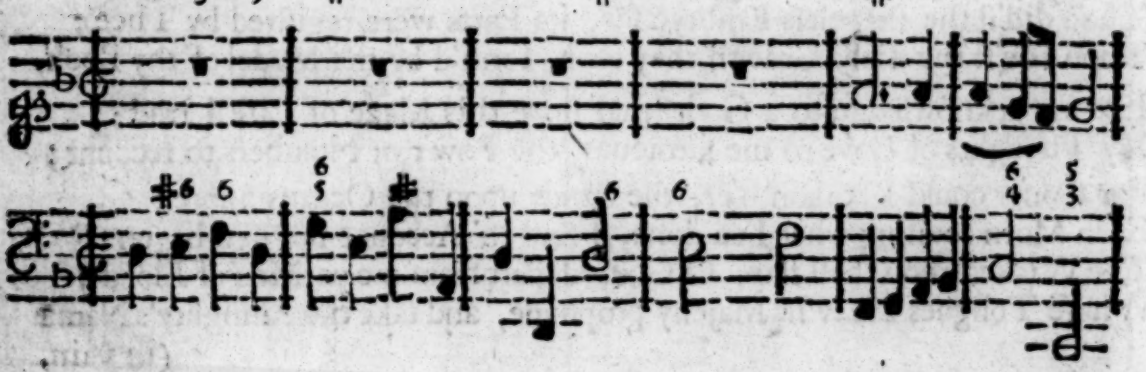
In what a height of Ex—ta—ſcy, Do theſe bleſt Spirits rooll.

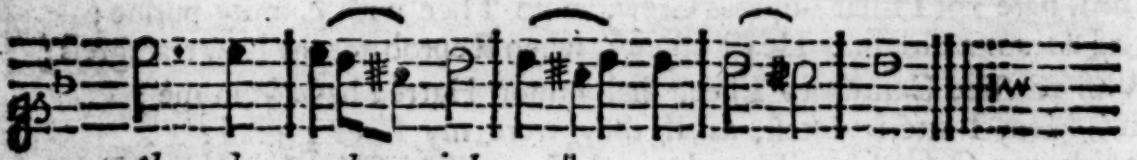


CHORUS.

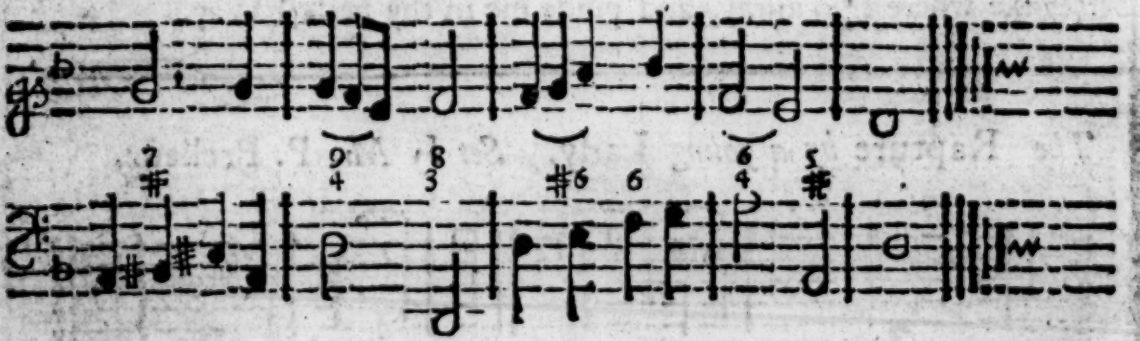


Allelujah, :‖: :‖: :‖:



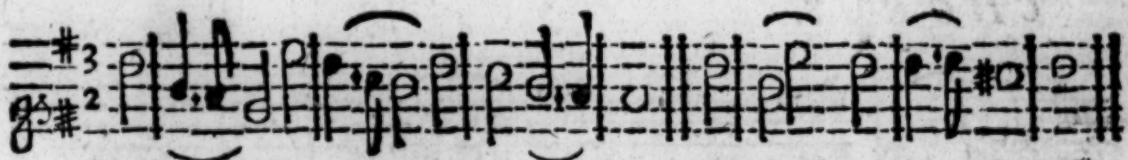


Al — le——lu—jah, :‖:

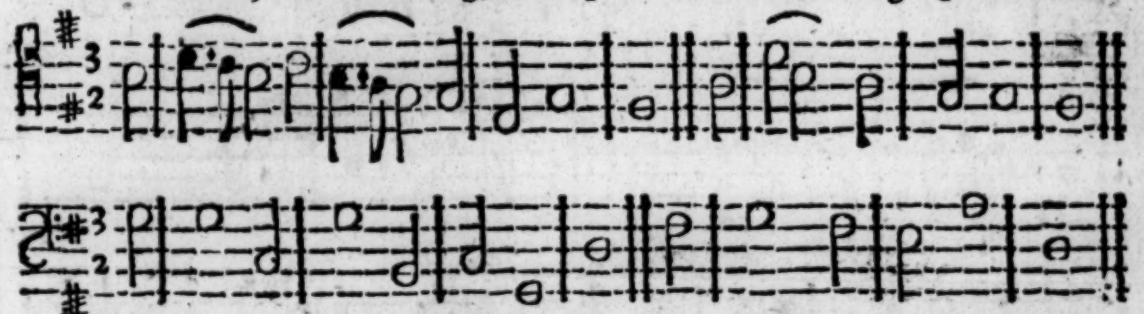


Who by a fixt eternal View, drink in immortal Rays;
To whom unveiled thou doſt ſhew, thy Smiles without Allays.
An Object, which immortal Eyes, cou'd make Approaches to;
They'd ſoon eſteem their leaſt lov'd Toys, not worth one ſcornful View.
How thou beneath its Load of Fleſh, wou'd the vext Soul complain;
And how the friendly Hand ſhe'd bleſs, wou'd break her hated Chain.

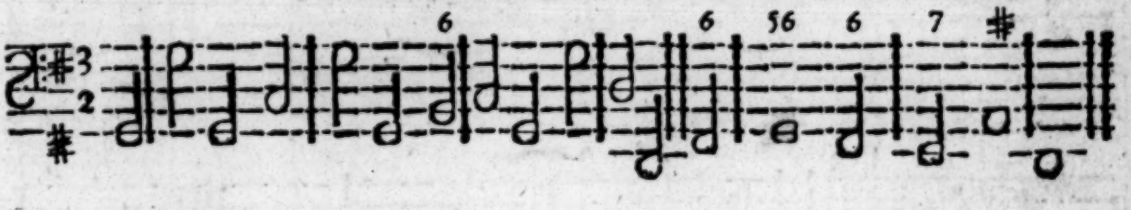
An HYMN *ſet by Mr.* W. Turner, *for three Voices.*

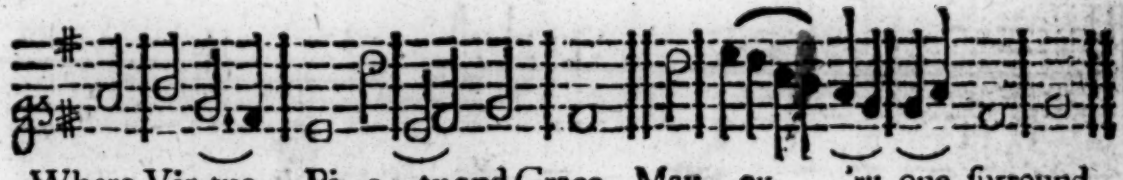


How ſweet, how charming, is this place? with God's bright preſence C.

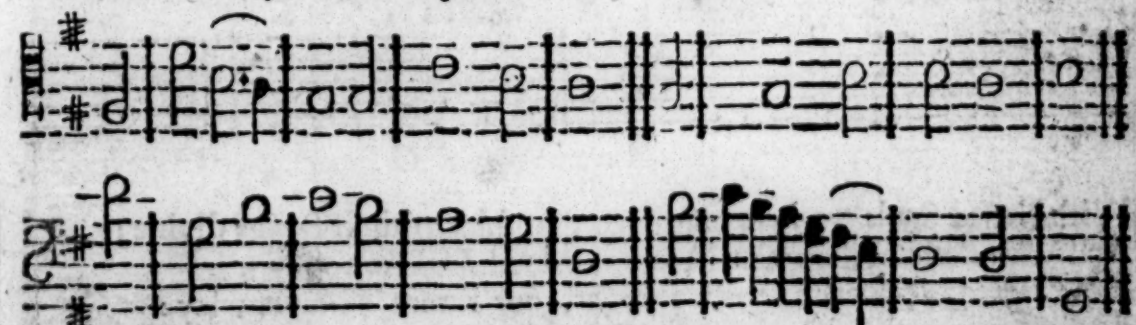


How ſweet, how charming is this place, with God's bright preſence crownd

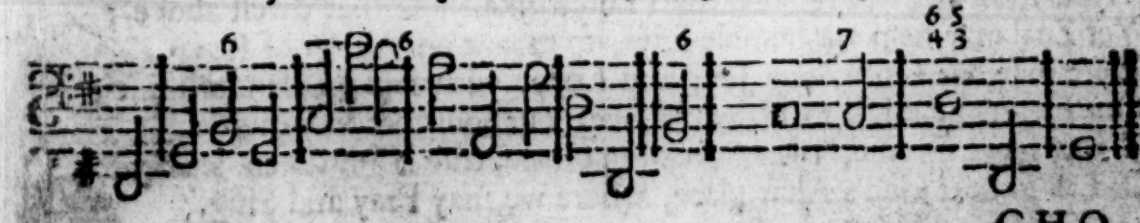




Where Vir-tue, Pi--e—ty and Grace, May ev——'ry one ſurround.



Where Virtue, Pi—e—ty and Grace, May ev——'ry one ſurround.



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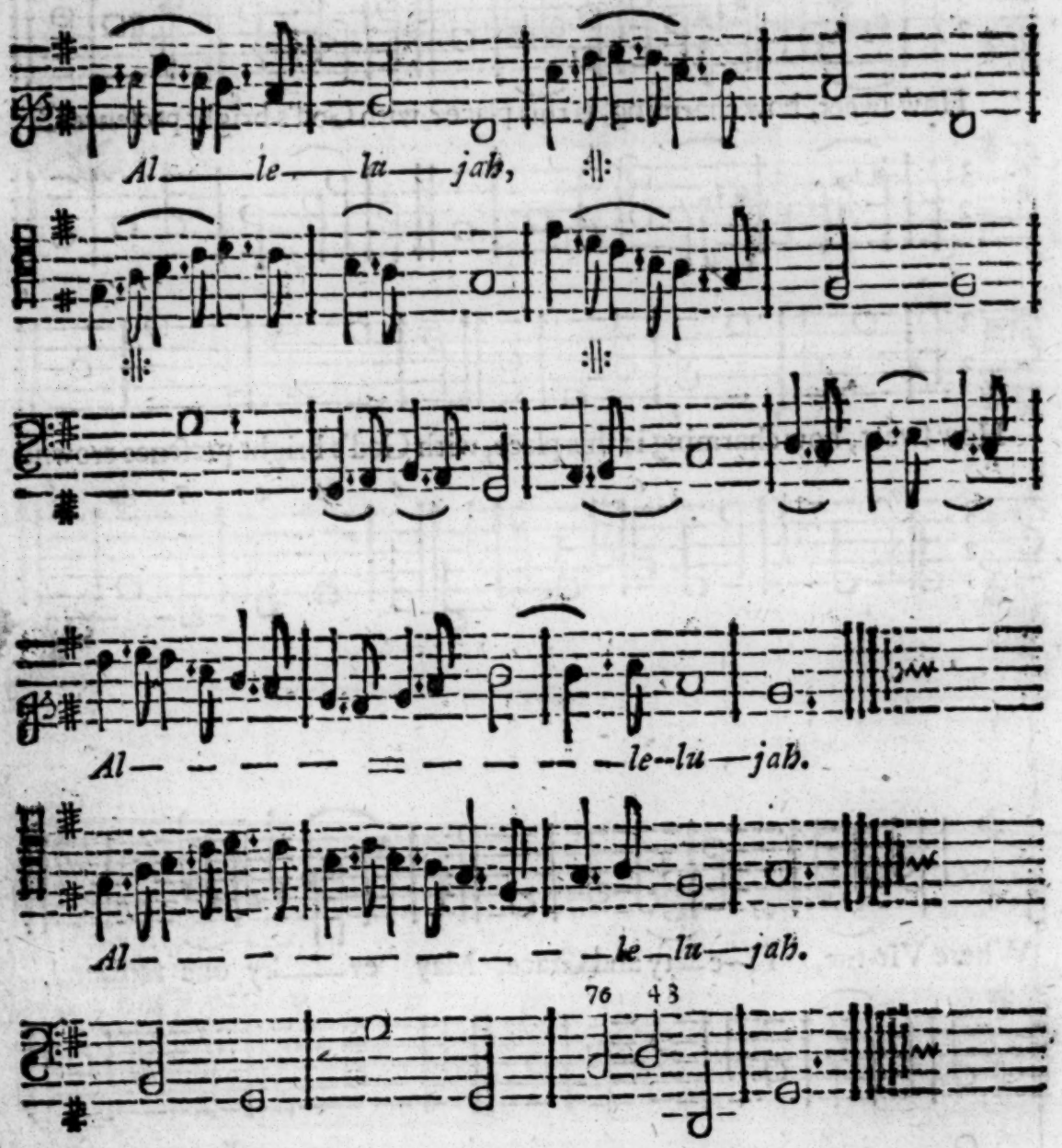
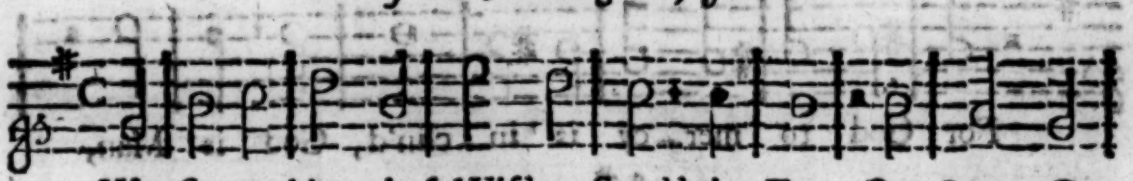


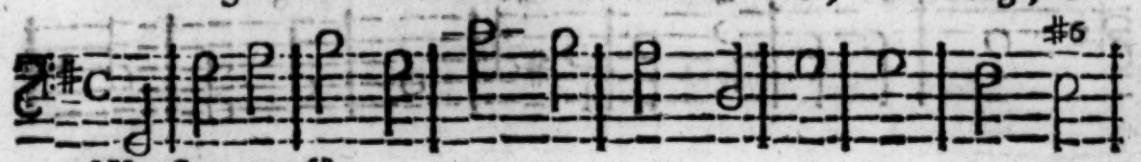
With bleſſed Souls we here may meet, and learn their Songs divine;
And with their Hallelujahs ſweet, our loud *Hoſanna*'s joyn.
How bleſs'd, if always thus we might, our future Time employ;
And ſinging paſs to Realms of Light, and Worlds of endleſs Joy.
What tho' we can't reſound thy Praiſe, like thoſe that dwell above;
Yet Zeal may help our humble Lays, to mount on Wings of Love.
Here may our Faith, our Joy, and Love, with equal Splendor ſhine;
Our Hearts be rais'd to Heav'n above, our Souls become divine.
'Twas Love Divine, 'twas Soveraign Grace, true Bounties endleſs Spring
Did us ſo near God's Altar place, where we may Pray and Sing.

An HYMN *on the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour.*

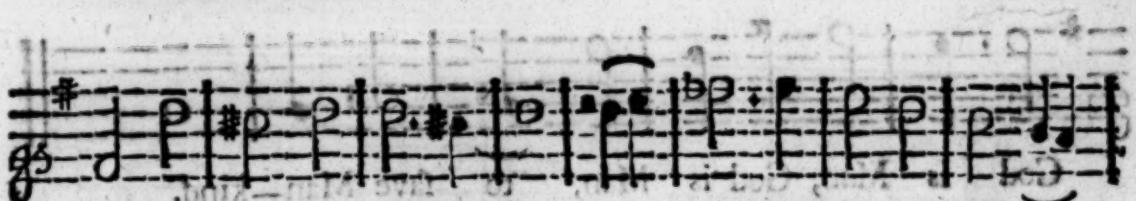
Set by Mr. Rosingrave, *Junior.*



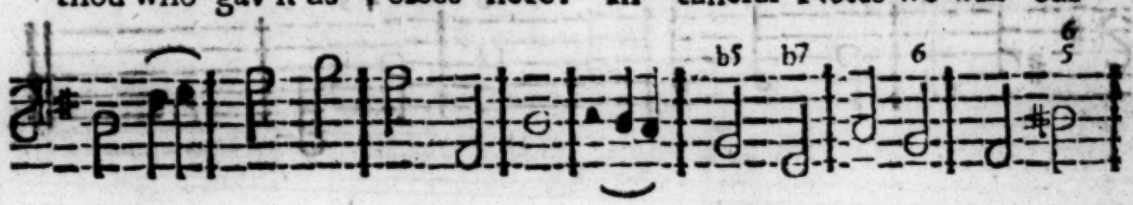
We sing to him whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, Our Songs, O



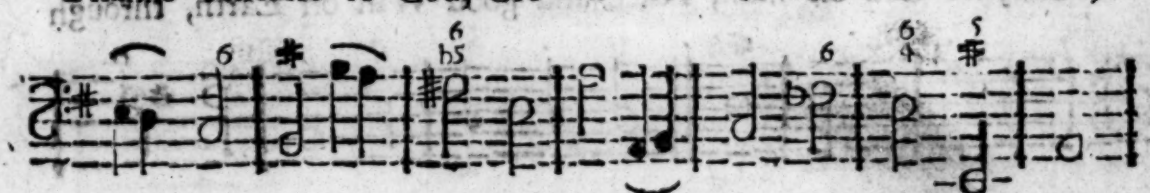
We sing to, &c.

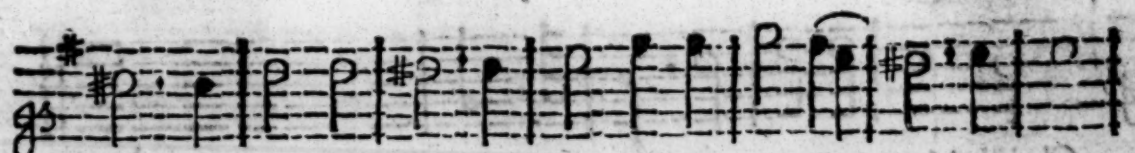


thou who gav'st us Voices here: In tuneful Notes we will our

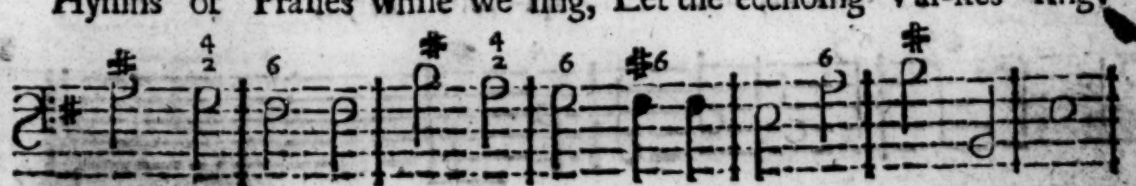


Thanks rehearse to God, Cre—a—tor of the U—ni-verse,





Hymns of Praises while we sing, Let the ecchoing Val-lies ring:



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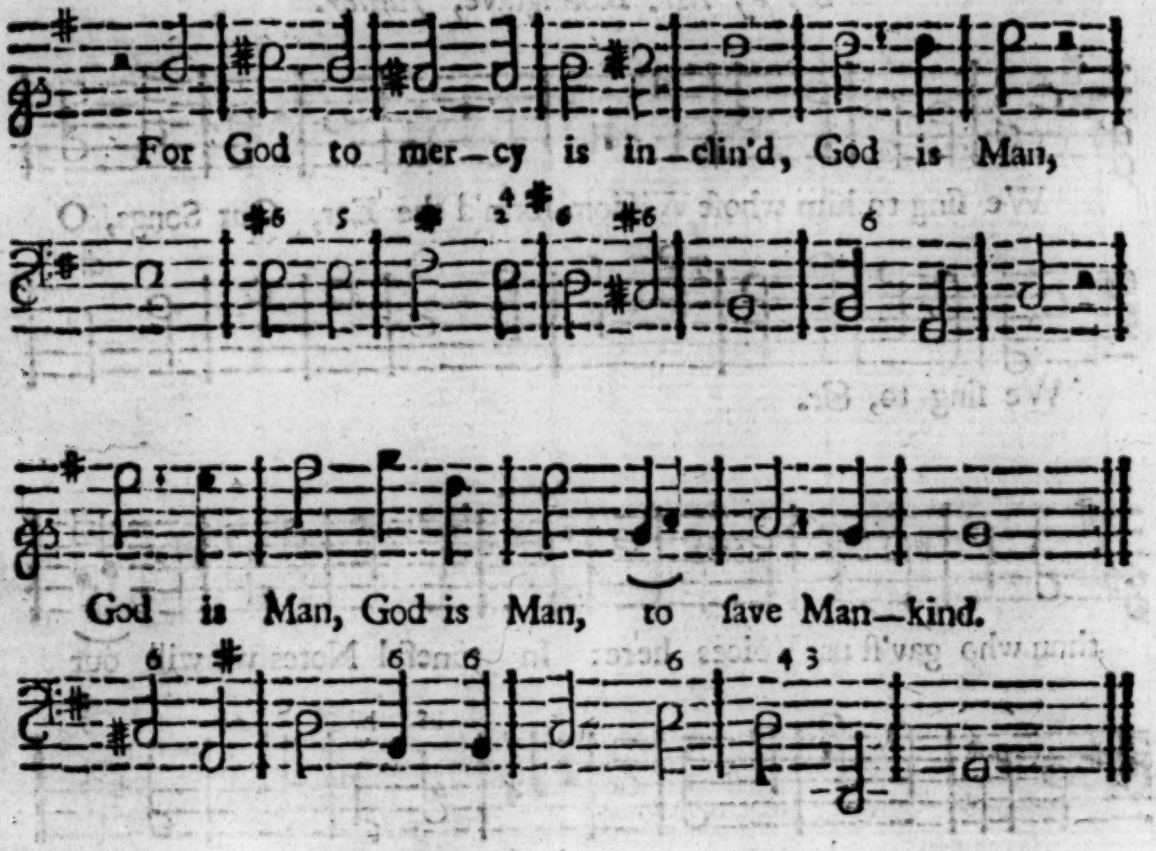
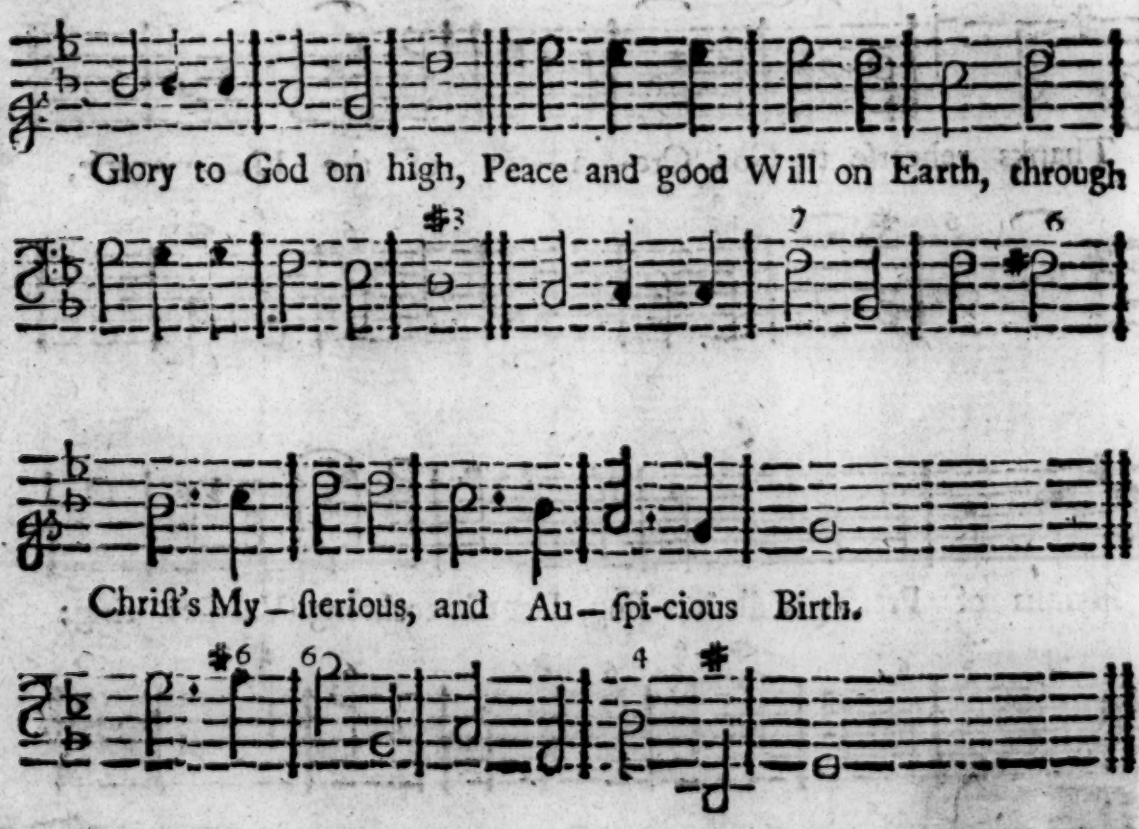


CHORUS.



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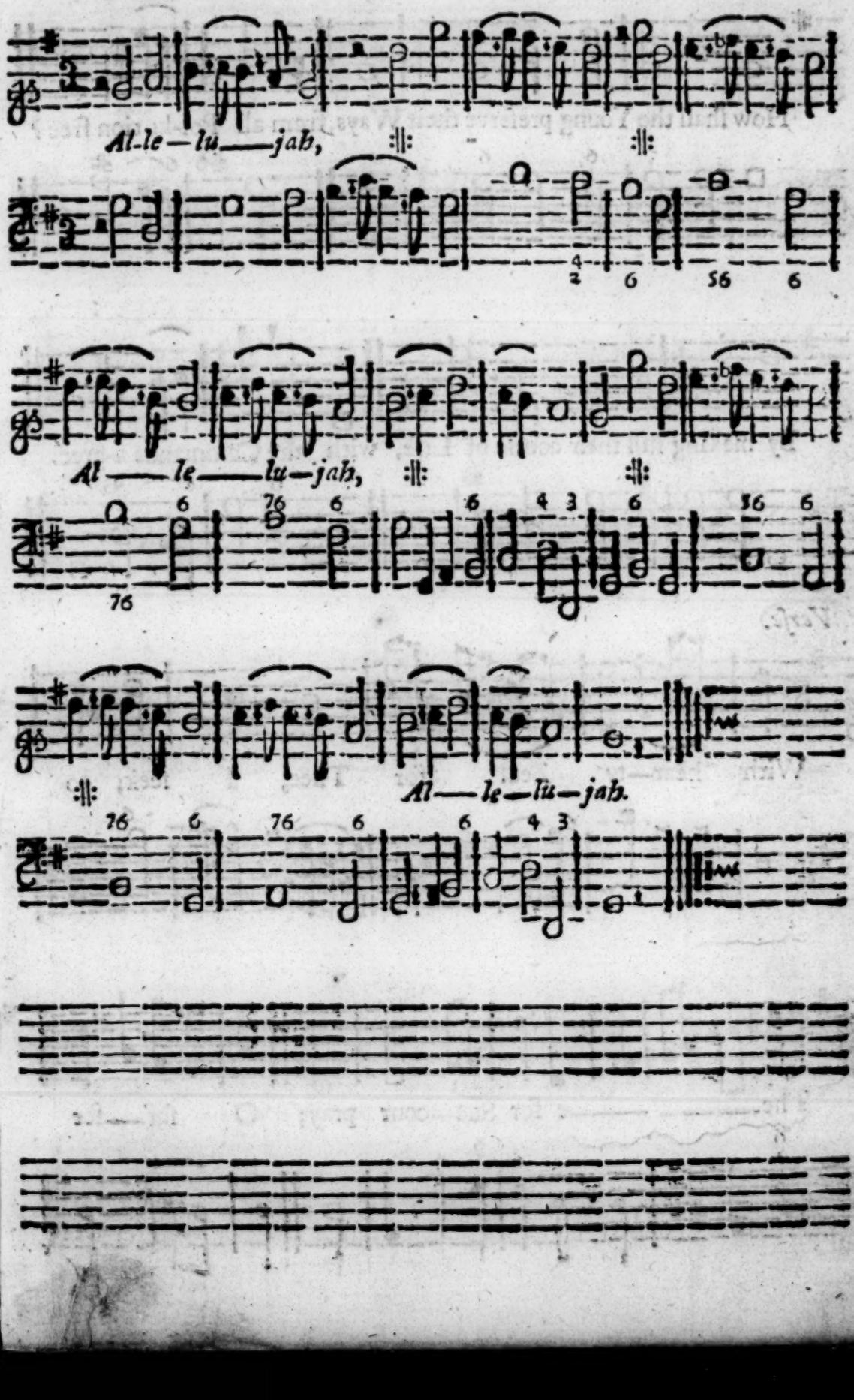
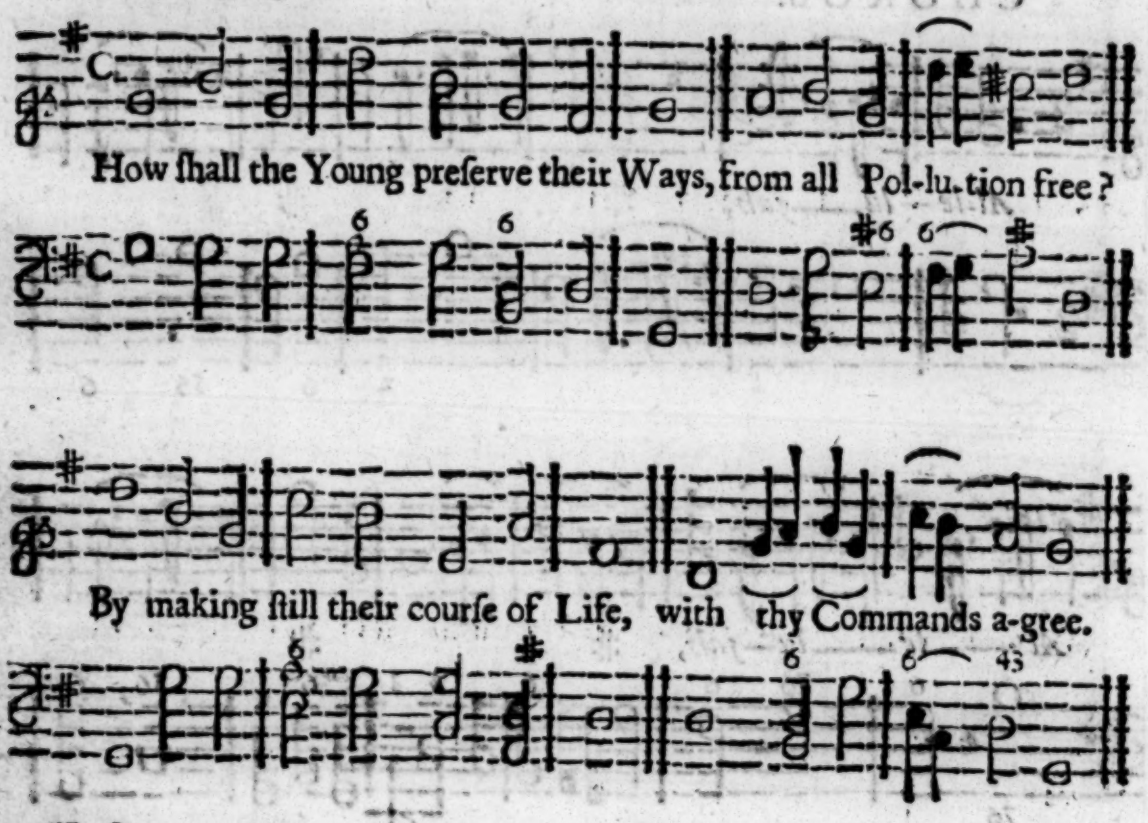
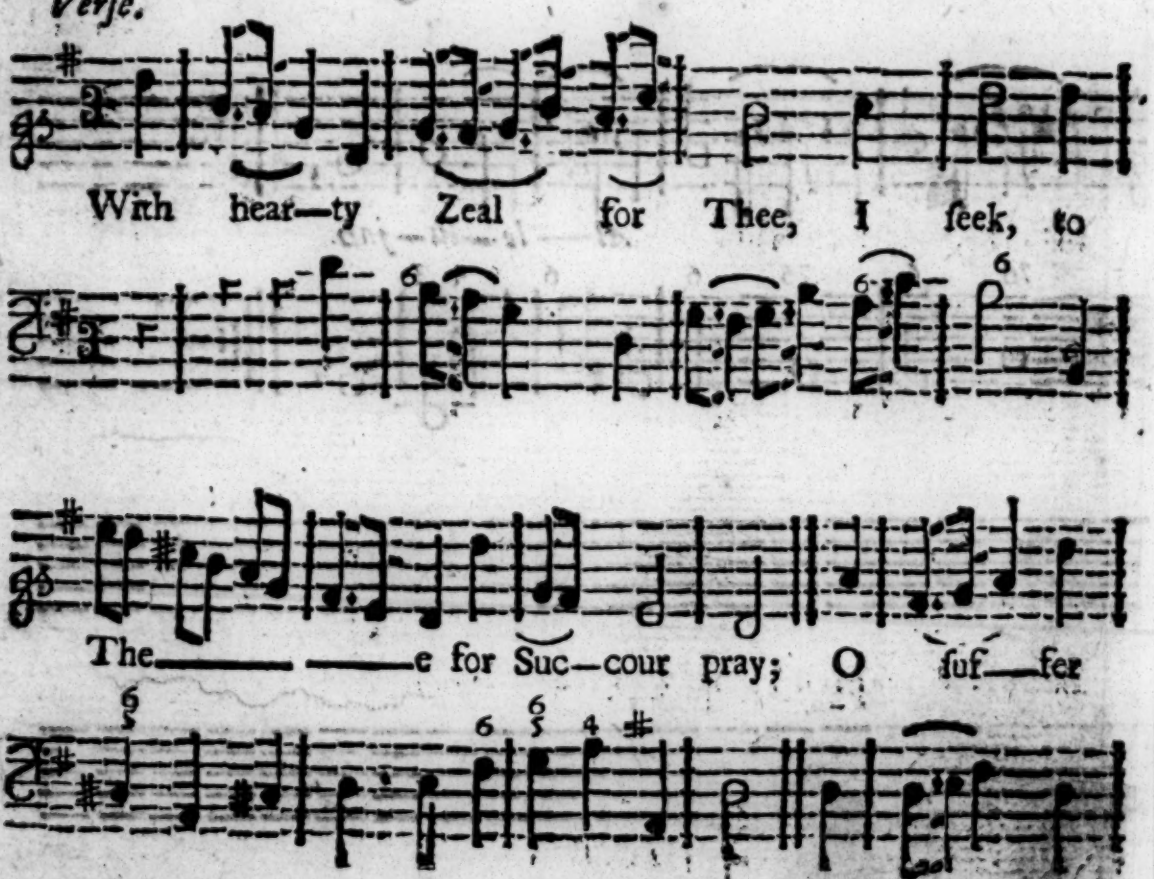


The three following HYMNS, *Set by Mr.* William Markham.
Pſalm 119. Ver. 9.

CHORUS.



Verſe.



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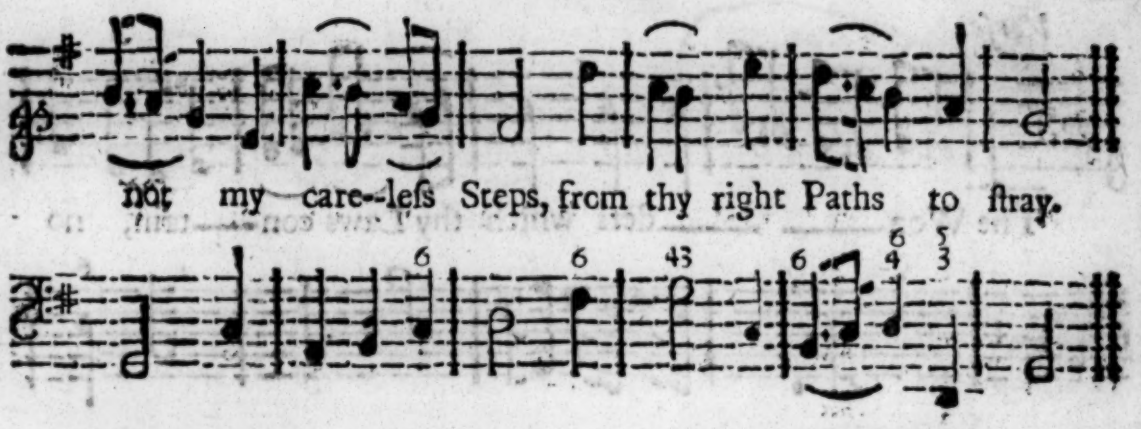
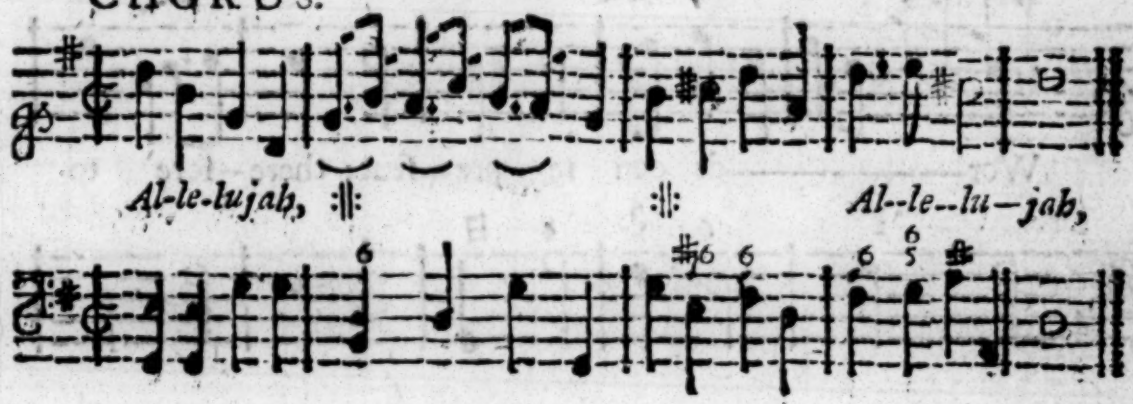
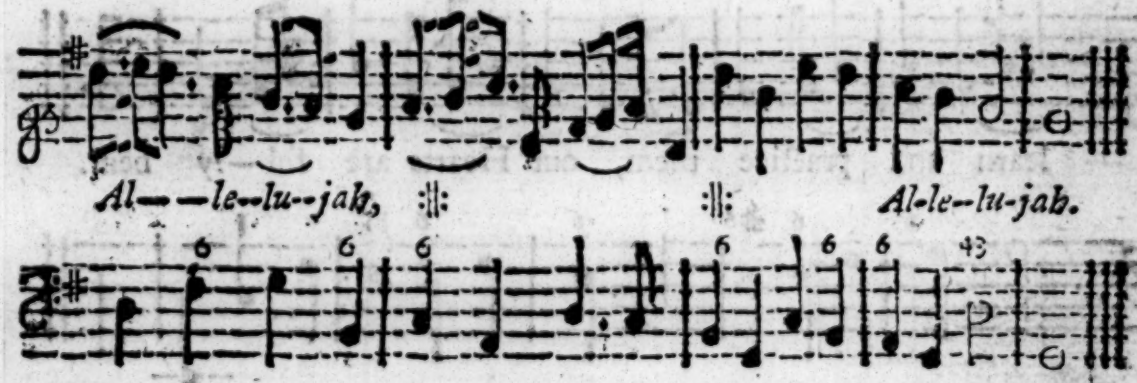


CHORUS.

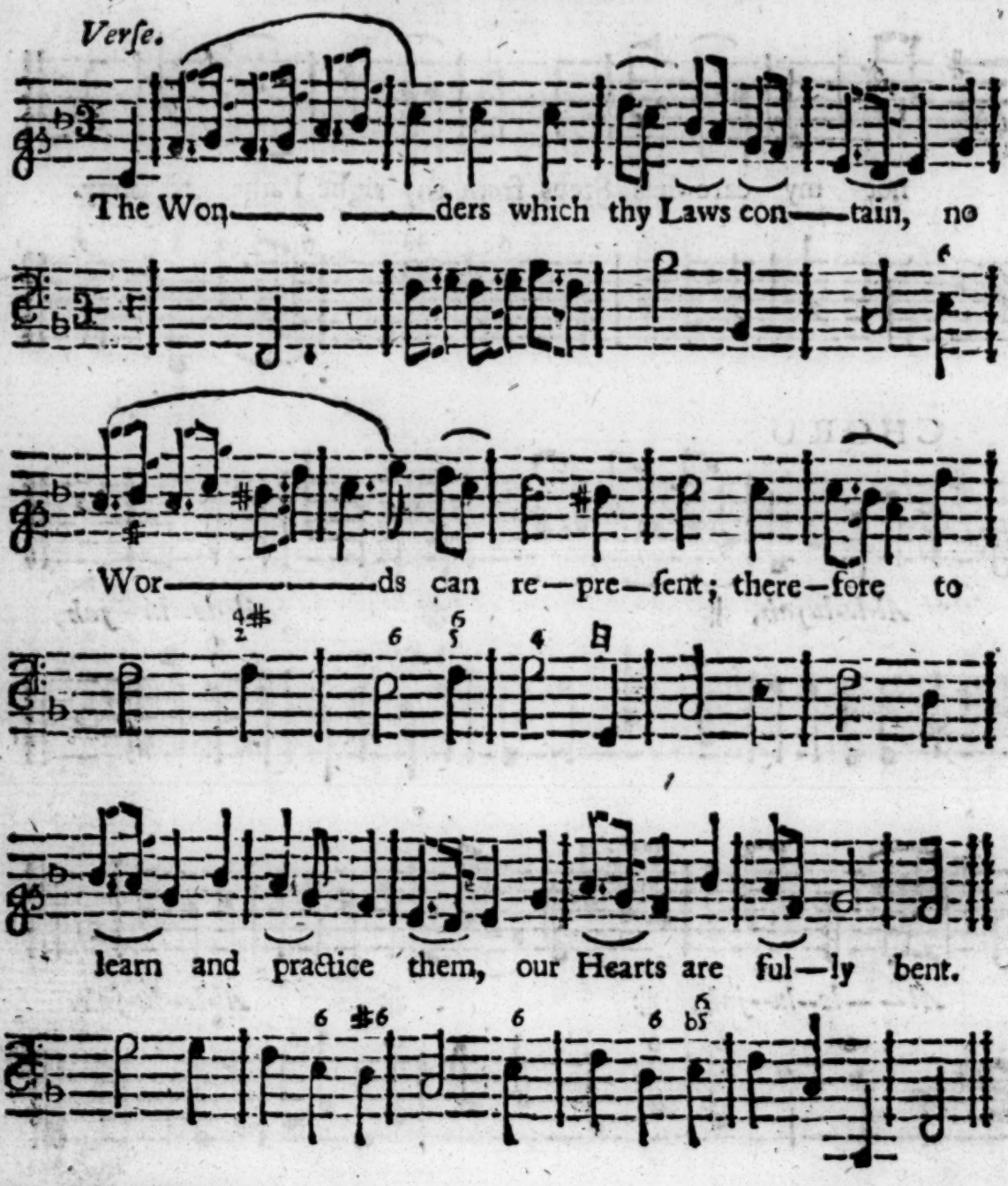




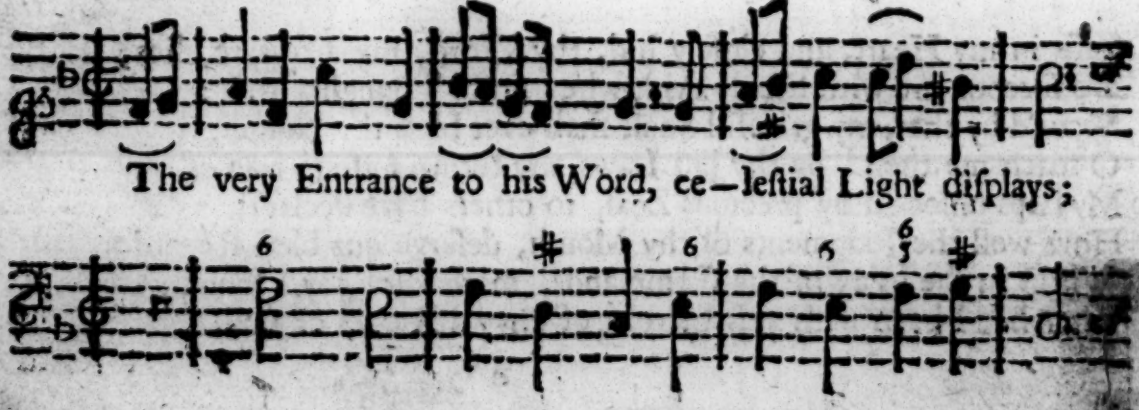
Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid, thy Word, my Treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid, when ſinful Thoughts ariſe:
Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul, ſhall ever bleſs thy Name;
O teach me then! by thy juſt Laws, my future Life to frame.
My Lips unlock'd by precious Zeal, to others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth, deſerve our bleſt Regard:
Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands, more ſolid Joy I found;
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe of envy'd Riches cround.

PSALM 119. Verse 129.

Verse.



CHORUS.



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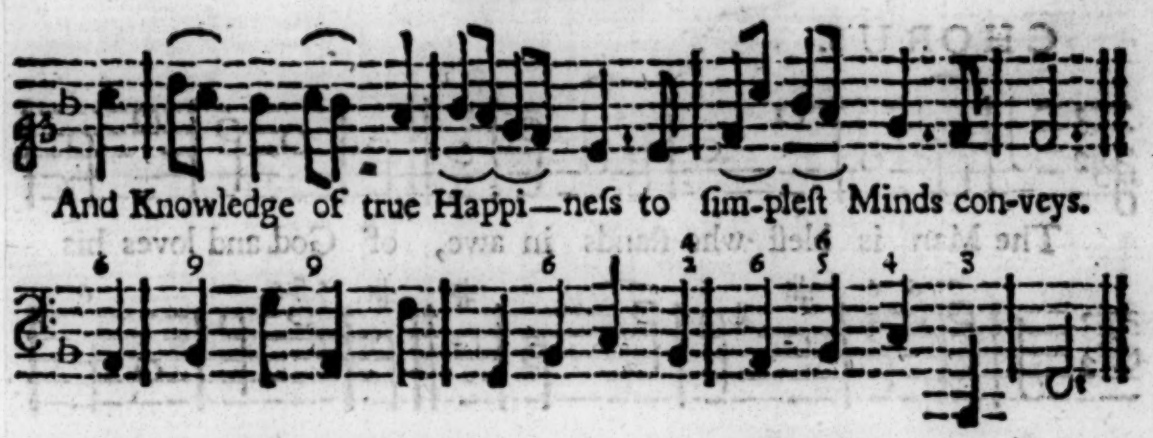
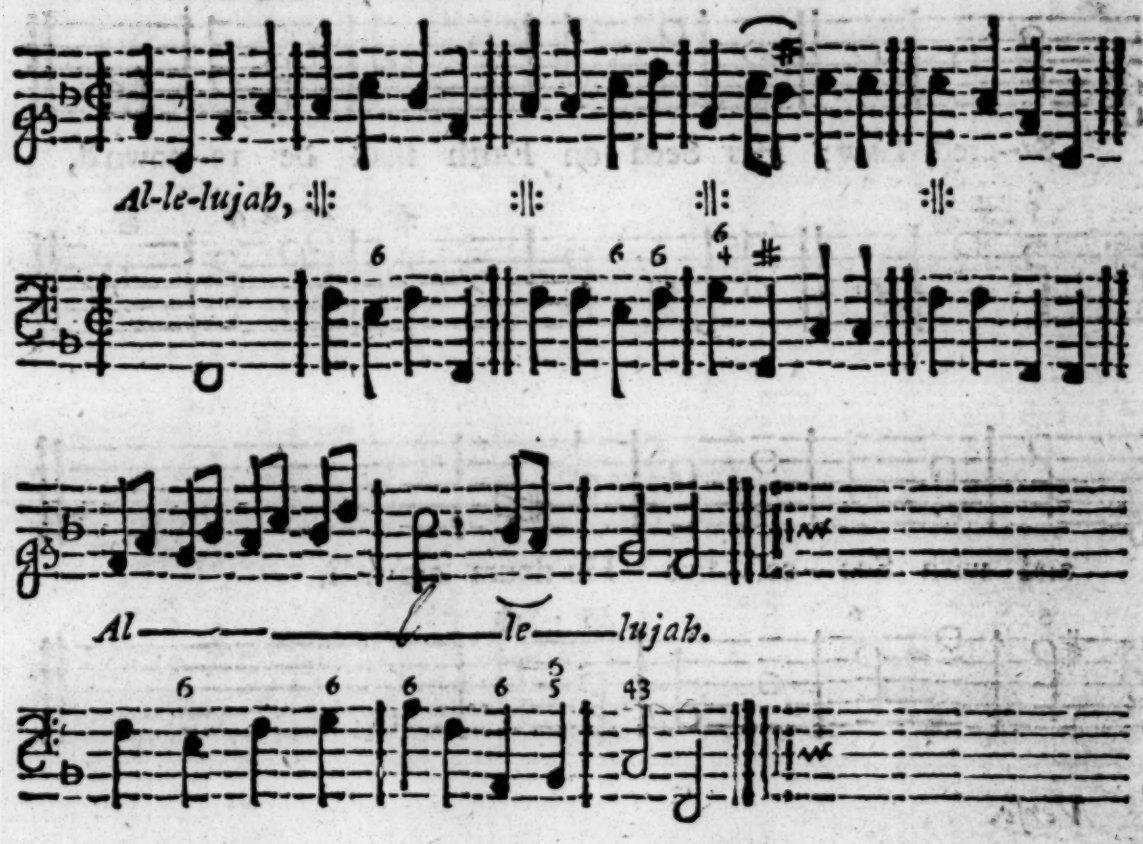


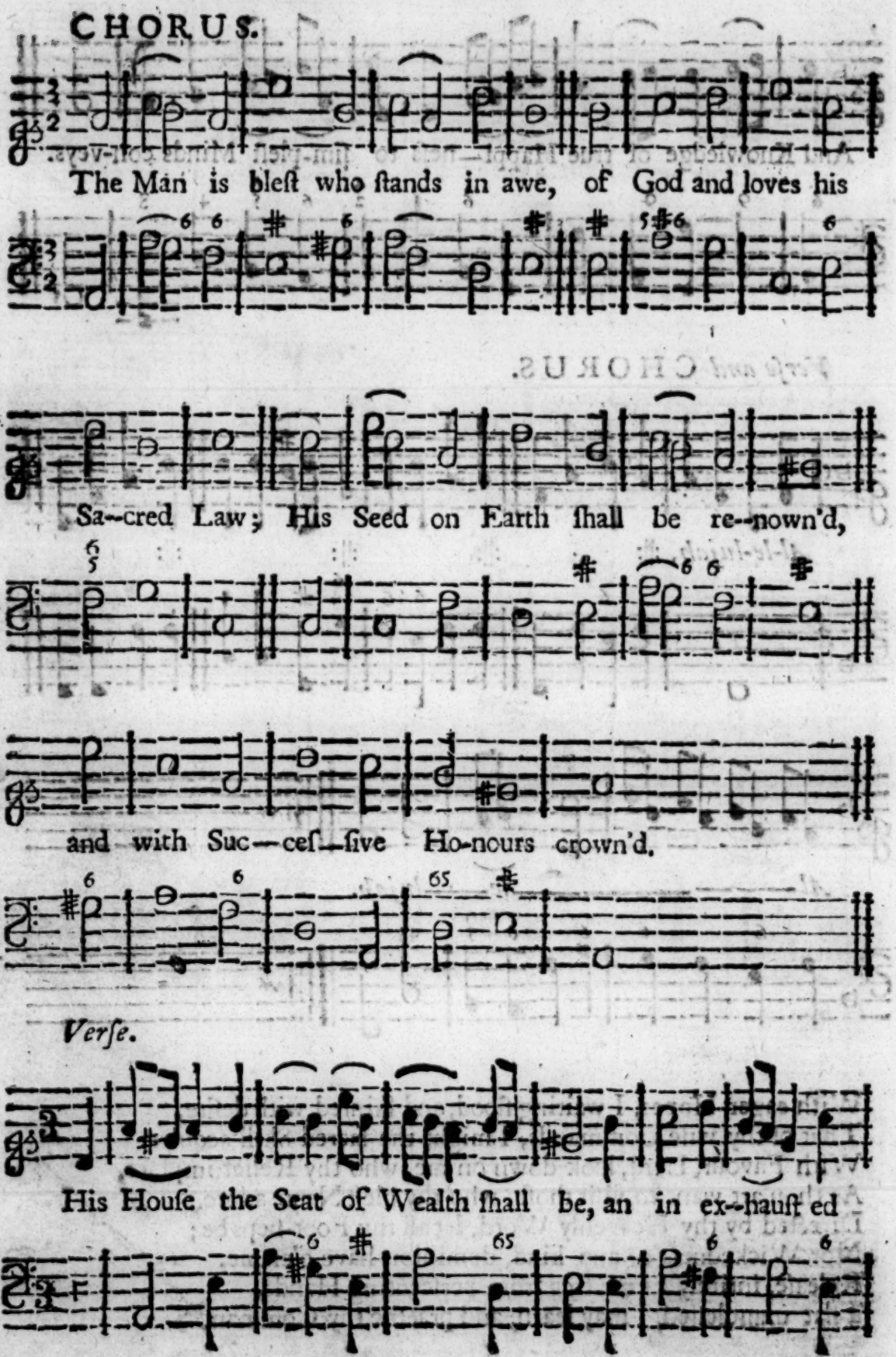
Verſe and CHORUS.



With eager Hopes, I waiting ſtood, and fainted with deſire,
That of thy wiſe Commands, I might the ſacred Skill acquire.
With Favour, Lord, look down on me, who thy Relief implore,
As thou art want to viſit thoſe, who thy bleſt Name adore.
Directed by thy Heavenly Word, let all thy Foot-ſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any kind, dominion have o'er me.
Releaſe, intirely ſet me free from perſecuting Hands,
That unmoleſted, I may learn, and practiſe thy Commands.

An HYMN *taken out of* Pſal. 112.

CHORUS.



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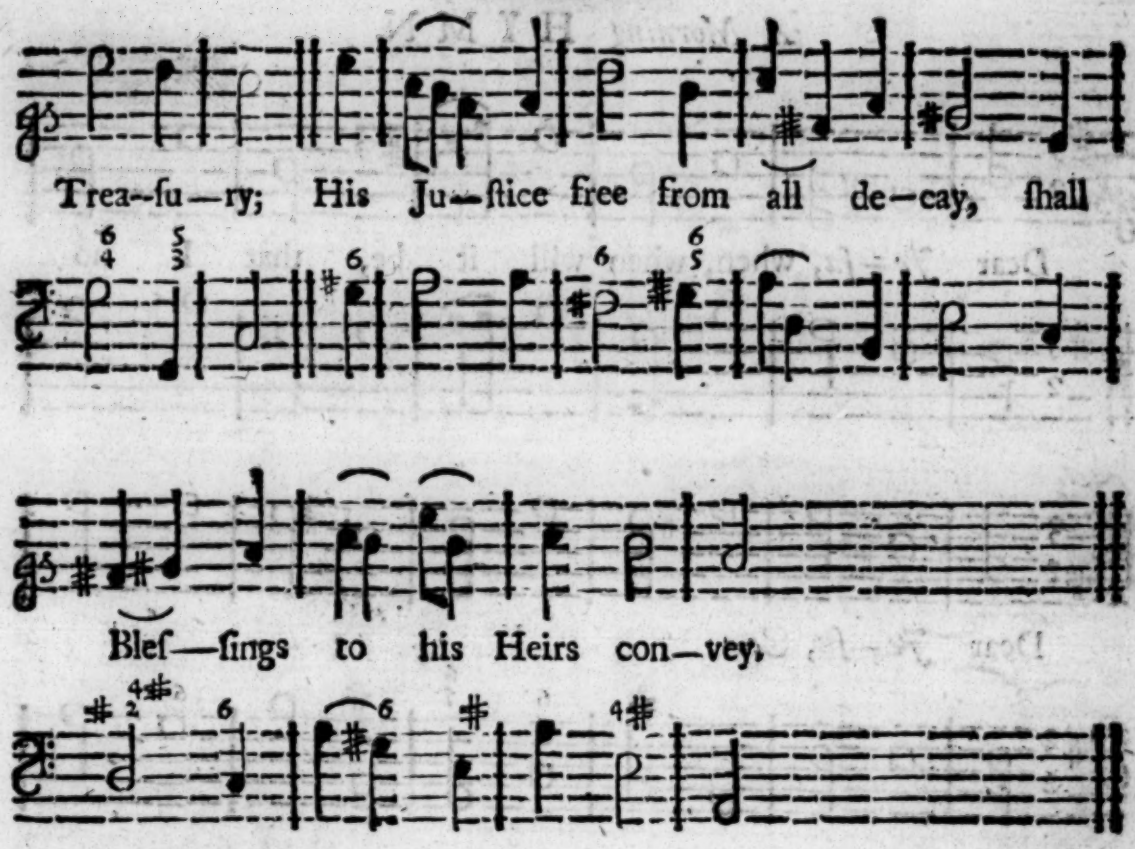
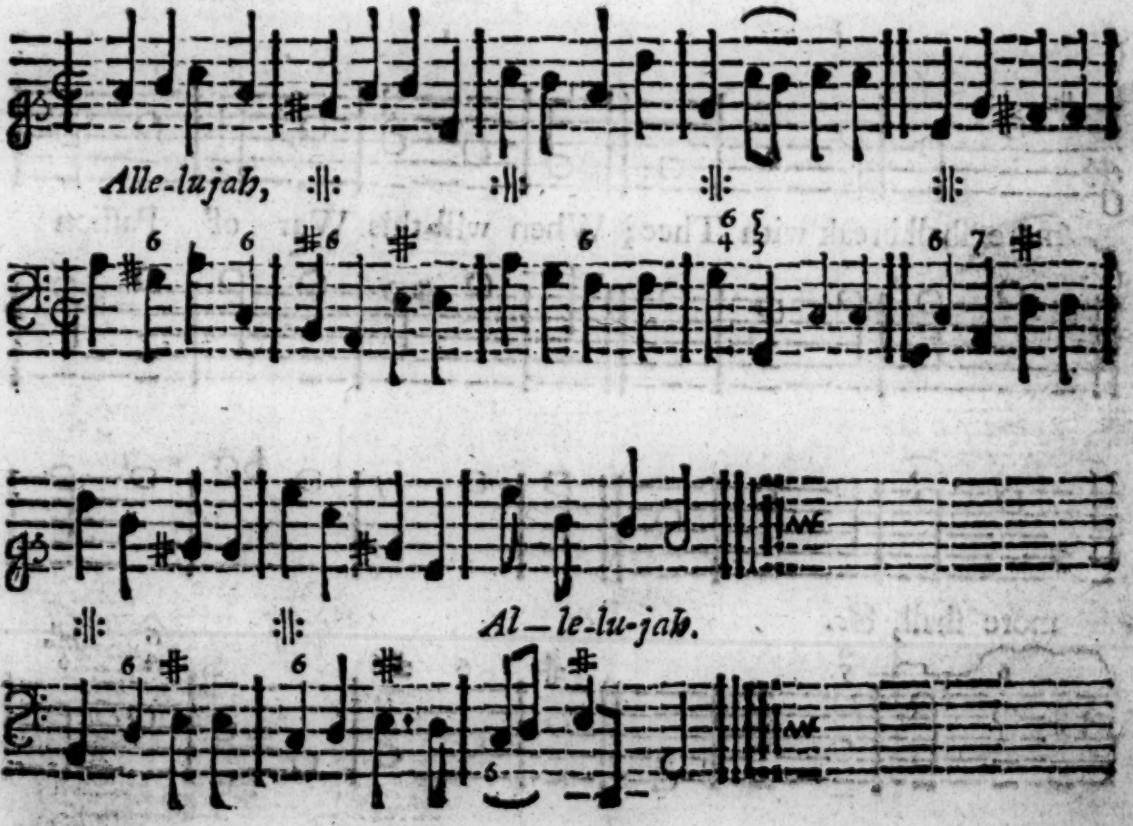
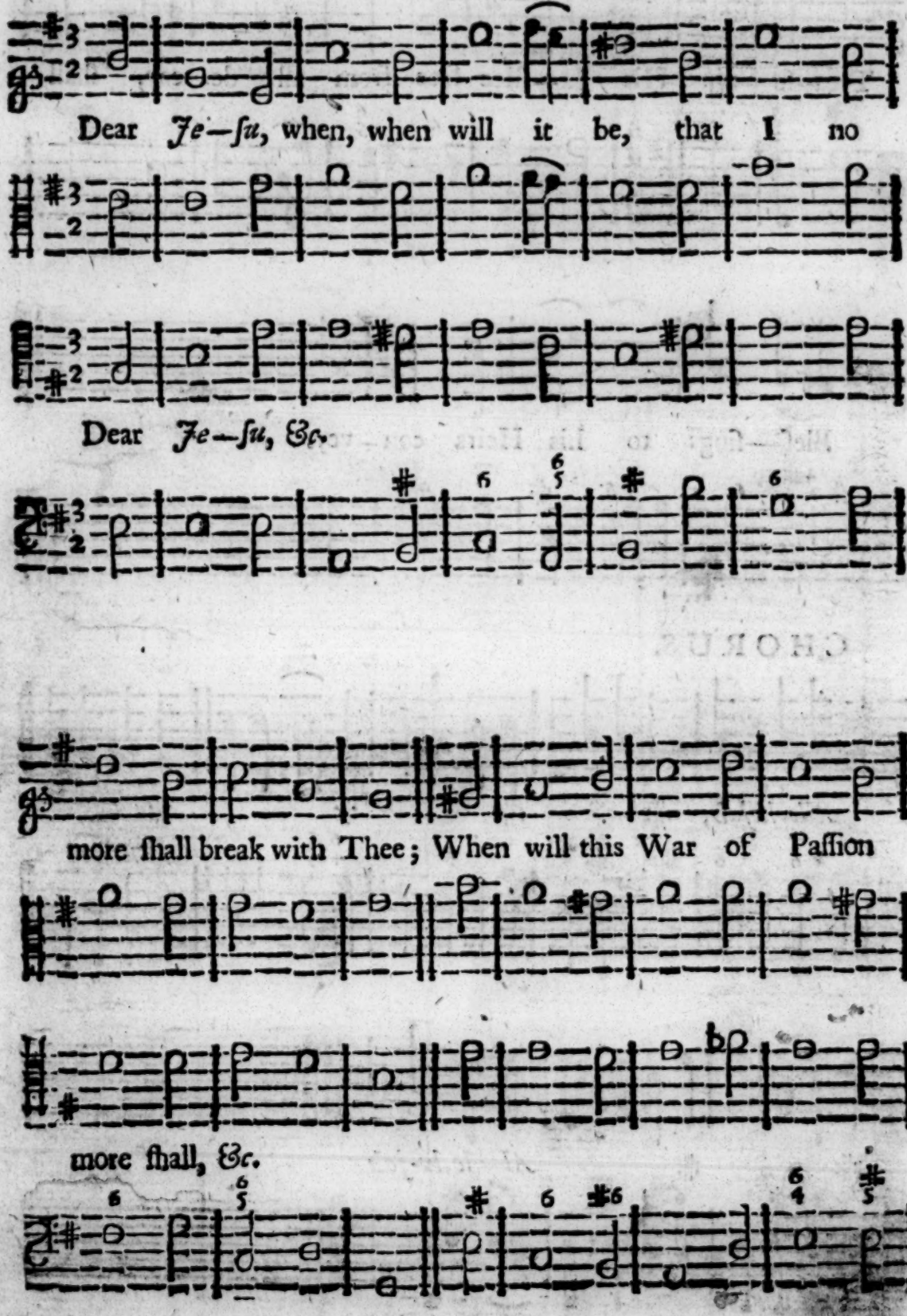


CHORUS.



A Morning HYMN.



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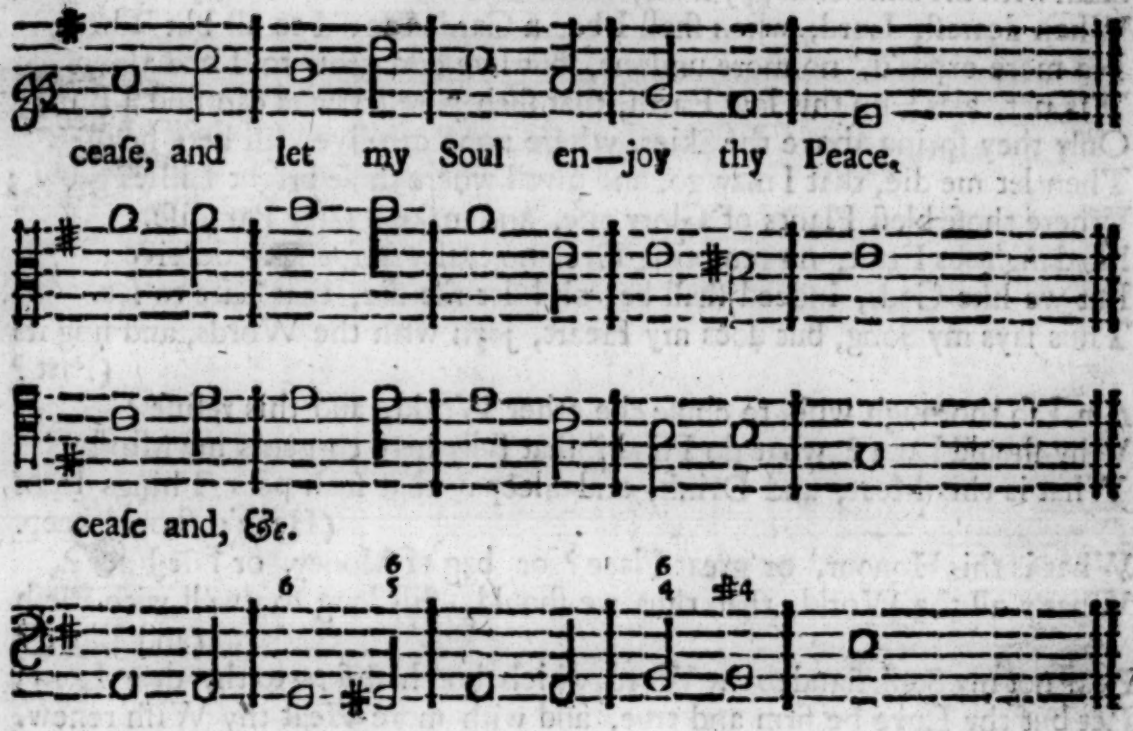

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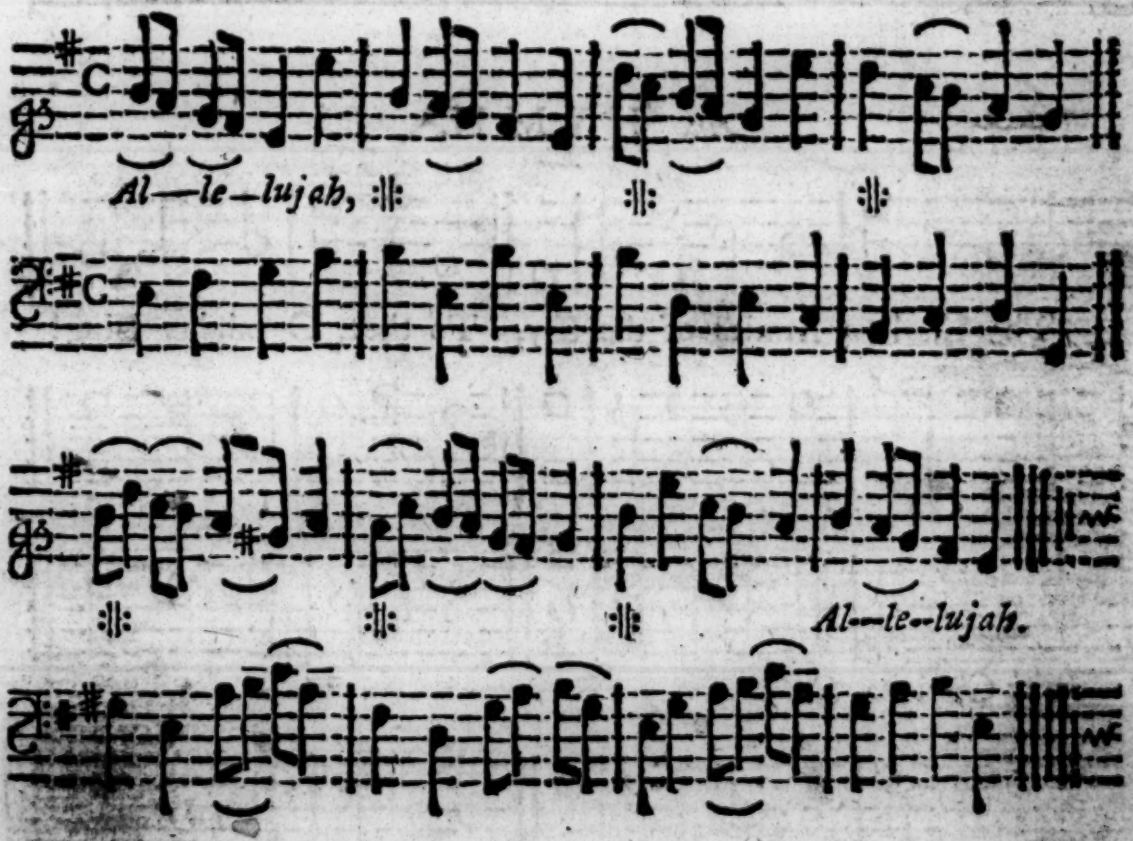
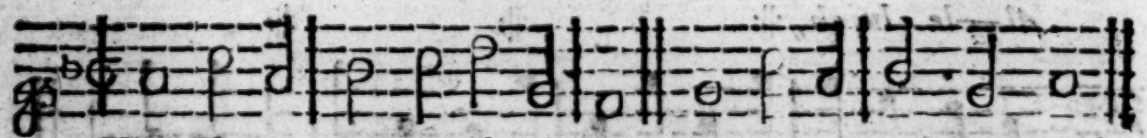
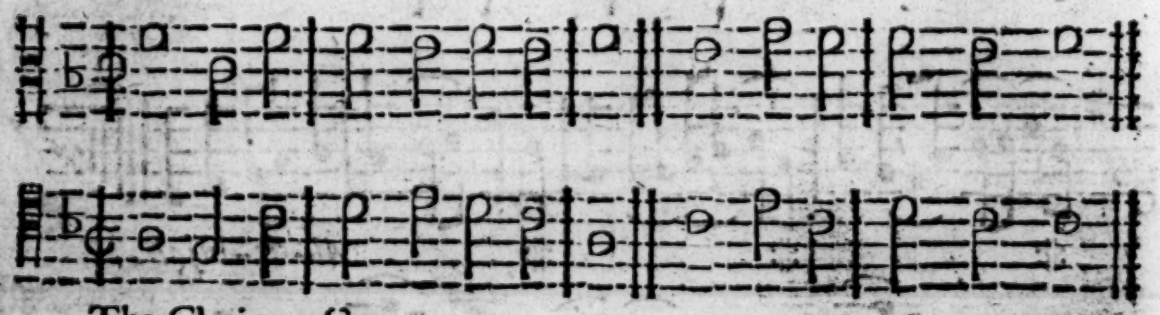


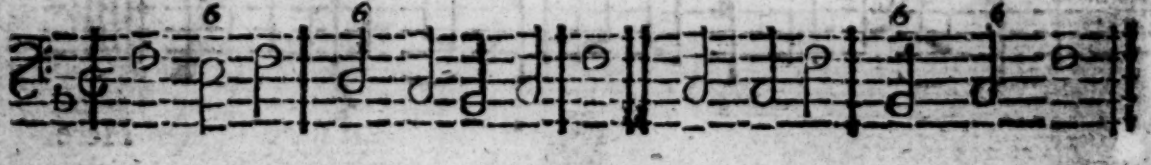
Here

Here I repent, and ſin again, now I revive, and now am ſlain;
Slain with the ſame unhappy Dart, which Oh! too often wounds, my Heart!
When deareſt, Lord, when ſhall I be, a Garden ſeal'd to all but Thee;
No more expos'd, no more undone, but live and grow to Thee alone.
'Tis not, alas! on this low Earth, that ſuch pure Flow'rs can find a Birth;
Only they ſpring above the Skies, where none can live, till here he dies.
Then let me die, that I may go, and dwell where thoſe bright Lillies grow;
Where thoſe bleſt Plants of Glory riſe, and make a ſafer Paradiſe.
No dang'rous Fruit, no tempting Eve, no crafty Serpent to deceive;
But we like Gods, indeed ſhall be, oh! let me die, that Life to ſee.
Thus ſays my Song, but does my Heart, joyn with the Words, and ſing its (Part?
Am I ſo thorough wiſe, to chuſe the other World, and this refuſe?
Why ſhould I not? what do I find? that fully here contents my Mind;
What is this Meat, and Drink, and Sleep? that ſuch poor Things from (Heav'n ſhould keep.
What is this Honour, or great Place? or bag of Money, or fair Face?
What's all the World, that thus we ſhould, ſtill long to dwell with Fleſh (and Blood?
Fear not my Soul, ſtand to thy Word, which thou haſt ſung to thy dear Lord;
Let but thy Love be firm and true, and with more Heat thy Wiſh renew,
O may this dying Life make haſte, to die into true Life at laſt;
No Hope have I to live before, but then to live, and die no more.

An HYMN.







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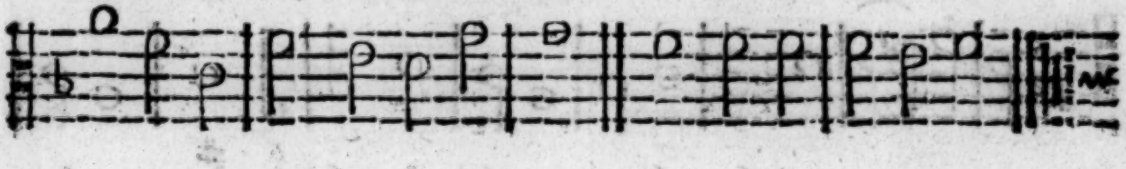
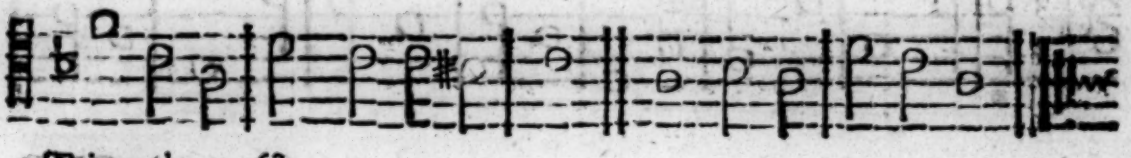
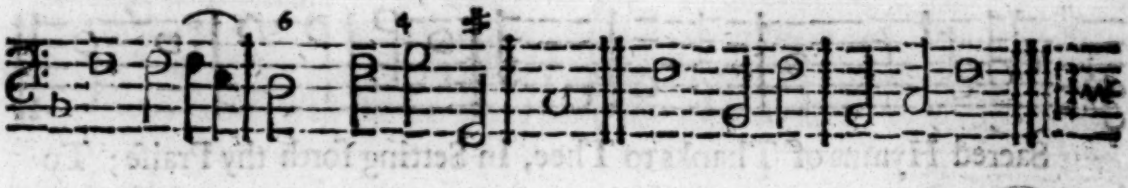






II.

But still their most exalted Flights, Fall vastly short of Thee;
How distant then, must humane Praise, From thy Perfections be?

III.

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain, When to my ravish'd Sence,
Each Creature in their various Ways, Display thy Excellence?

IV.

The active Lights that shine above, In their Eternal Dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's Praise, With silent Elegance.

V.

The Blushes of the Morn confess, That thou art much more Fair,
When in the East its Beams revive, To gild the Fields of Air.

VI.

The fragrant, the refreshing Breath, Of every flowr'y Bloom,
In balmy Whispers own from Thee Their pleasing Odours come.

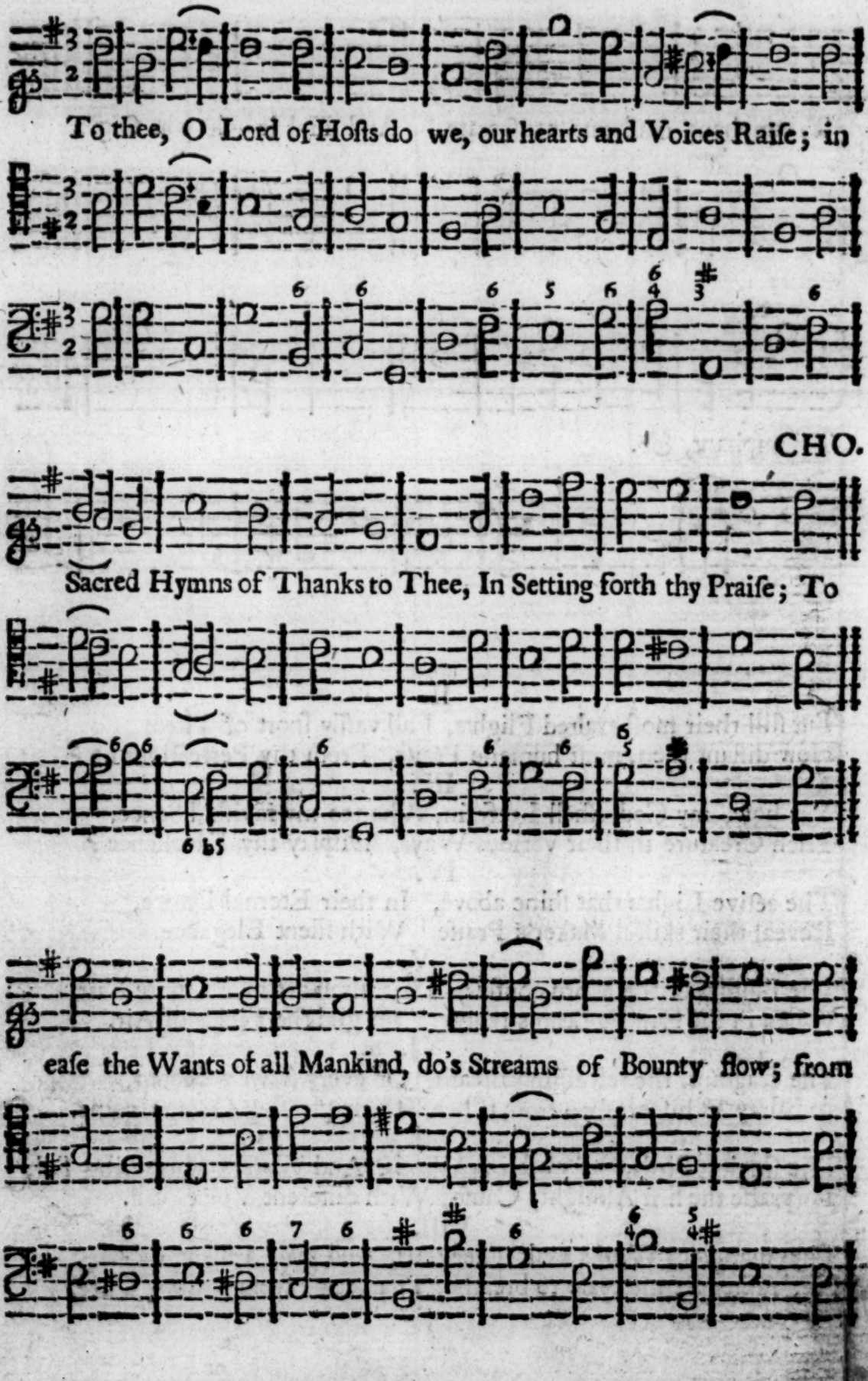
VII.

The singing Birds, the warbling Winds, And Waters murmuring fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause, With different Voices call.

VIII.

Thy numerous Works exalt Thee thus, And shall I silent be?
No, rather let me cease to breathe, Than cease from praising Thee.

An HYMN *for three Voices, Set by Mr.* W. Turner.



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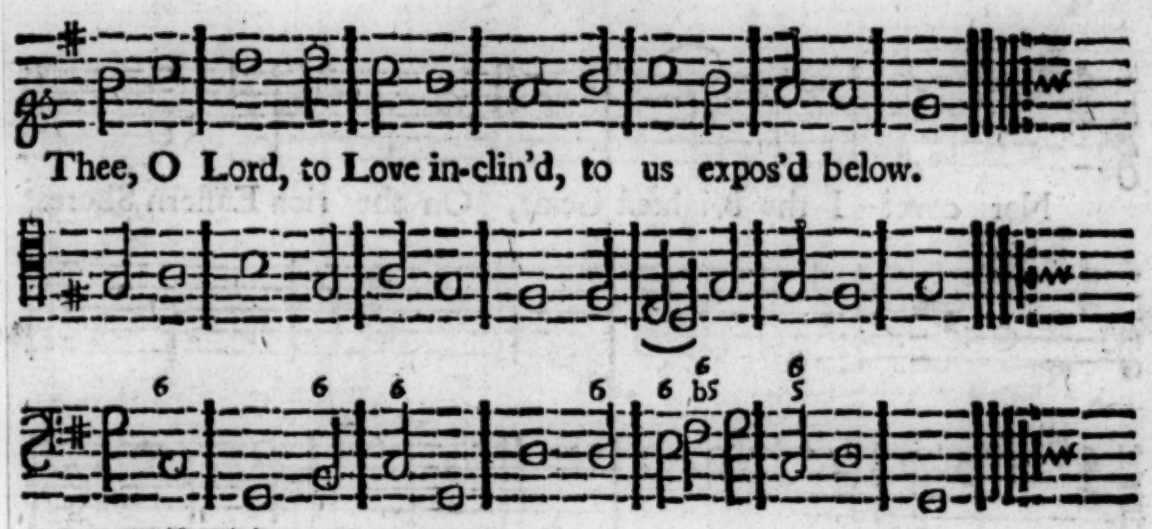
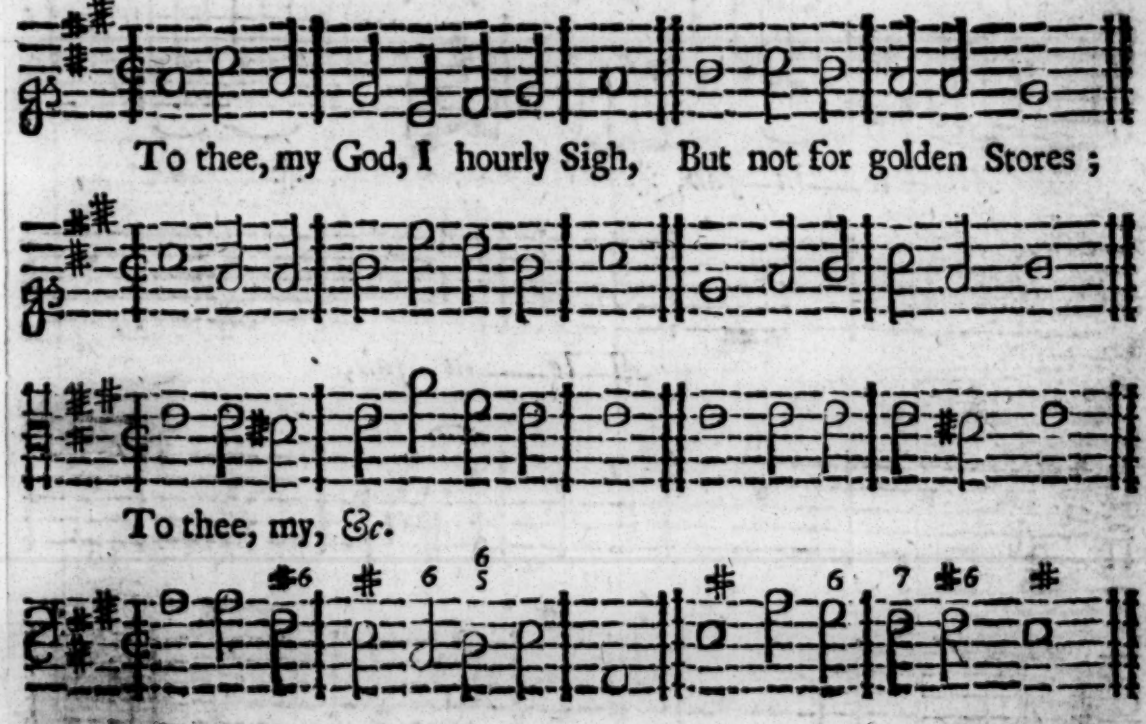


'Tis he inſpires the Good and Juſt, His favours to diſpence;
To take the Needy from the duſt, And ſtand in their defence.
Cho. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, All Glory, Honour be;
Both now, and as in Ages paſt, To all Eternity.

An HYMN.



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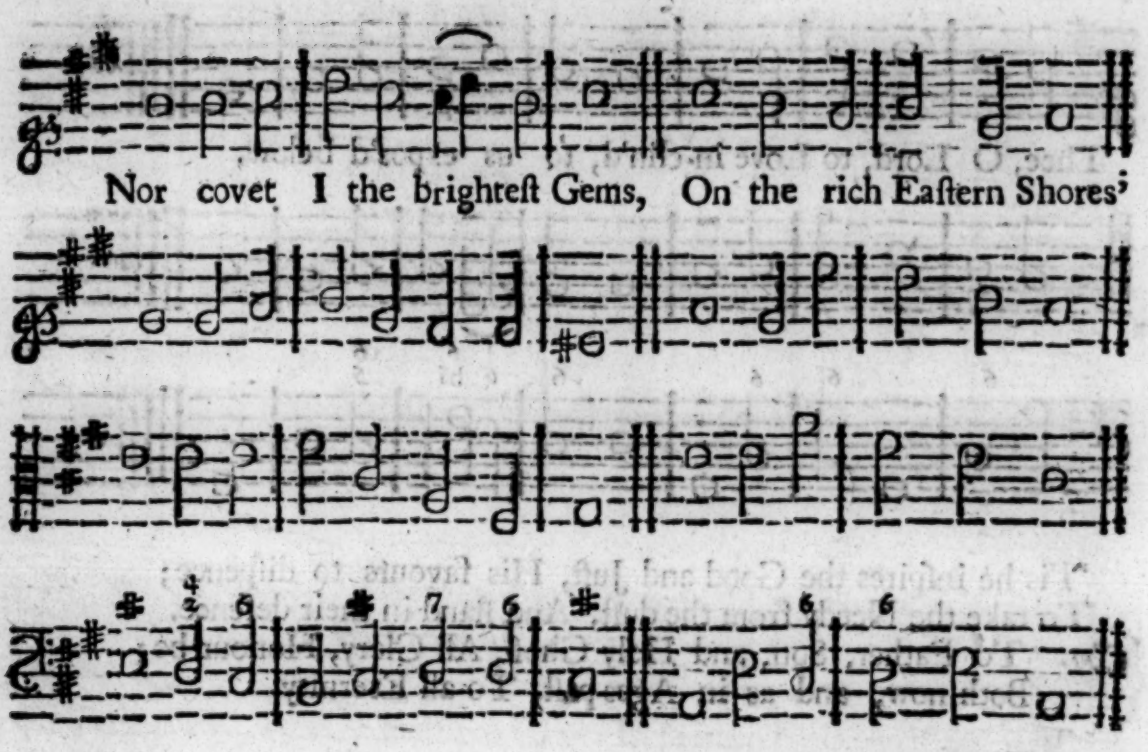

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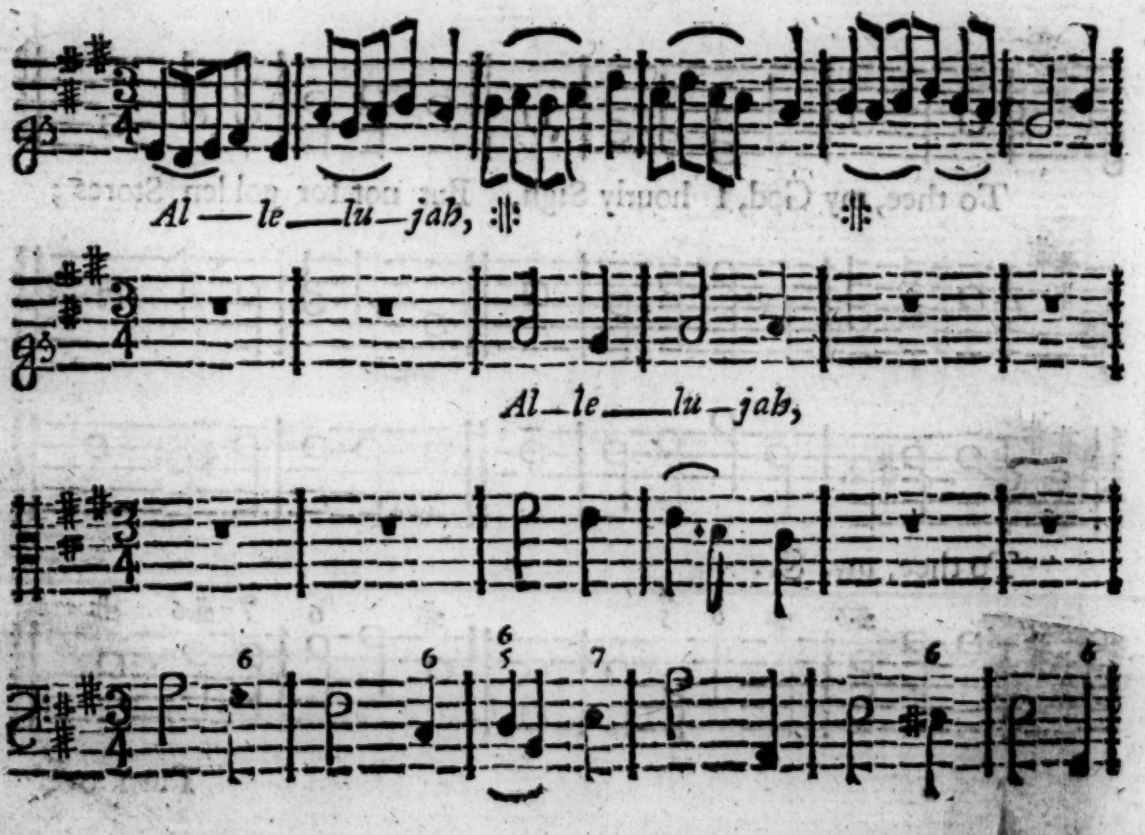
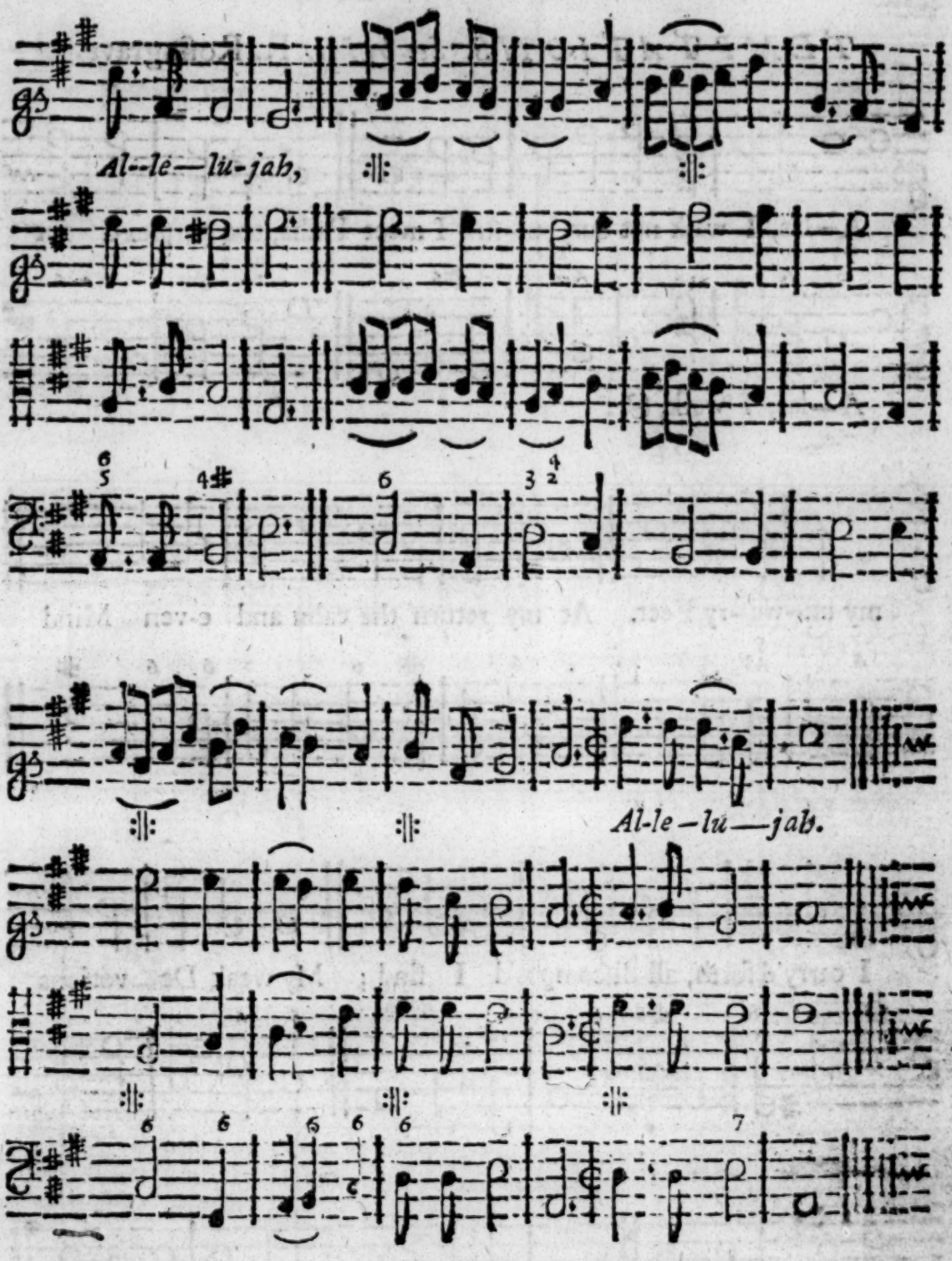
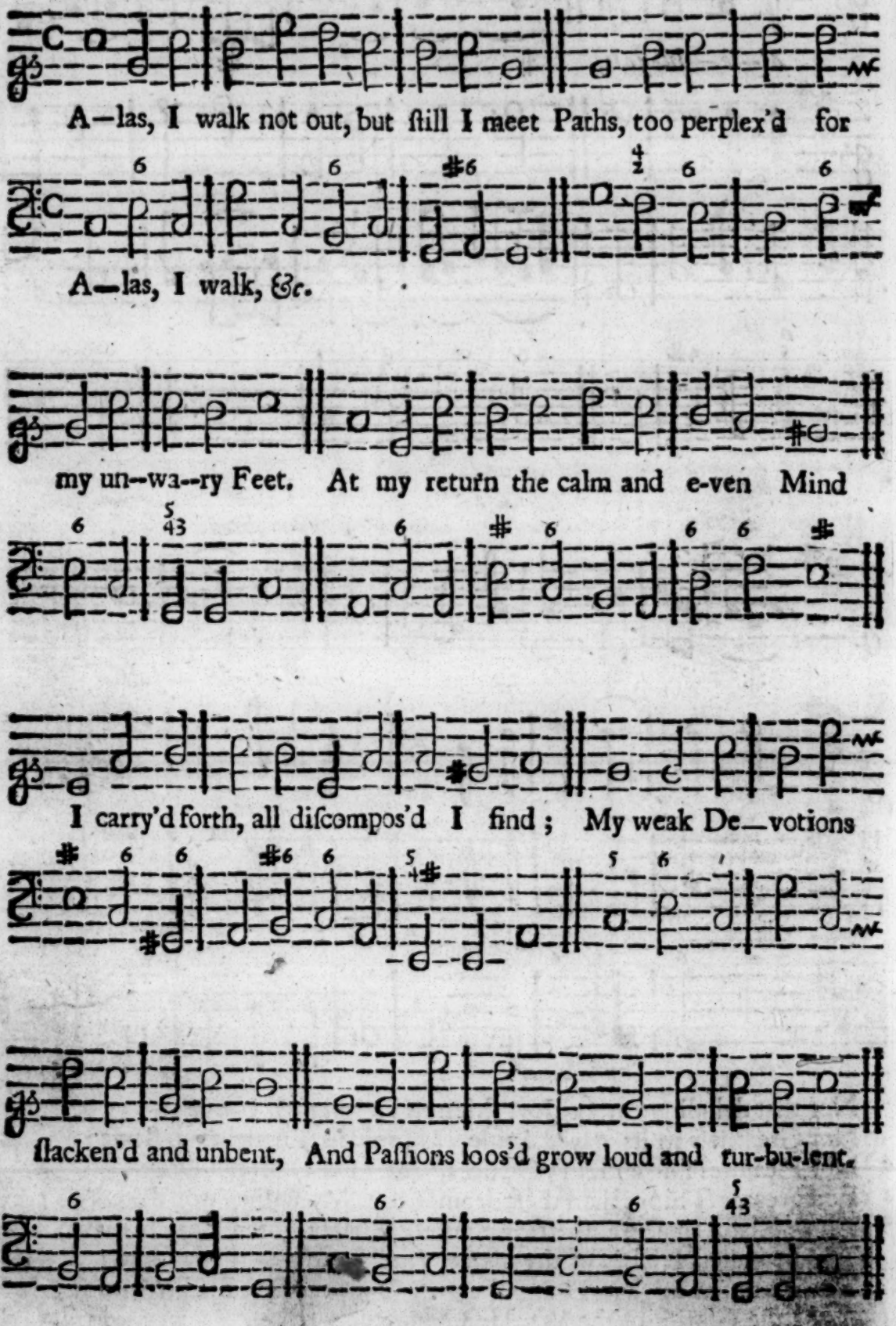




Nor that deluding empty Joy, Men call a mighty Name;
Nor Greatneſs in its gayeſt Pride, My reſtleſs Thoughts inflame;
Nor Pleaſures ſoft enticing Charms, My fond Deſires allure;
For greater Things than theſe from Thee, My wiſhes wou'd ſecure.
Thoſe bliſful thoſe tranſporting Smiles, That brighten Heav'n above;
The boundleſs Riches of thy Grace, And Treaſures of thy Love:
Theſe are the mighty Things I crave, O make theſe Bleſſings mine;
And I the Glories of the World, Contentedly reſign.

TEMPTATIONS. Set by Mr. R. Rosingrave.



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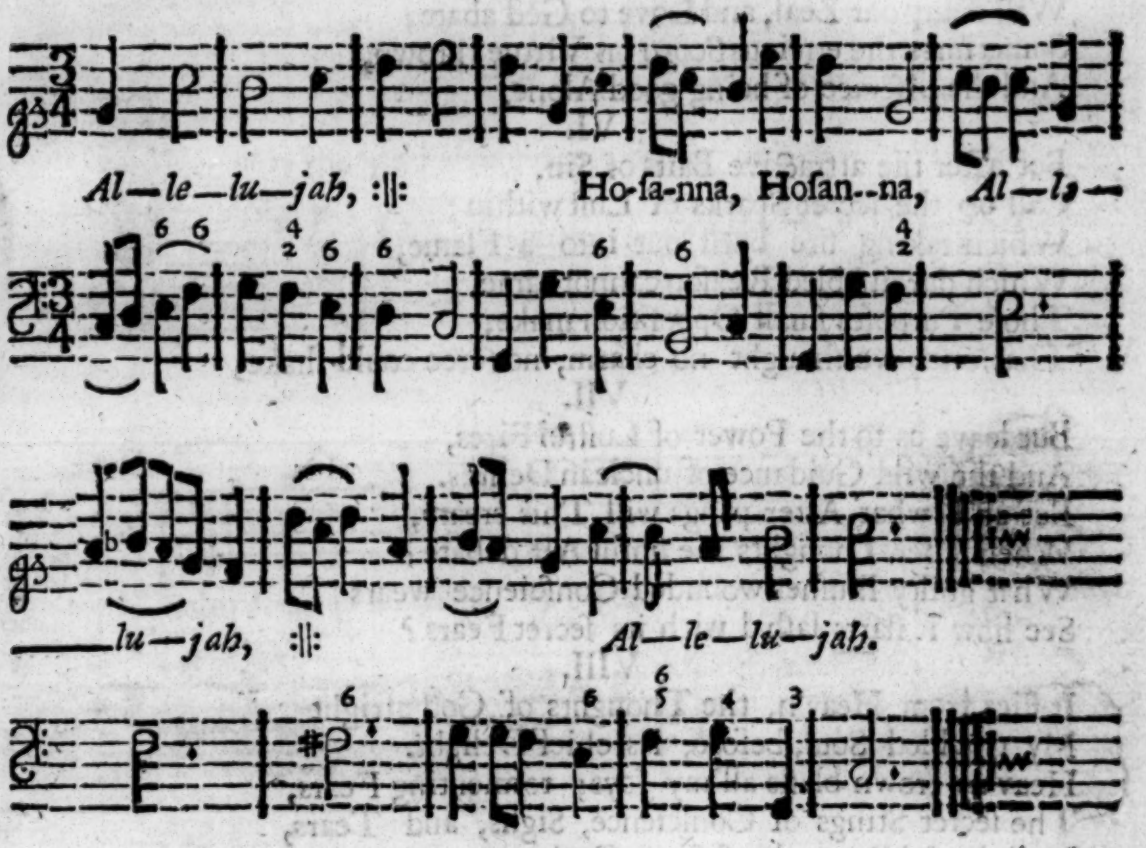


II.

My ruffled Mind with Sorrow ſeeks in vain
To rank and ſuit its diſplac'd Thoughts again:
My careful Steps no place ſecurely tread,
Thick Snares o'er all th'enchanted Ground are ſpread.
The ſmalleſt Inadvertencies expoſe
Unguarded Virtue to our watchful Foes.

III.

Satan rejoyces (if his Hell has Joy,)
That, loſt himſelf, He can Mankind deſtroy.
Rav'nous as Lyons are, and ſtrong as they,
He does on Souls, as on Bodies prey.
He much to's Skill, more to fall'n Nature truſts,
And brings Temptations ſuited to our Luſts;

IV.

Temptations brings of *Circe's* Syren-Brood,
By feeble Reſolutions not withſtood,
Nor vanquiſh'd by faint Wiſhes to be good.
Here ſome great Man's diſpleaſure over aws
Our fears of Sin; their carnal Pleaſure draws.
In an alluring Dreſs it courts the Senſe,

Whilſt

V.

Whilst yielding Nature faint Resistance makes,
At last o'er comes gives up her Innocence,
And, in exchange, Sin and Heav'ns anger takes.
Sometimes a deadly Persecutors hate
Will damp our Zeal, and Love to God abate;
Sometimes the envious Scorn on Virtue thrown,
And the disgrace of being good Alone.

VI.

But after the attractive Baits of Sin,
Call up the secret Sparks of Lust within;
Which taking fire burst out into a Flame,
Which our disabled Reason cannot tame,
Those Purposes small Opposition make,
That once we thought no charm, no force could shake,

VII.

But leave us to the Power of Lustful Fires,
And the wild Guidance of unclean Desires.
But ah! what After-pangs will This create,
When sober Thoughts the sinful Act debate?
What guilty Blushes wounded Conscience wears
See how it starts lash'd with its secret Fears?

VIII.

It flies from Heav'n, the Thoughts of God affright
My troubled Soul, before, its chief Delight.
Heav'ns frown blasts all my Joys; tormenting Fears,
The secret Stings of Conscience, Sighs, and Tears,
Is all the sad Reward past Sins afford,
For these I'm by my self, and God abhor'd.

IX.

When Love would rise to Heav'n with fresh Delight,
Conscience suggests my Guilt, and stays its flight:
How dear a Moment's sinful Pleasures cost,
God's Favour more than Life, I've for it lost.
One Sin can all my ancient Doubts restore,
Makes me suspect the Conquest got before;

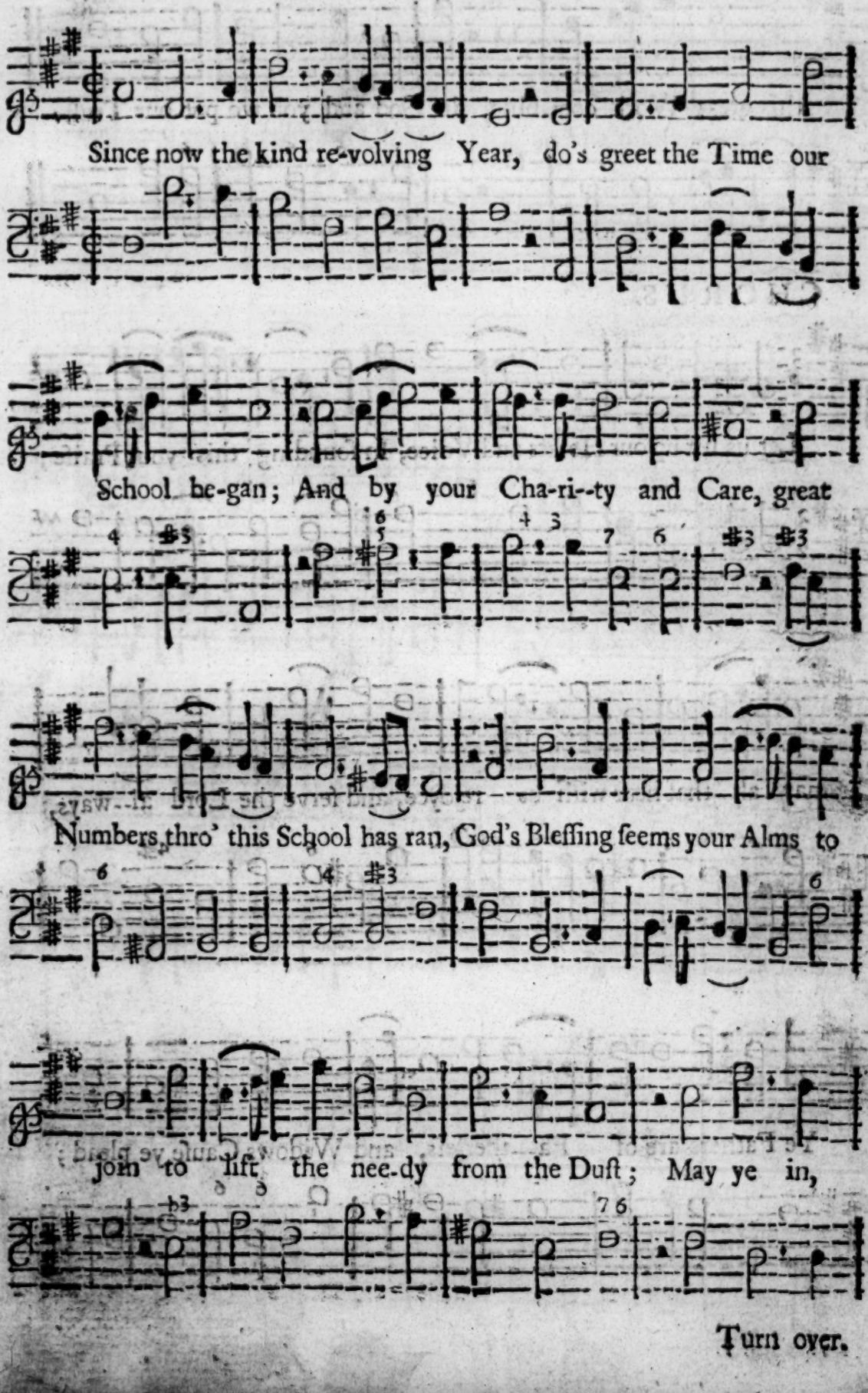
X.

Makes me suspend the Hopes of heav'nly Bliss,
And Tyrants ne'er found Torment, like to this.
It makes me question all my Deeds, debate
The future safety of my doubtful State.
It strangely can undo what's past, destroy
My present, and revoke my former Joy.

XI.

It shews old Sins to wound me with their View,
And the sad Penitential Scene renew.
What spreading Mischief is in Sin conceal'd?
By Man believ'd not, 'till too late reveal'd,
Fool that I am such Torments to create,
And buy Repentance at so dear a rate.

An HYMN *for the Annual Commemoration of the first Opening of any Charity-Schools. Set by Mr.* William Turner.



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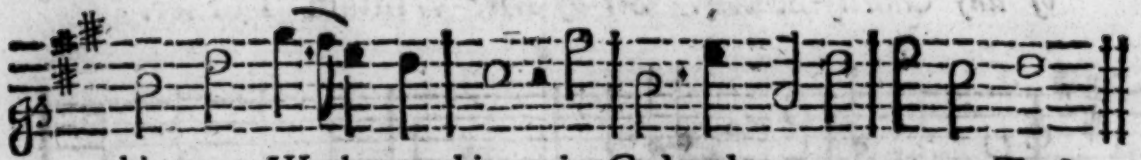
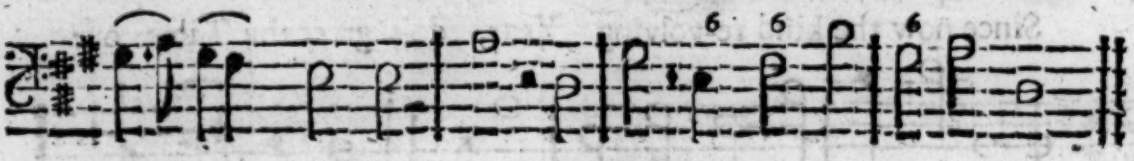
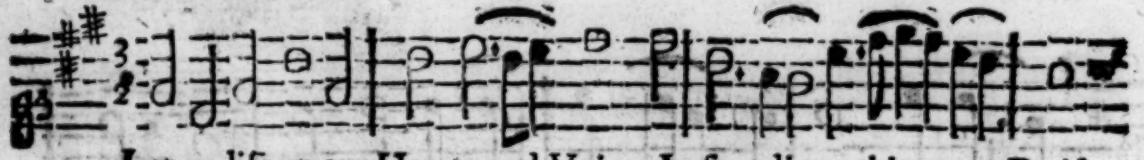


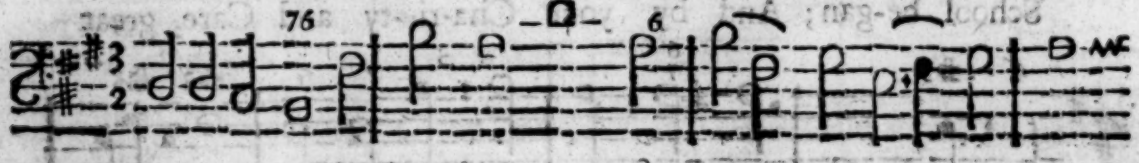
this great Work com-bine, in God and you we put our Truſt:

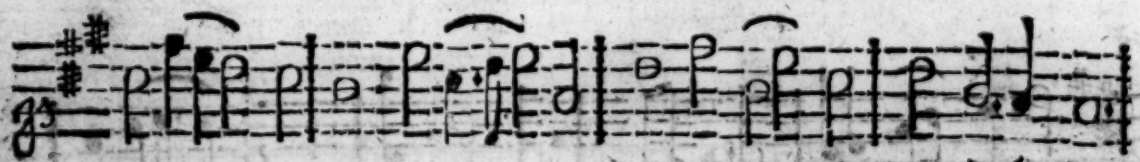


CHORUS.

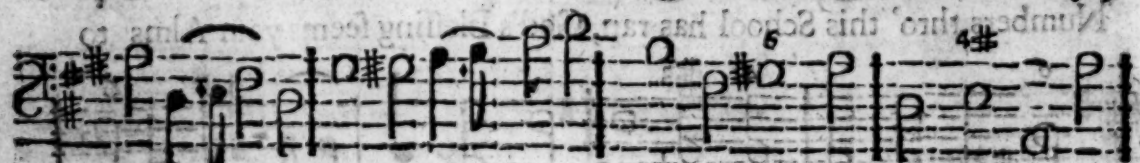


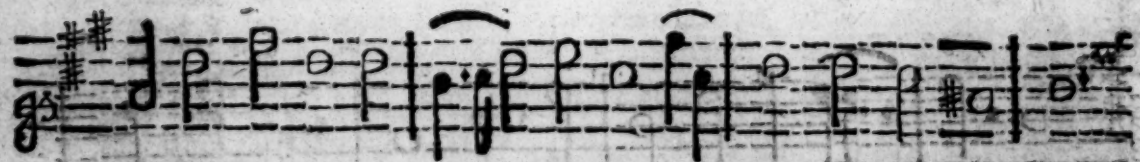
Let us lift up our Hearts and Voice, In ſounding this your Praiſe;



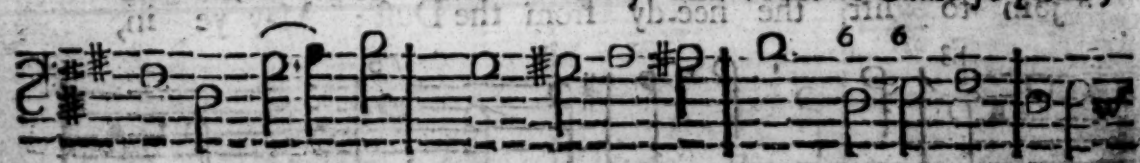


may all that hear with us rejoyce, and ſerve the Lord al--ways,





Ye Fathers are of Fa—therleſs, and Widows Cauſe ye plead;



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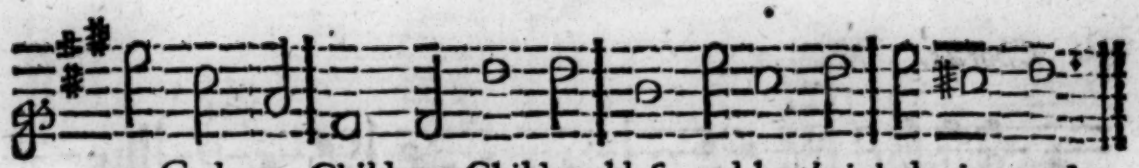
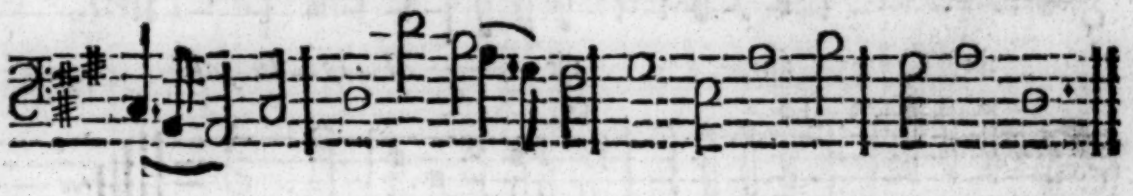


may God your Childrens Children bleſs, and be their help in need.



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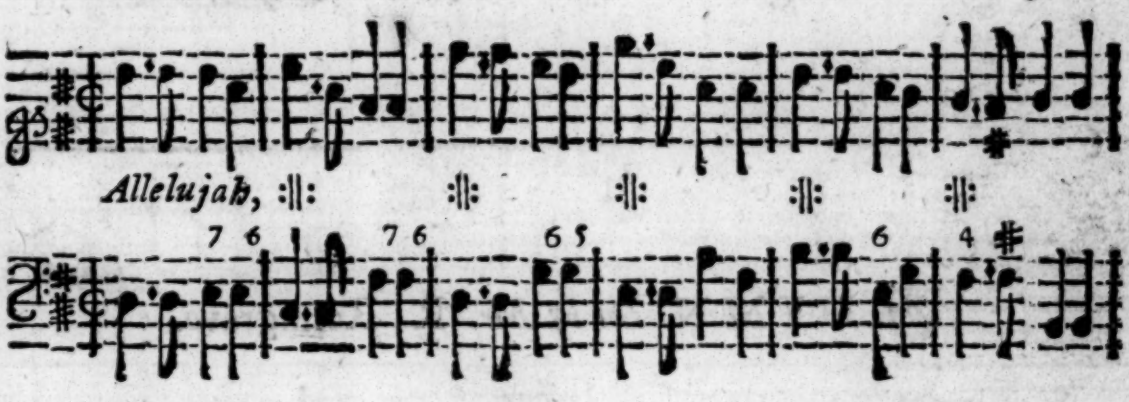

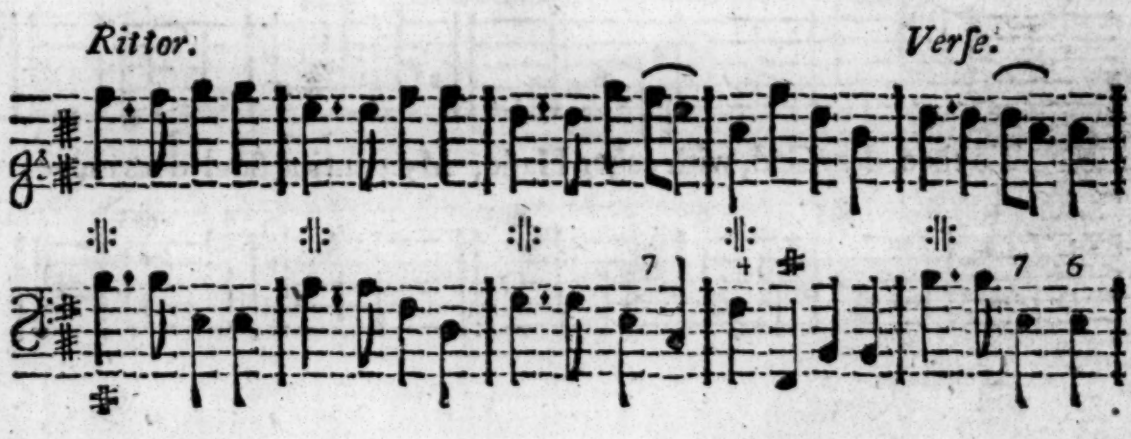

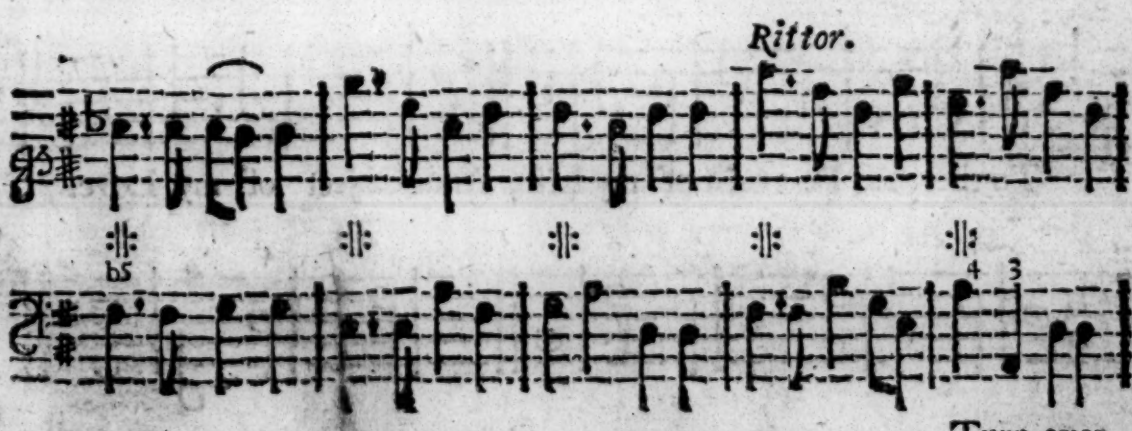

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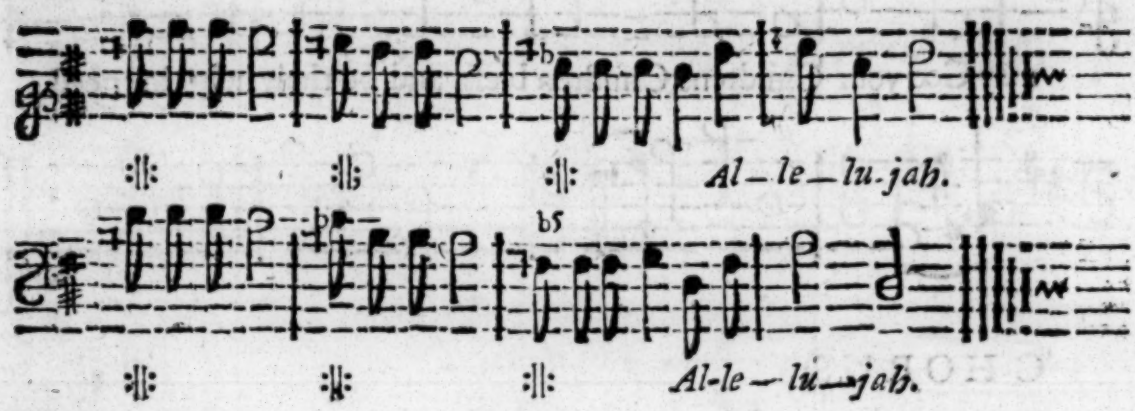
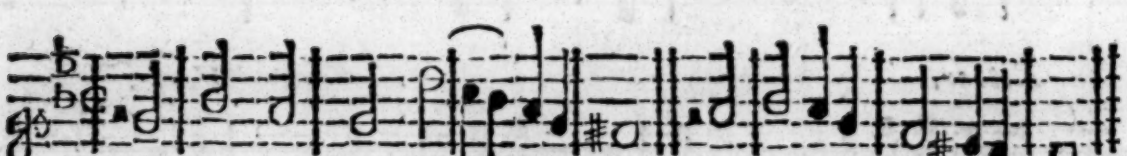
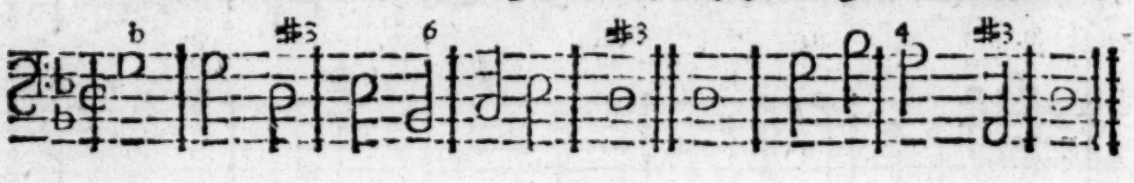
Chorus.

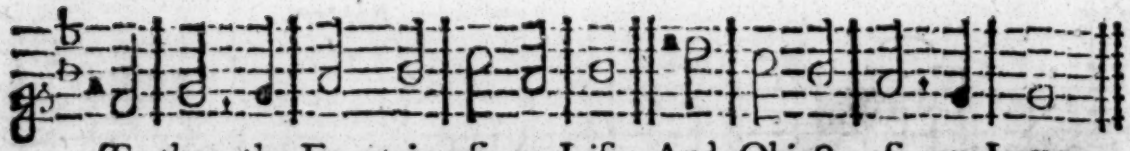


An HYMN *Set by Mr.* R. Rosingrave.

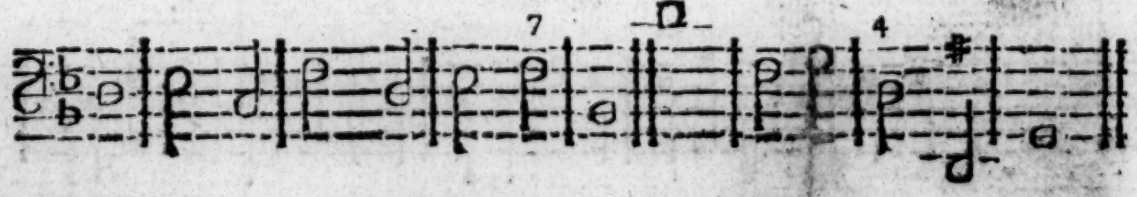


To thee, dear God, with eager Haste, My panting Soul does move;





To thee, the Fountain of my Life, And Object of my Love.



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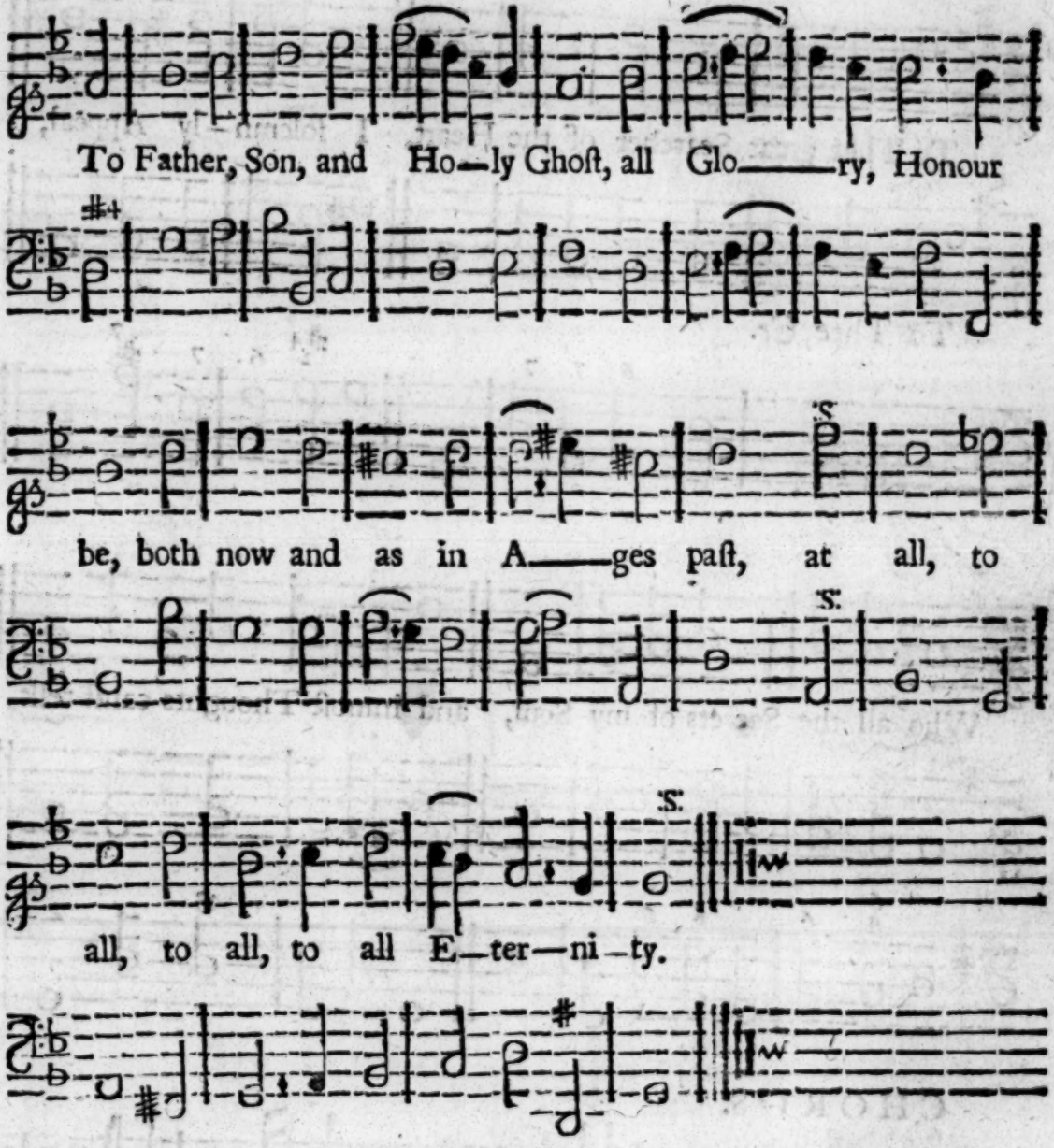
CHORUS.



Long have I rang'd the Maze of Sin, Long ſpent my ſelf in vain,
Too long been fond of falſe Delights, And ſported with my Chain.

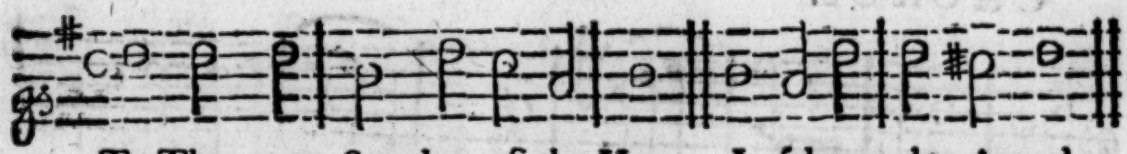
Ye Dreams and Shadows now farewel, Farewel each gilded Toy,
A noble Proſpect chears my Sight, I taſte a noble Joy.

Welcome dear Virtue to my Soul, How Sweet thy Practiſe is!
Ten Thouſand Pleaſures croud thy Way, Thy End's Eternal Bliſs.

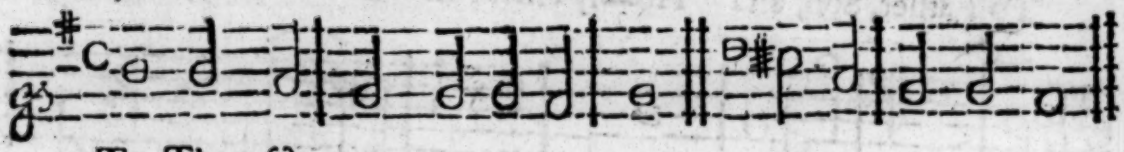
Thy Sacred Paths I'll ſwiftly run, And climb from Grace to Grace,
Till on bleſt *Zion*'s lofty Mount I view my Saviour's Face.

This, Lord, my Solemn Purpoſe is, O may thy Aid conſpire,
To crown my Labour with Succeſs, And fill my vaſt Deſire.

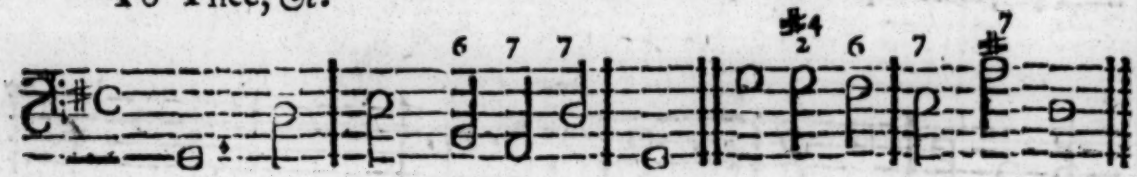
The APPEAL. *An* HYMN. *Set by Mr.* W. Turner.

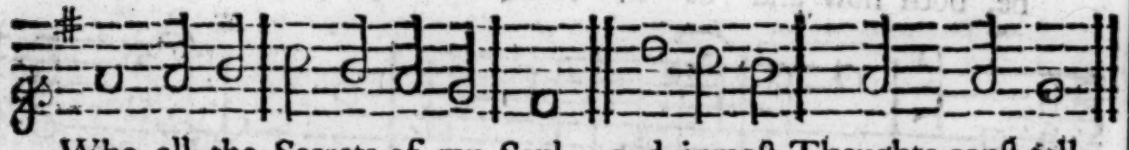


To Thee great Searcher of the Heart, I ſolemn—ly Appeal,

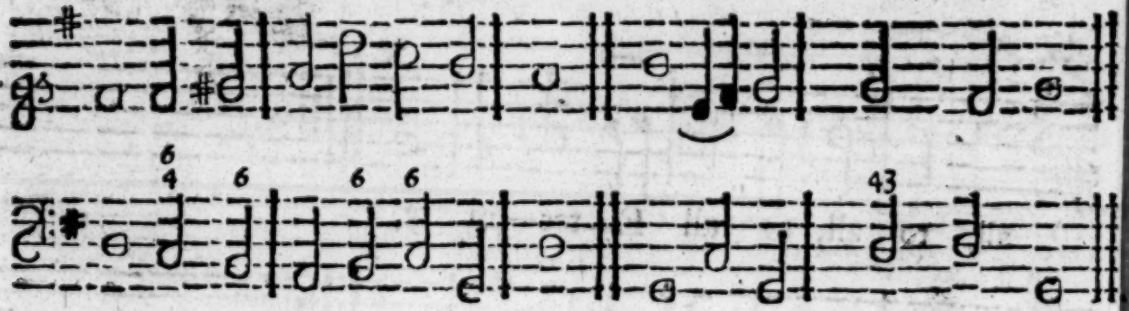


To Thee, &c.





Who all the Secrets of my Soul, and inmoſt Thoughts canſt tell.



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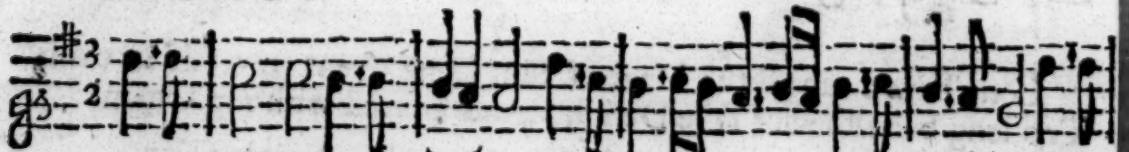
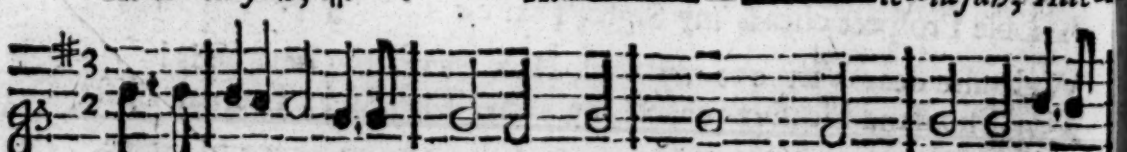
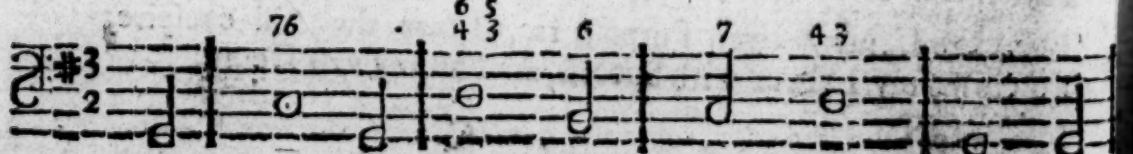
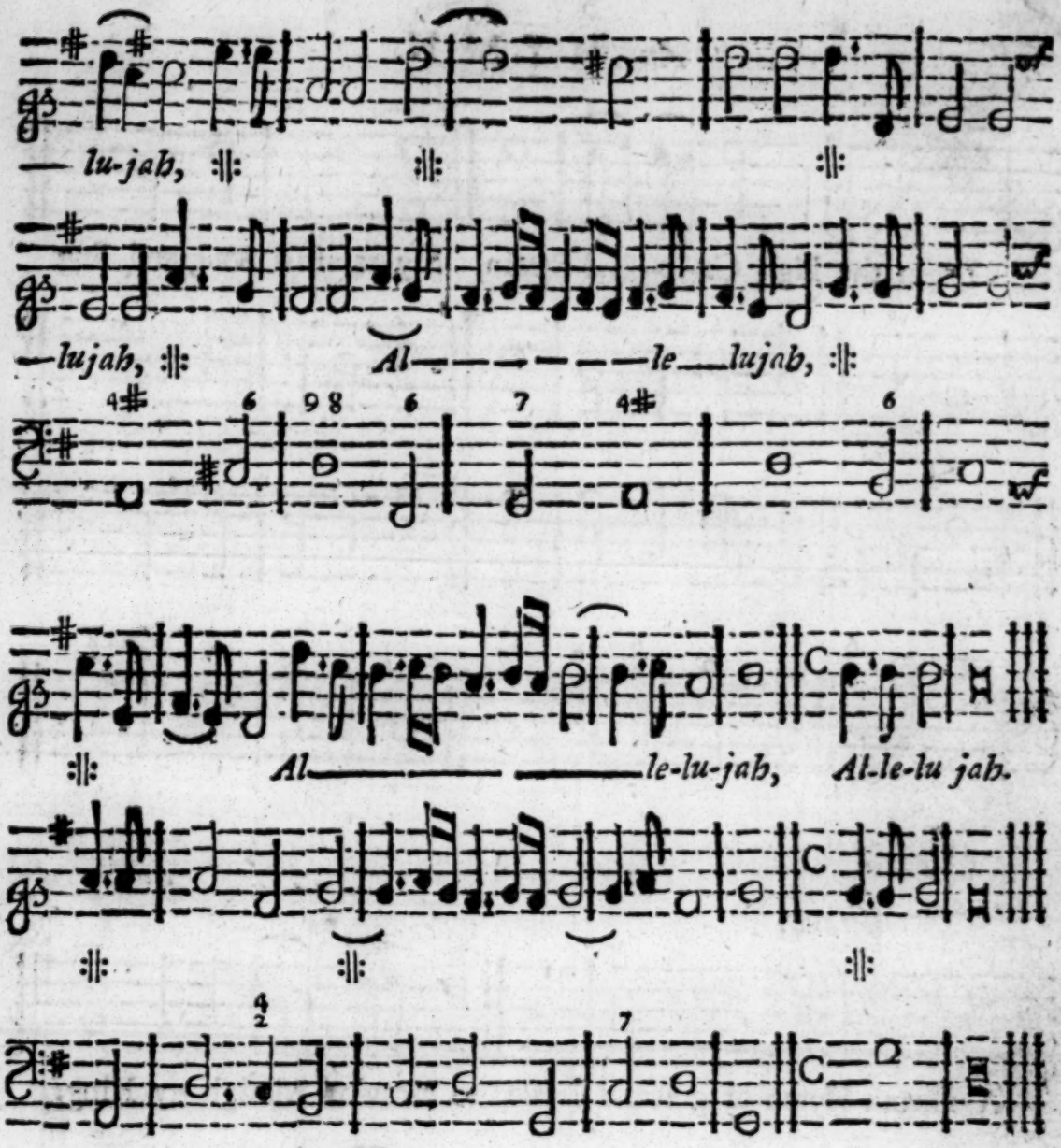


Al-le--lu-jah, *Al——le--lujah, Alle--*



Alle—





Even Thou, th' unerring Judge of all, Doſt my dread Witneſs prove,
That Thee beyond whate're the World, Can tempt me with I love.

That Thee, whatever elſe I miſs, Whatever elſe I loſe,
As my exceeding great Reward, And higheſt Bliſs I chuſe.

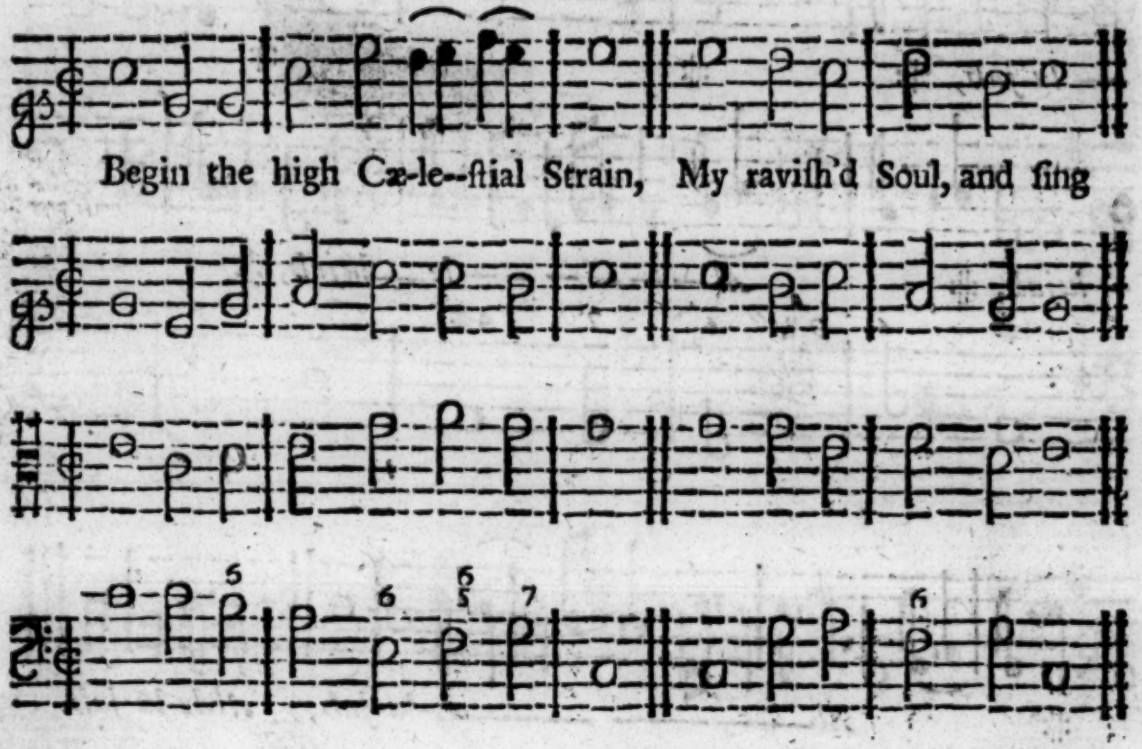
Leave me of Wealth, of Honour, Friends, And all Things elſe bereft,
But of thy Favour gracious God let me be never left.

Oh hear, and grant thy boundleſs Love's Ineſtimable Store,
And I'll hereafter cloſe my Lips, And never urge Thee more.

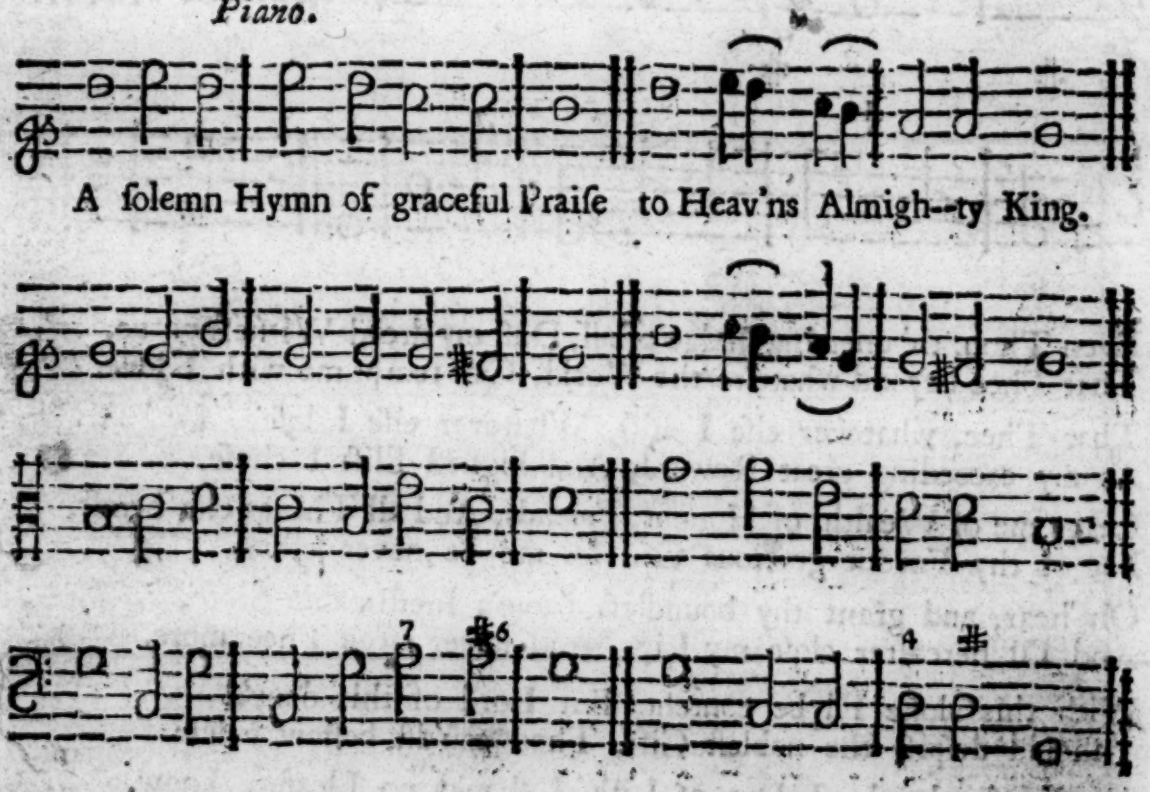
With this alone I'll be content, But Lord of this deny'd
ſhould deſpiſe the nobleſt Gift, Thou cou'dſt beſtow beſide.

Among the brighteſt Joys of Life, I ſhould no Pleaſure know,
But murm'ring to the ſullen Shades of endleſs Night would go.

An HYMN.



Piano.



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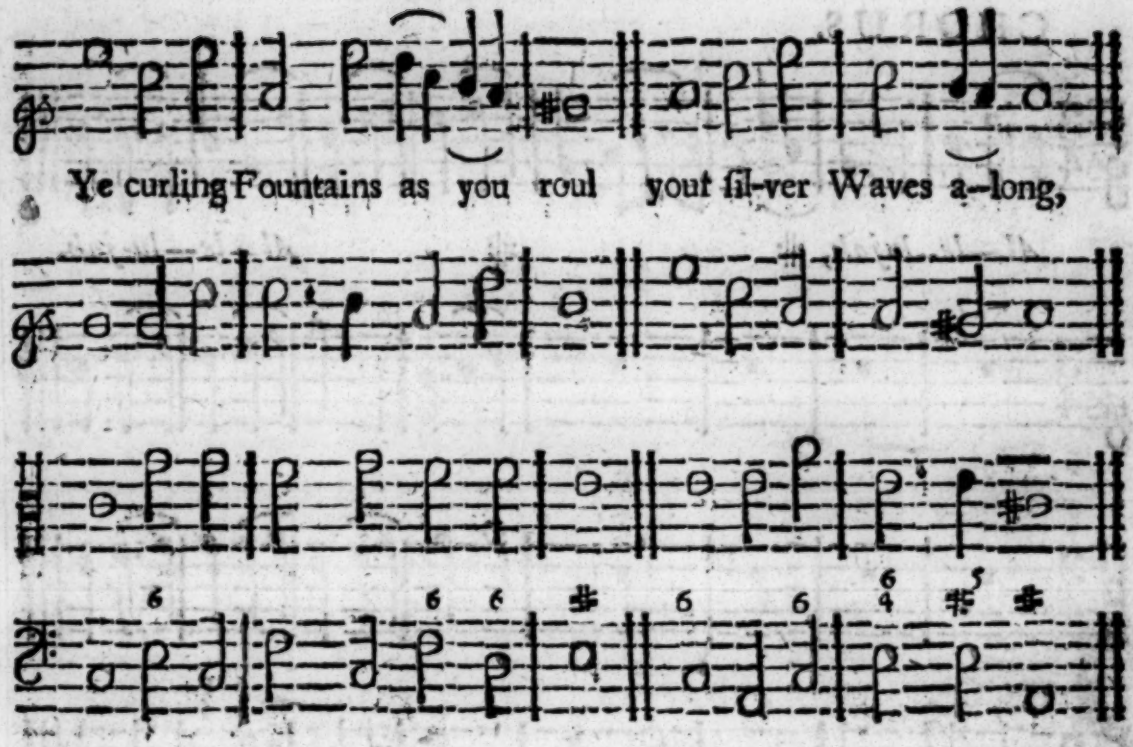
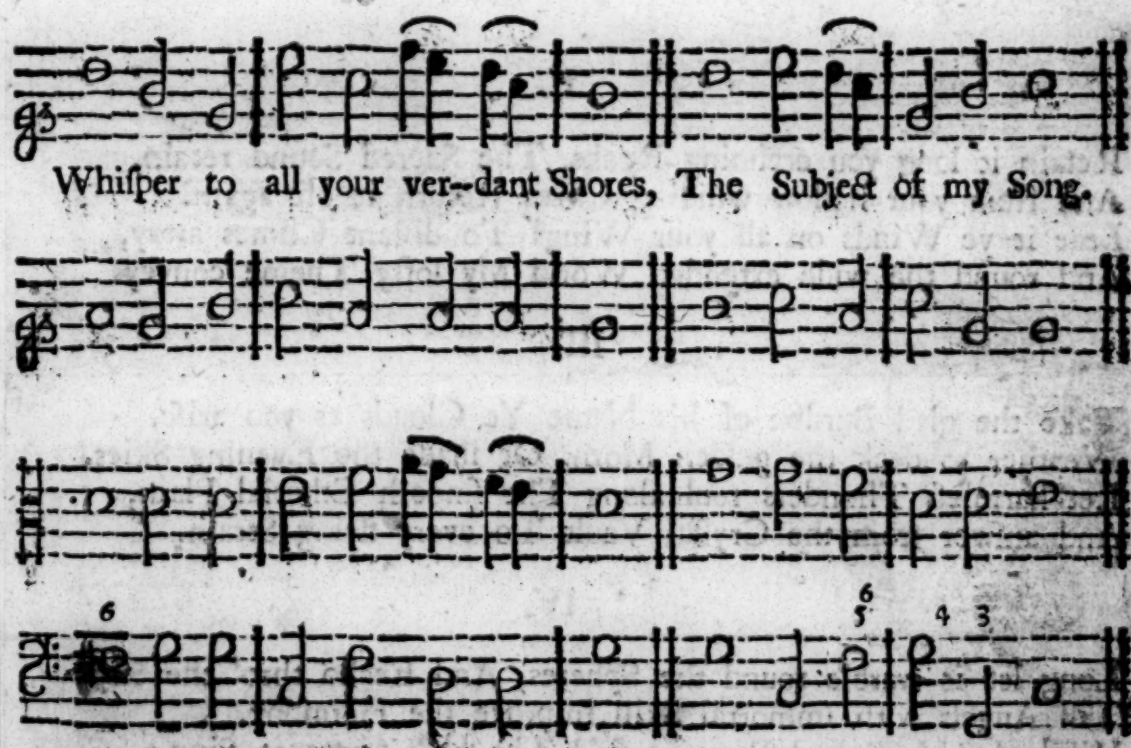
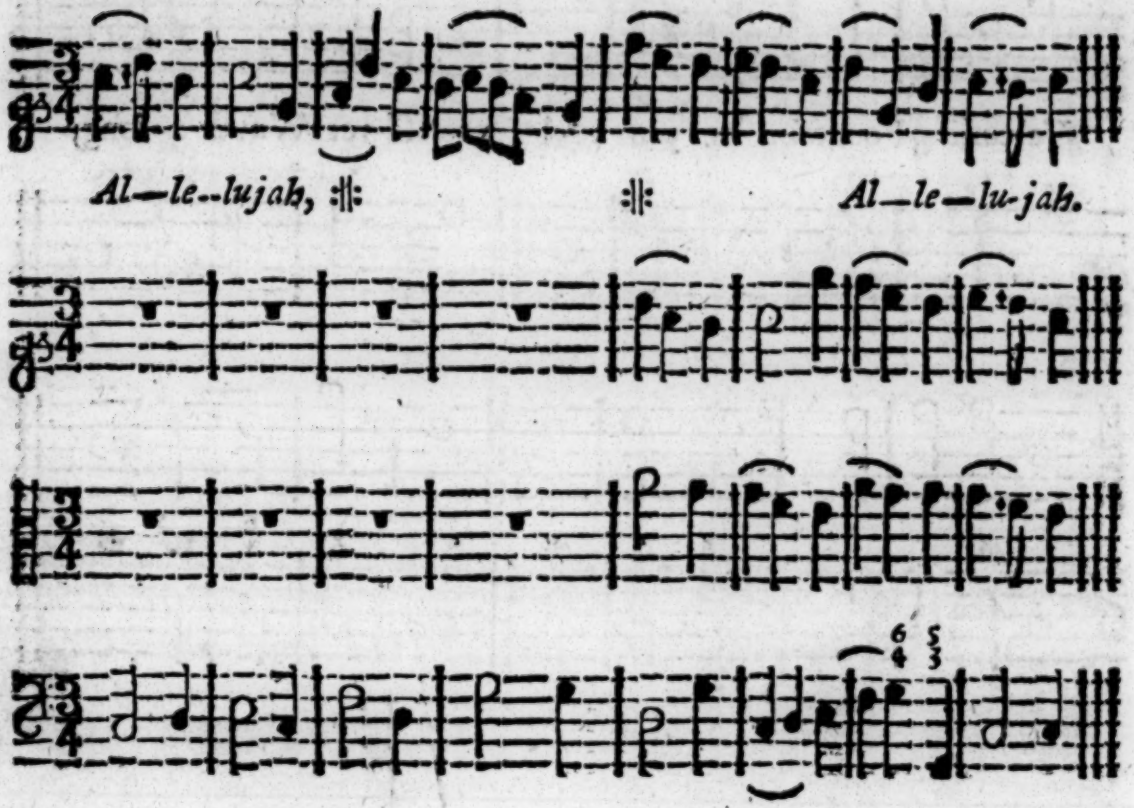




Turn over, CHO-

Continued.

CHORUS.



II.

Retain it long you ecchoing Rocks, The Sacred Sound retain,
And from your hollow winding Caves Return it oft again.
Bear it ye Winds on all your Wings To diſtant Climes away,
And round the wide extended World My lofty Theme convey.

III.

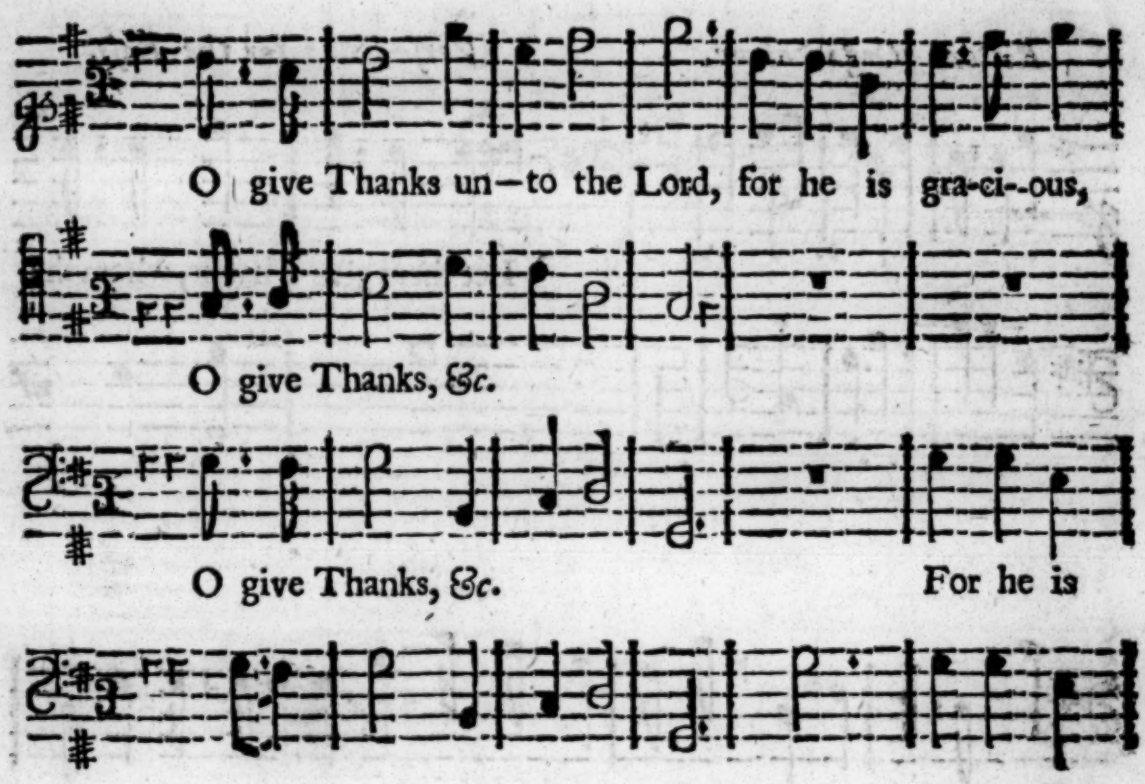
Take the glad Burden of his Name Ye Clouds as you ariſe,
Weather to deck the golden Morn, Or ſhade the Evening Skies.
Let harmleſs Thunders roul along The ſmooth Etherial Plain,
And anſwer from the Cryſtal Vault To every flying Strain.

IV.

Long let it warble round the Spheres, And Eccho thro' the Sky,
Till Angels with immortal Skill Improve the Harmony.
While I with Sacred Rapture fir'd The bleſt Creature Sing,
And Warble conſecrated Lays To Heaven's Almighty King.

O give Thanks, a Verse ANTHEM *for three Voices.*

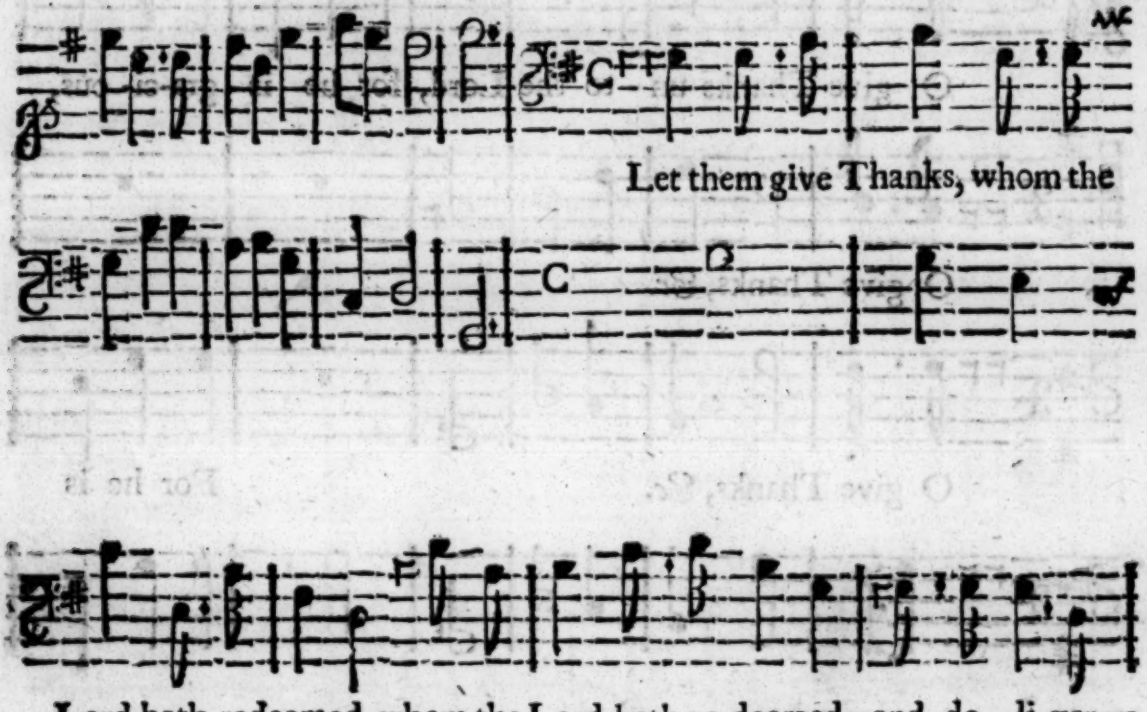
Set by Mr. Moſes Snow.



Turn over.

Continued.

Ritor. Organ alone. *Verse Solus for the Bass.*



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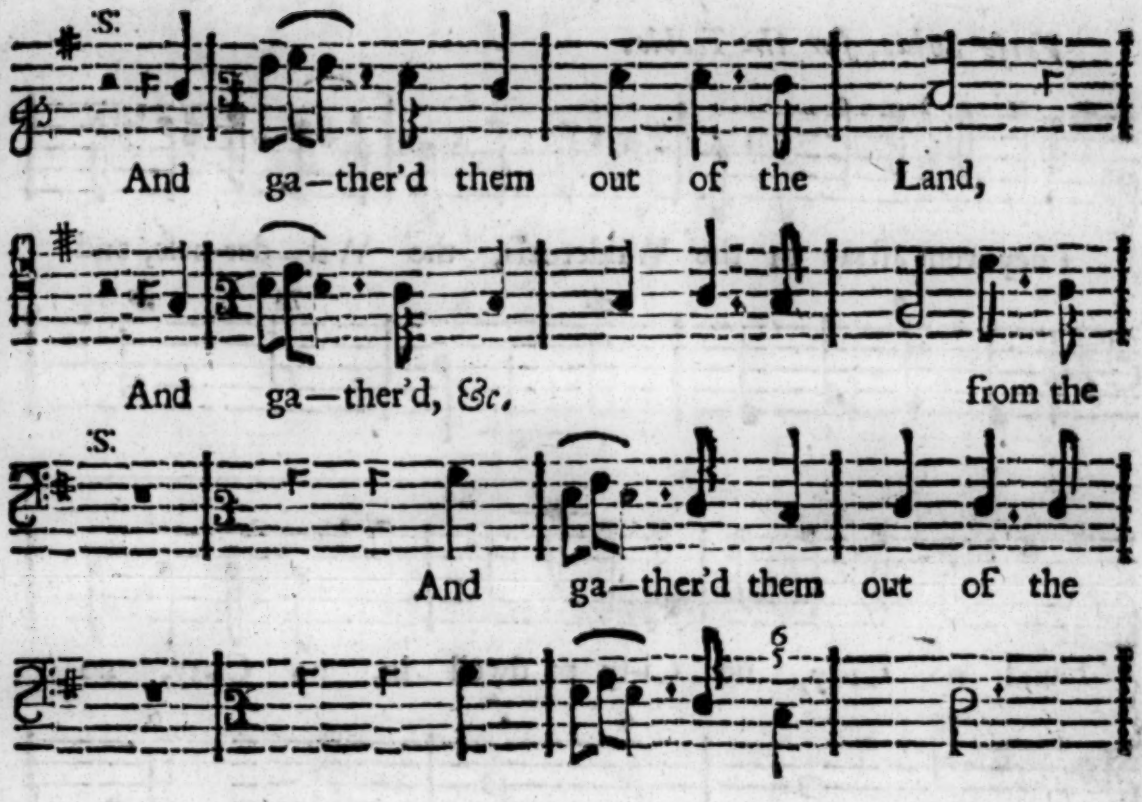
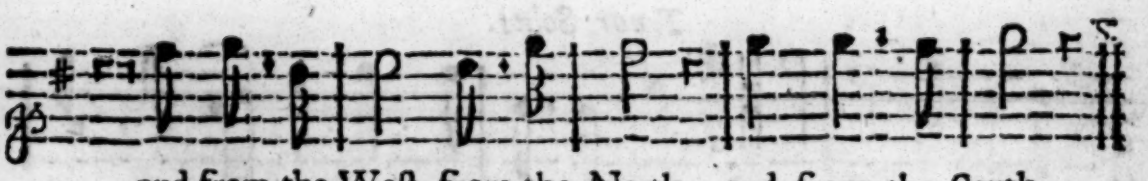
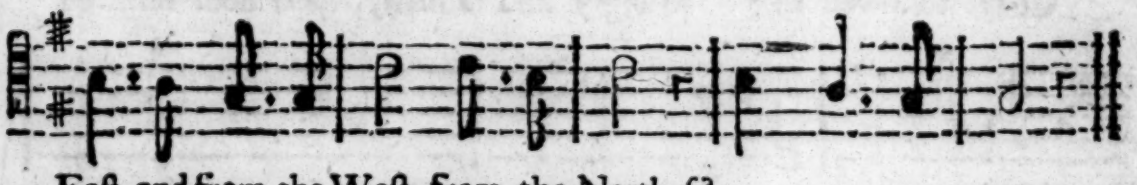
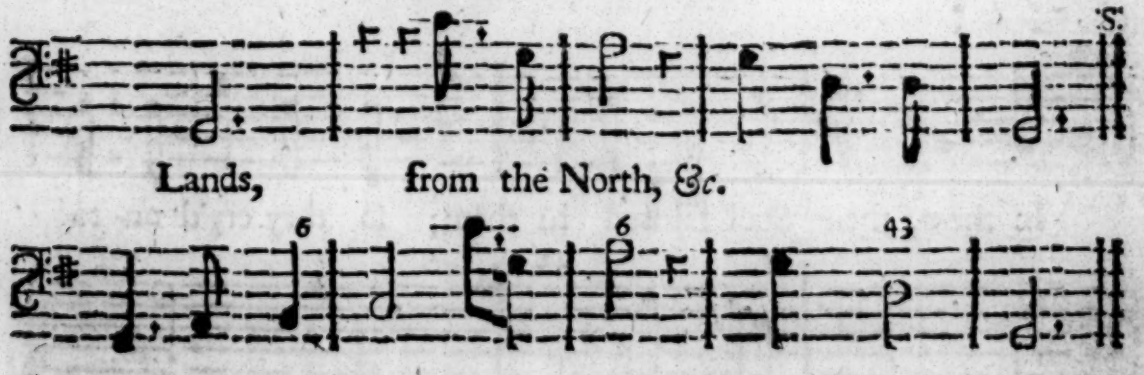

S.
And ga—ther'd them out of the Land,
And ga—ther'd, &c. from the
S.
And ga—ther'd them out of the

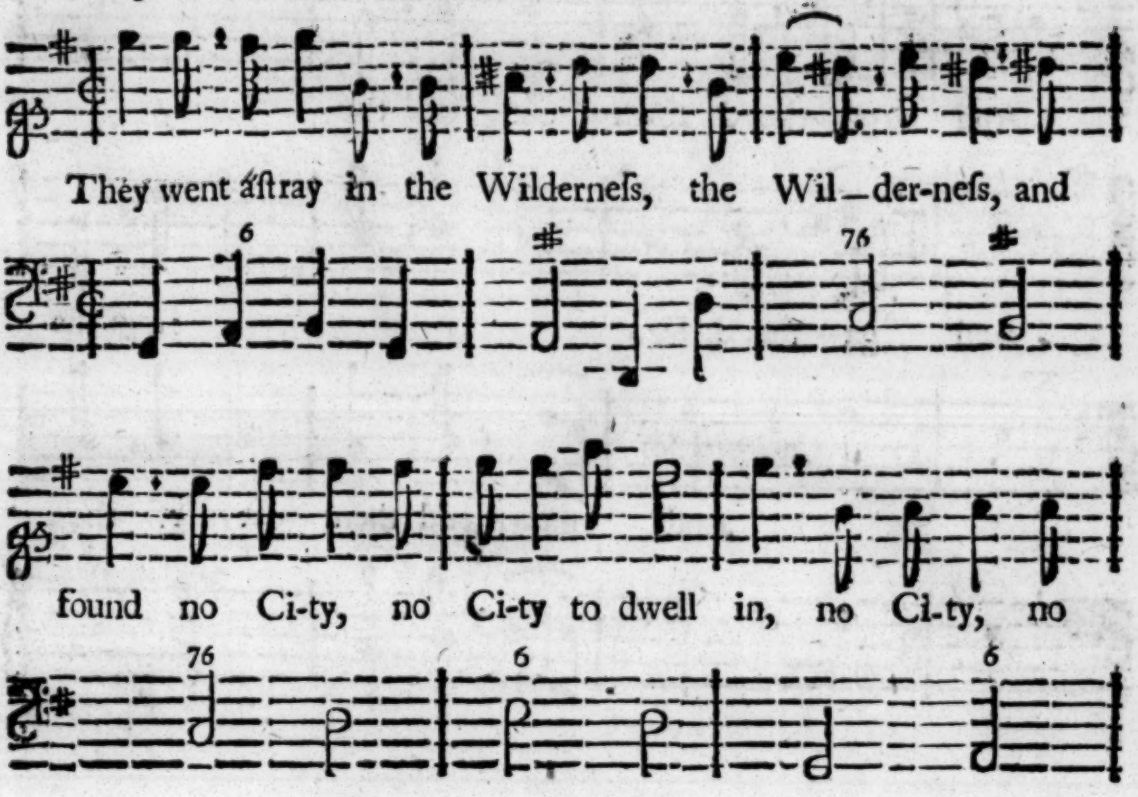

and from the Weſt, from the North, and from the South.


Eaſt, and from the Weſt, from the North, &c.

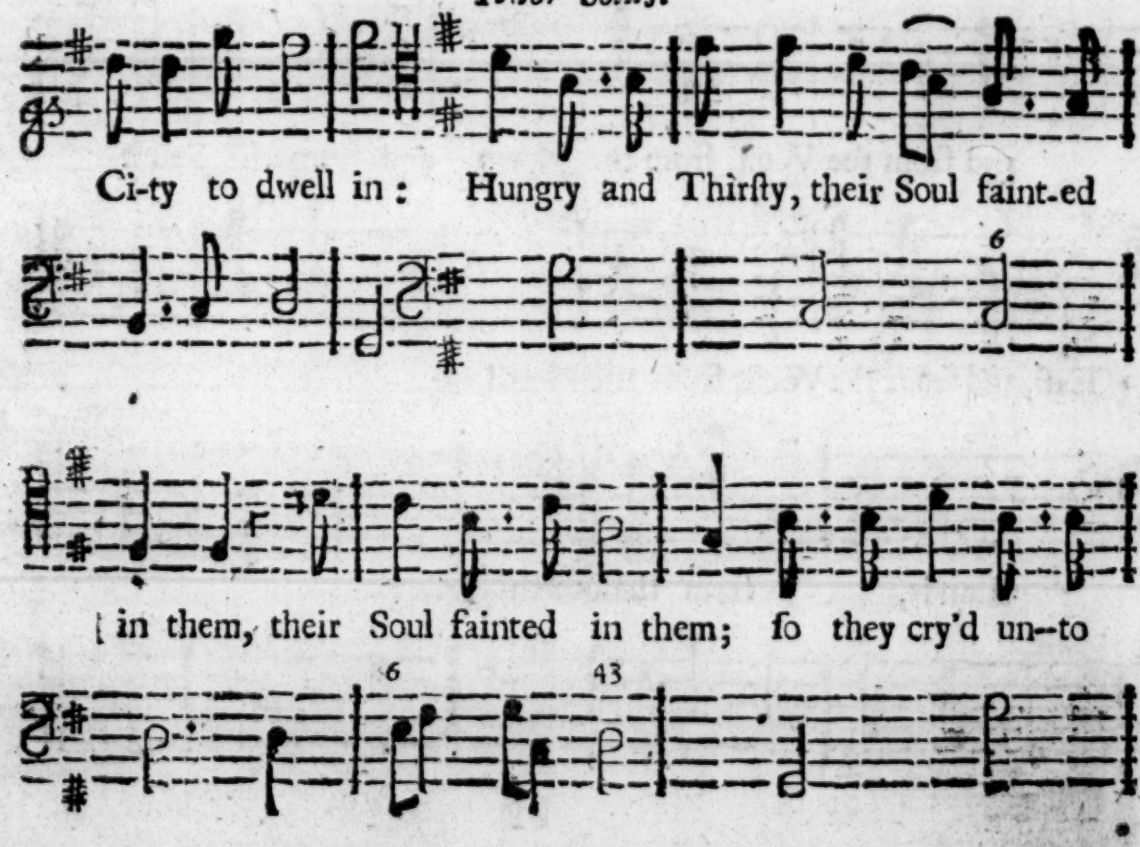

S.
Lands, from the North, &c.

Continued.

Verſe Solus, for the Treble.



Tenor Solus.



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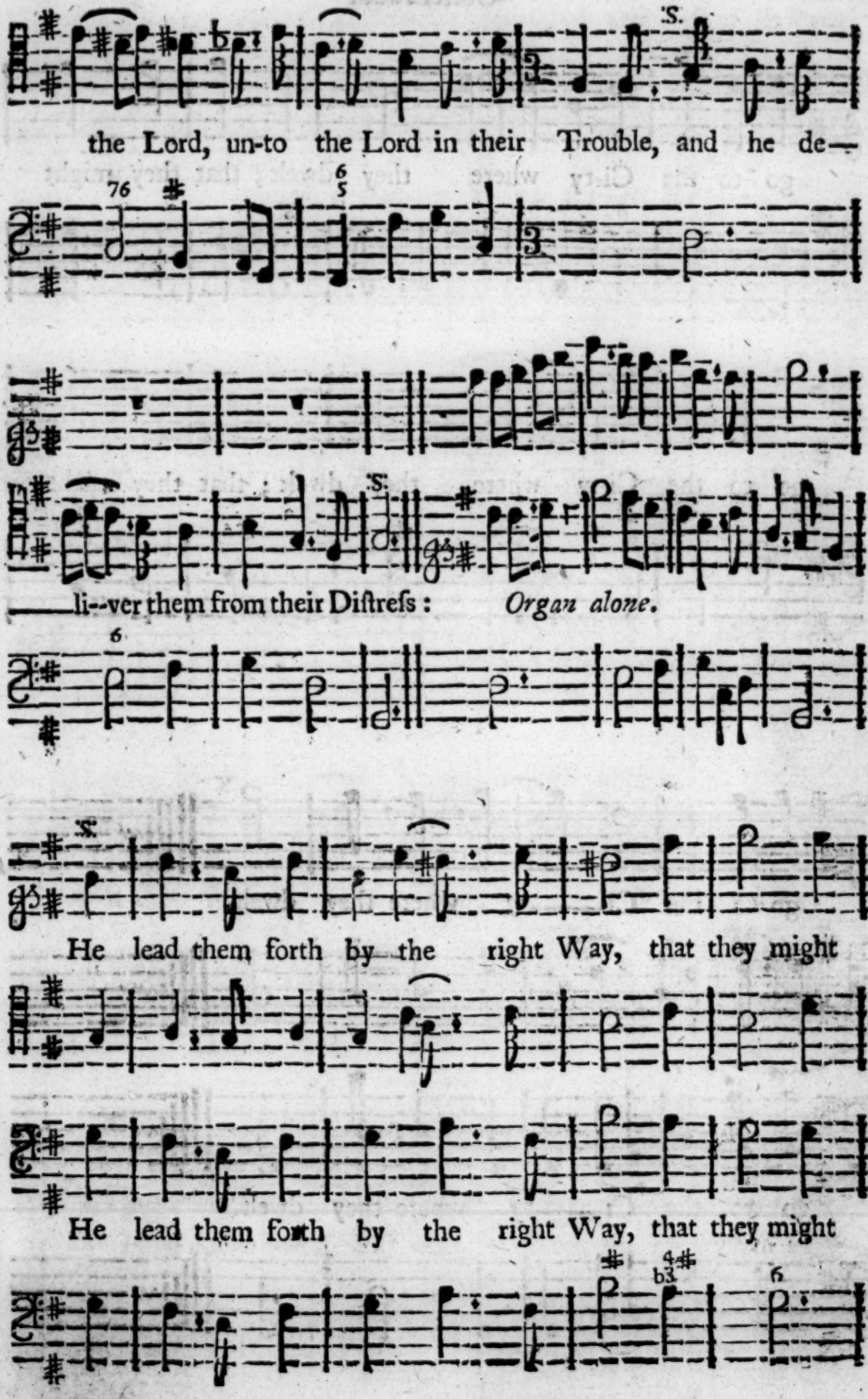
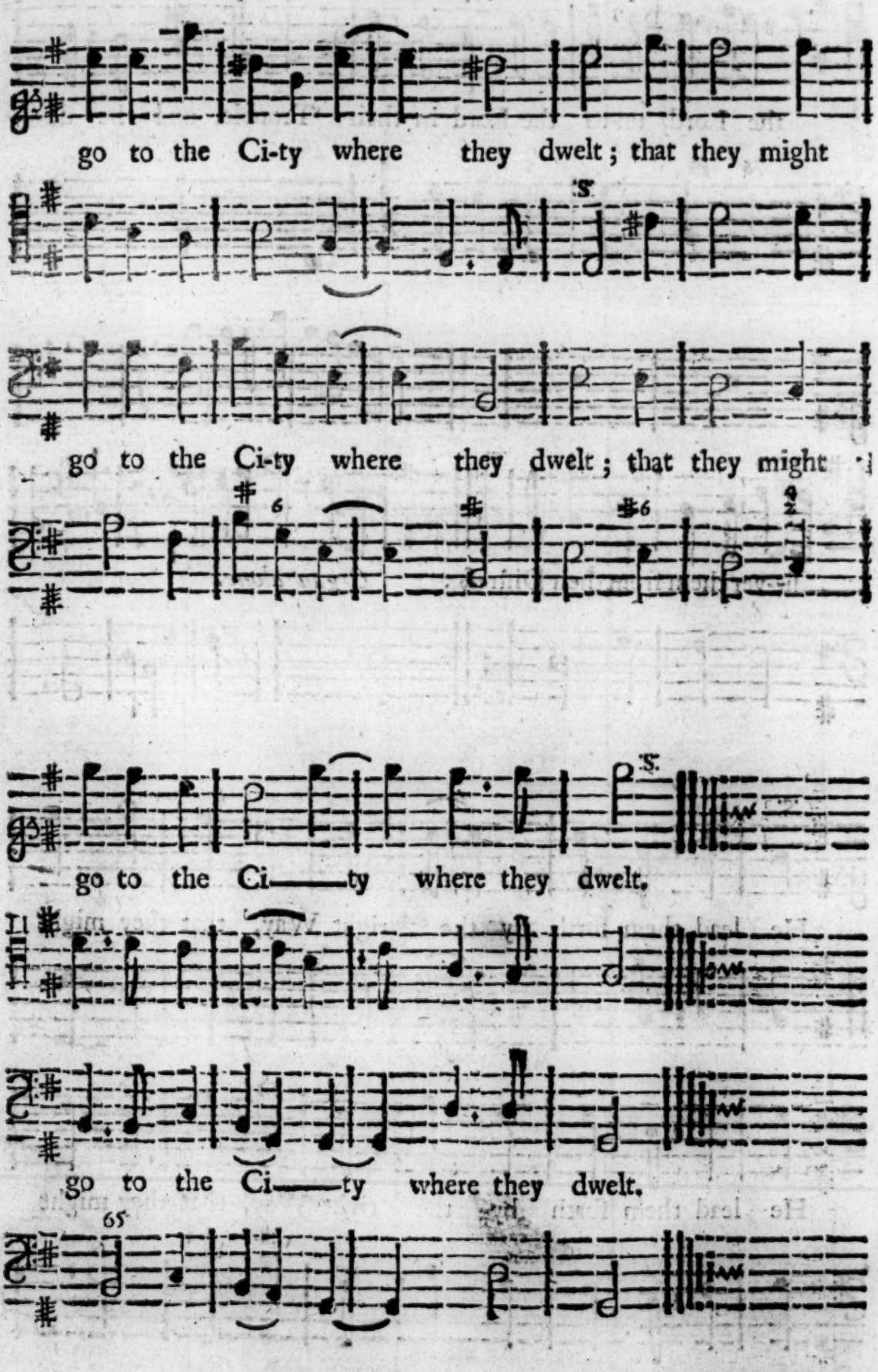
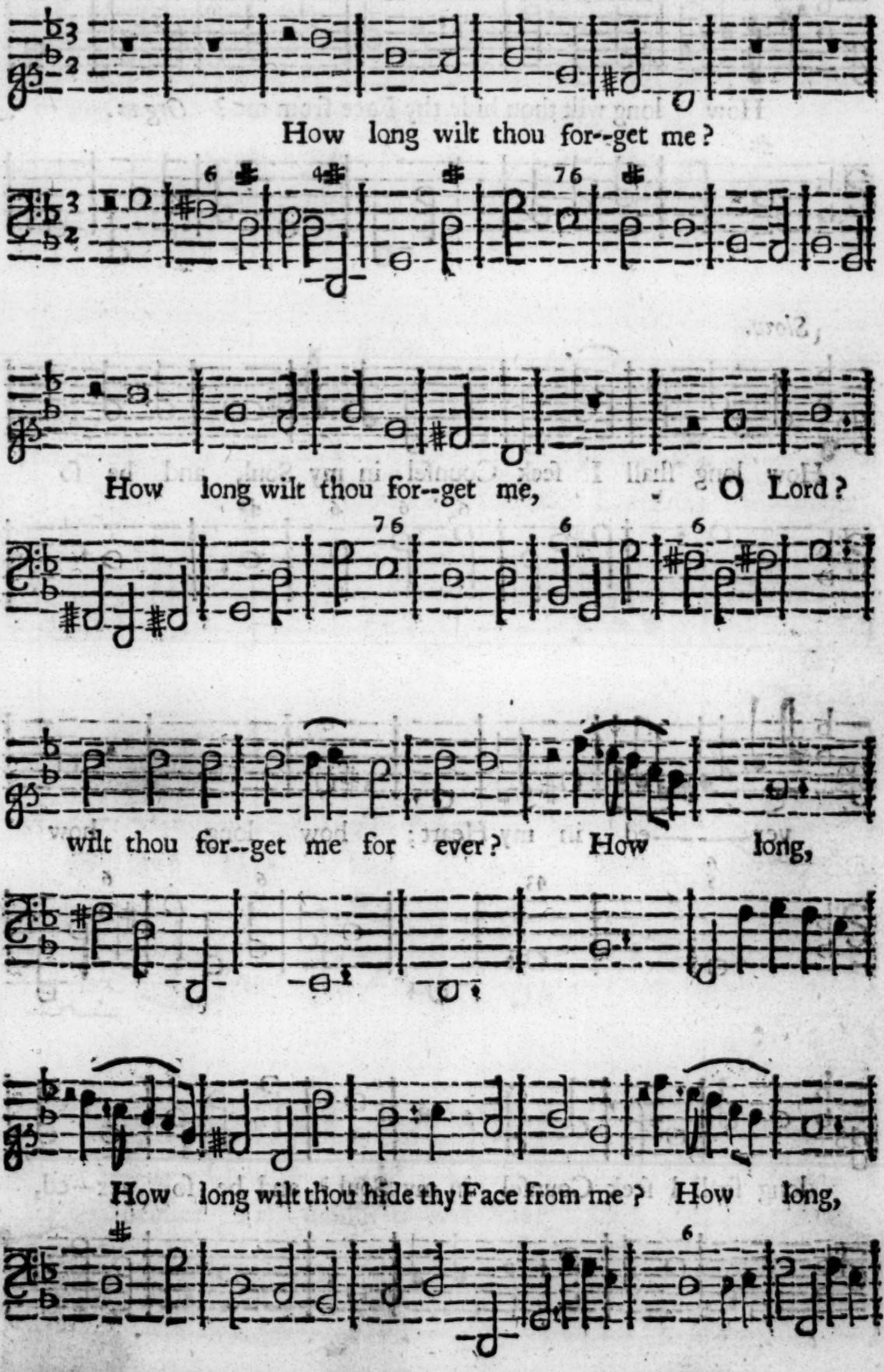

the Lord, un-to the Lord in their Trouble, and he de—
——li--ver them from their Diſtreſs : *Organ alone.*
He lead them forth by the right Way, that they might
He lead them forth by the right Way, that they might

Continued.


go to the Ci-ty where they dwelt; that they might
go to the Ci-ty where they dwelt; that they might
go to the Ci——ty where they dwelt.
go to the Ci——ty where they dwelt.

How Long wilt thou forget me? An ANTHEM *with a Chorus in four Parts. Set by the late Mr.* Jer. Clark, *Organist of St.* Pauls.



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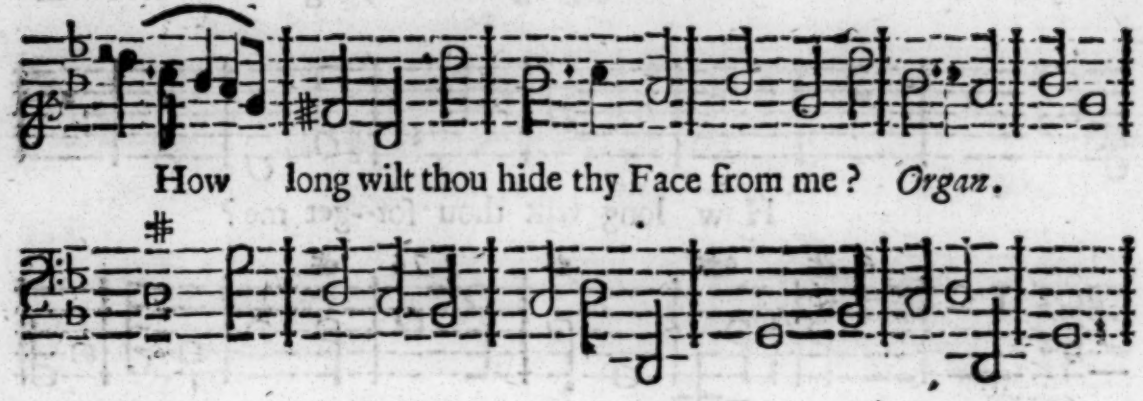
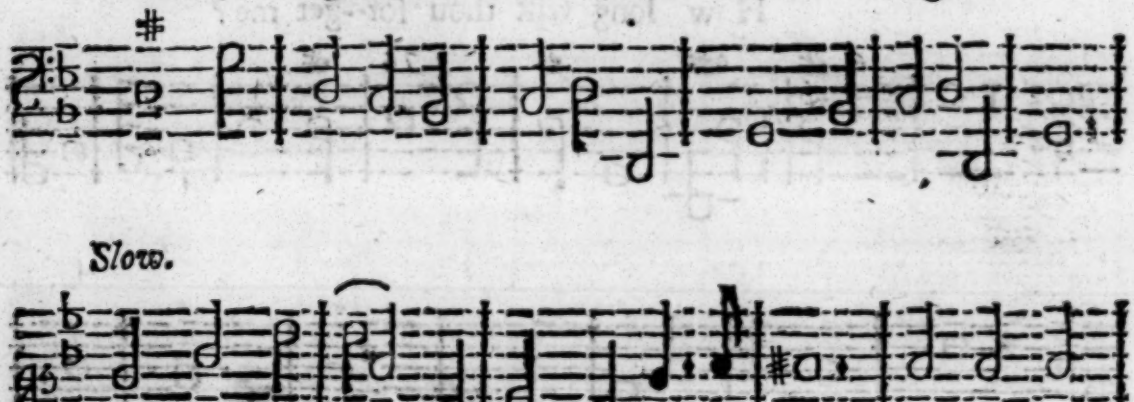
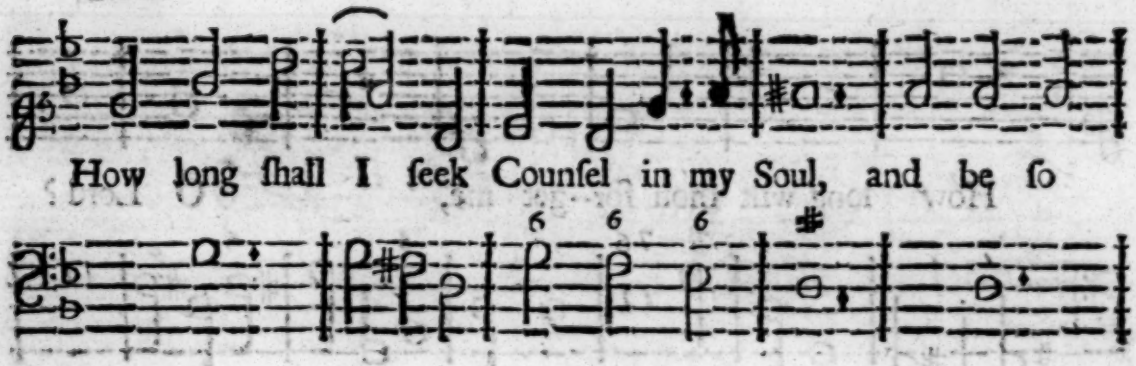
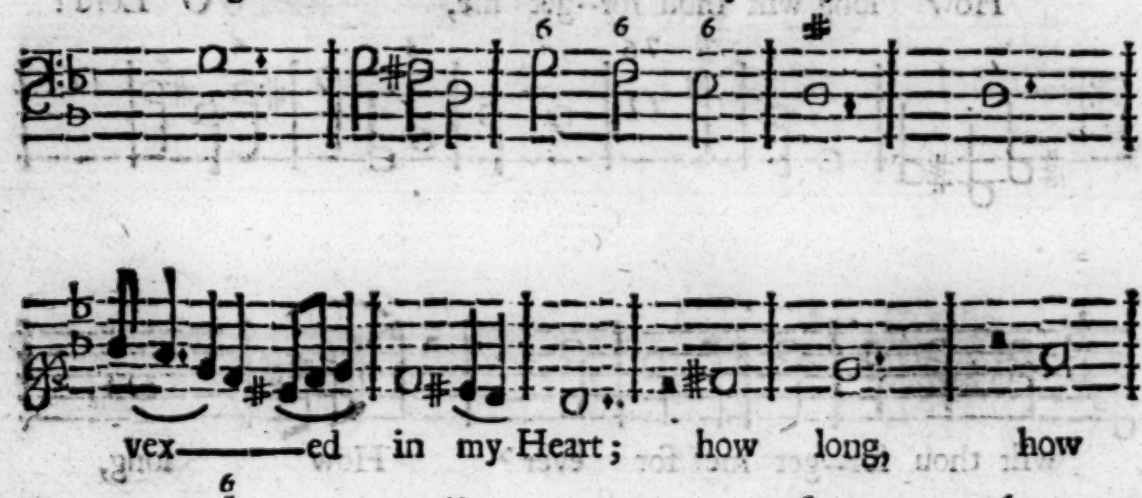
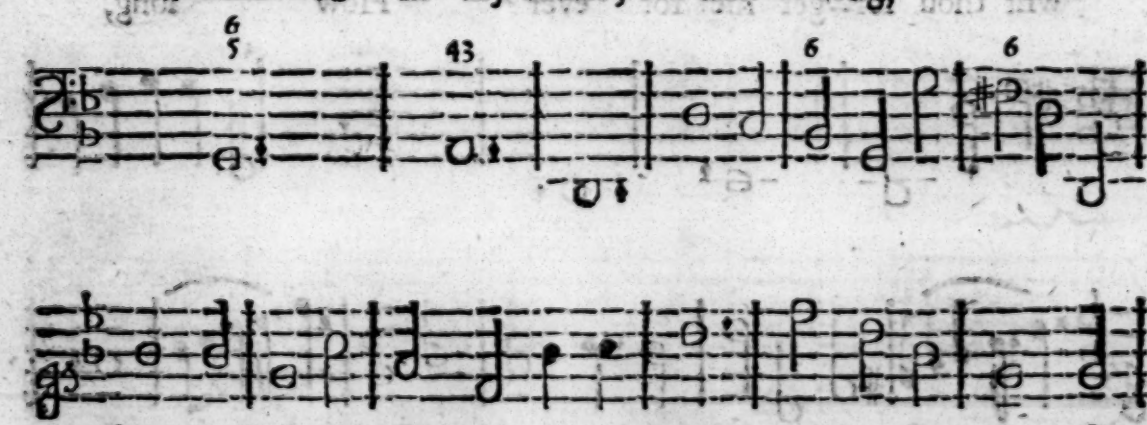


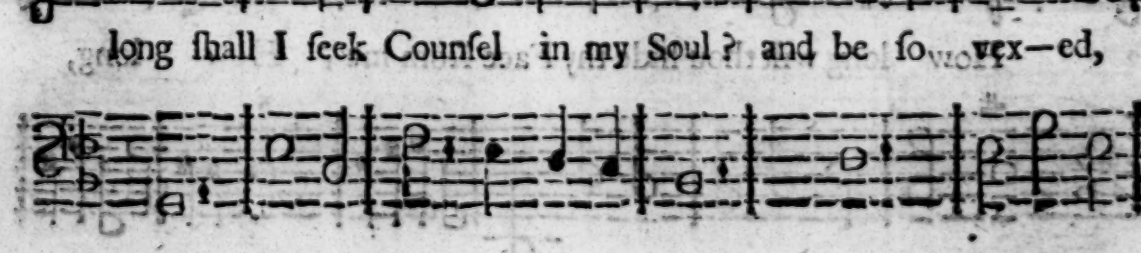


Slow.









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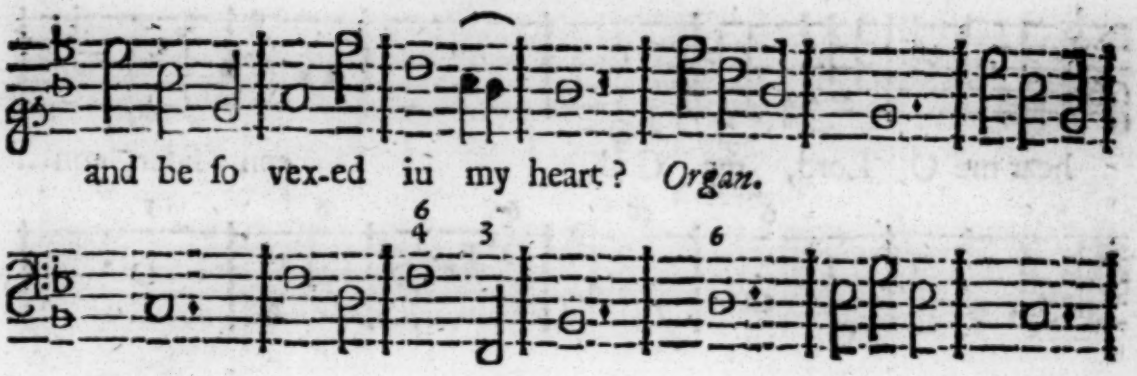
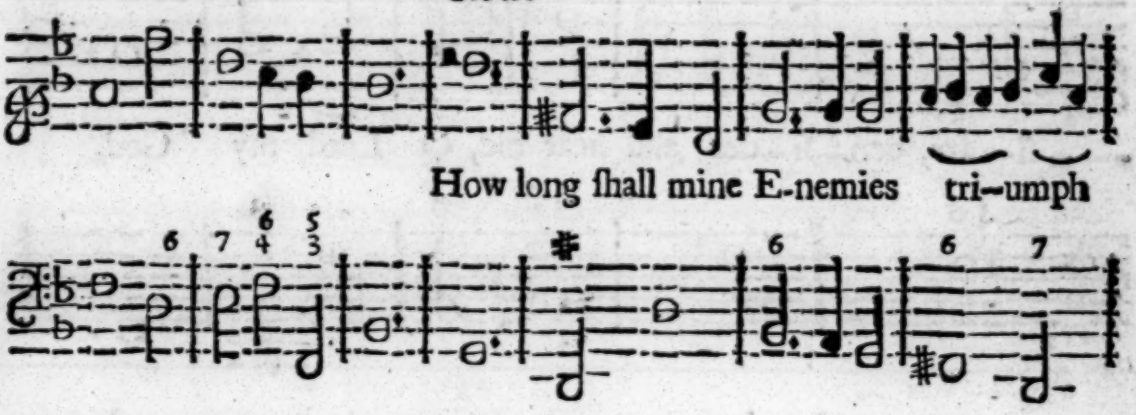
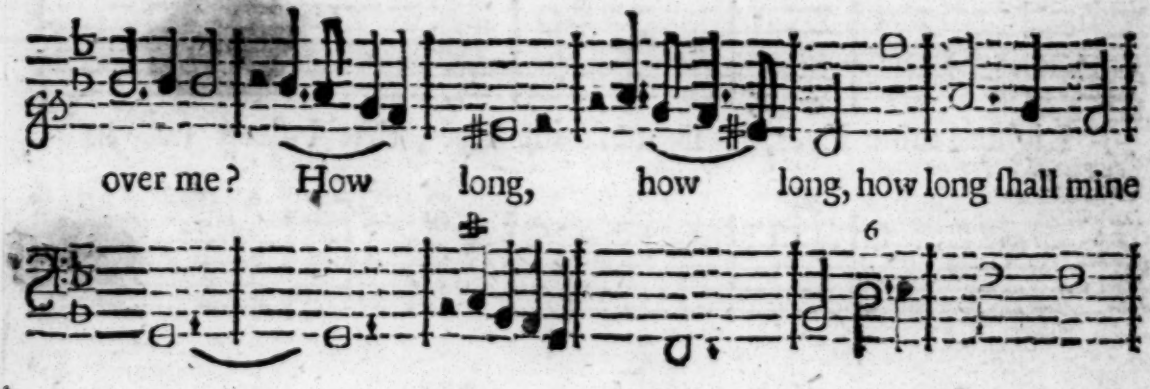
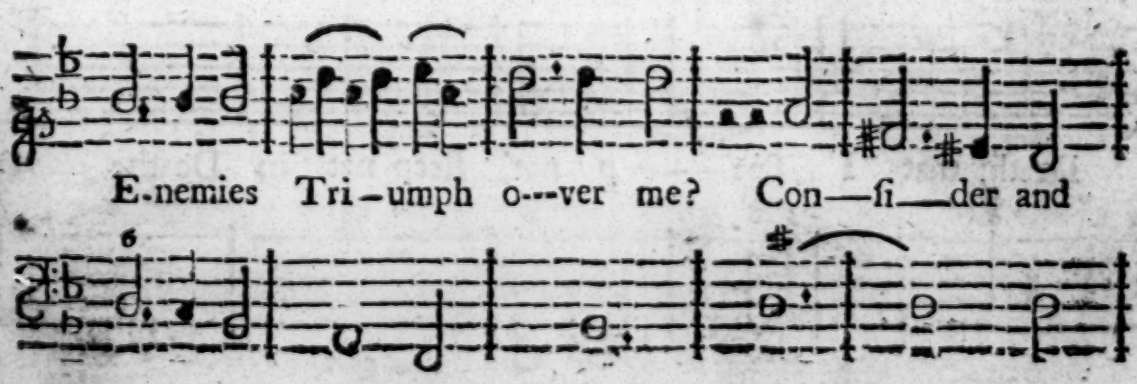


Slow.







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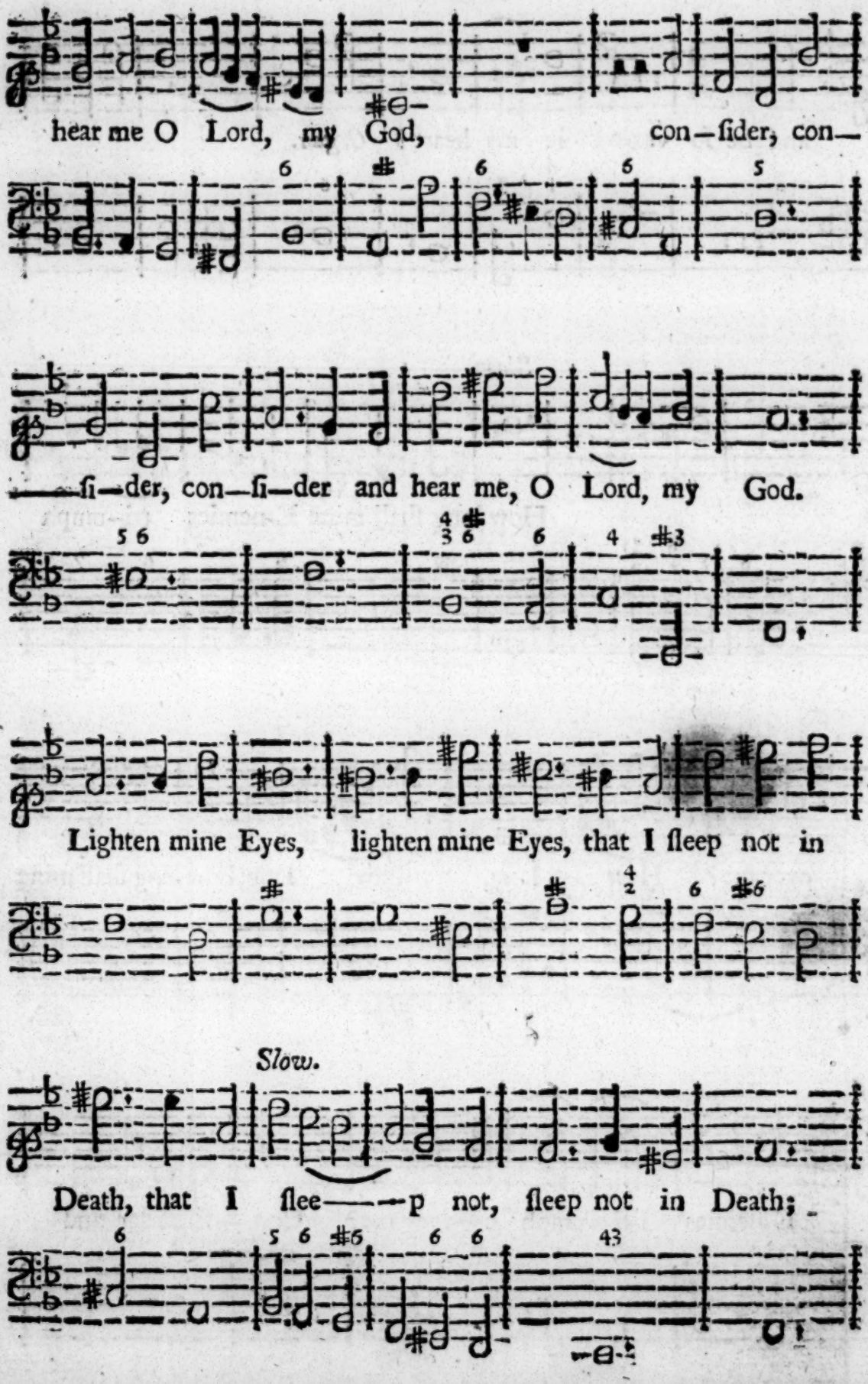
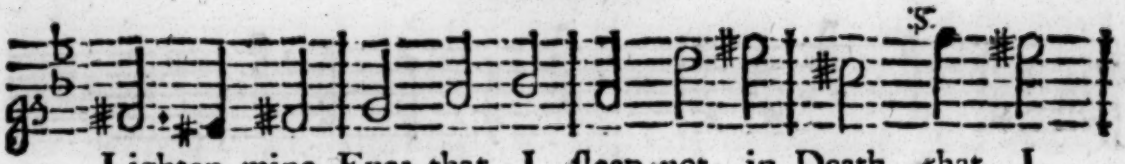
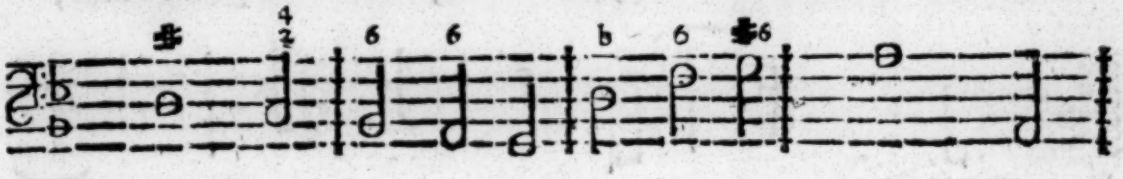

hear me O Lord, my God, con—ſider, con—
—ſi—der, con—ſi—der and hear me, O Lord, my God.
Lighten mine Eyes, lighten mine Eyes, that I ſleep not in
Slow.
Death, that I ſlee——p not, ſleep not in Death;

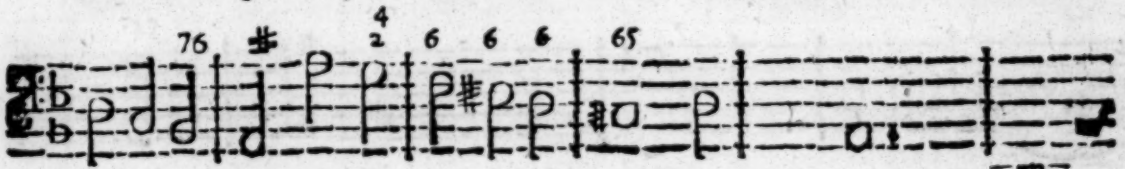
Continued.



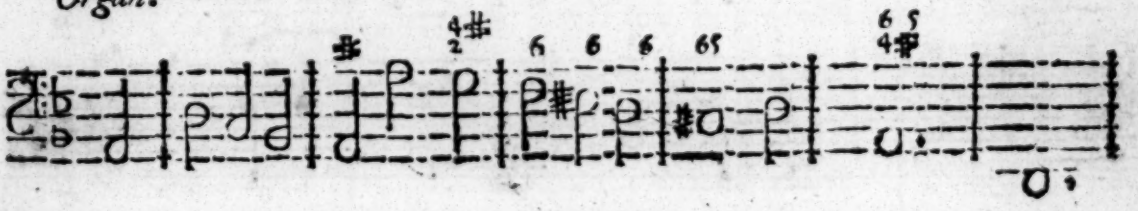
Lighten mine Eyes that I ſleep not in Death, that I



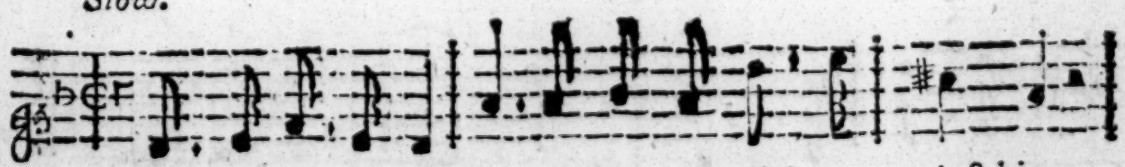
ſlee——p not, I ſlee——p not, ſleep not in Death:



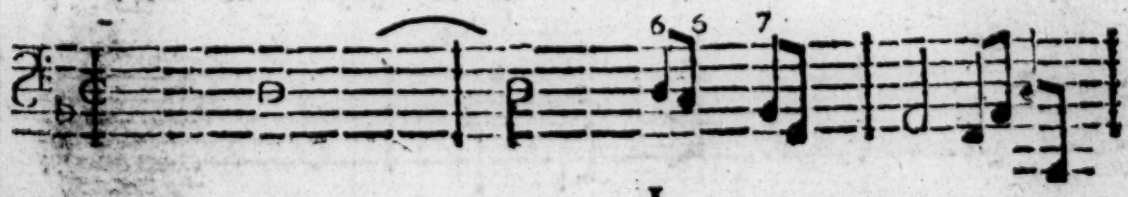
Organ.



Slow.



Leaſt mine E--nemies ſay, I have prevail'd a——gainſt him,



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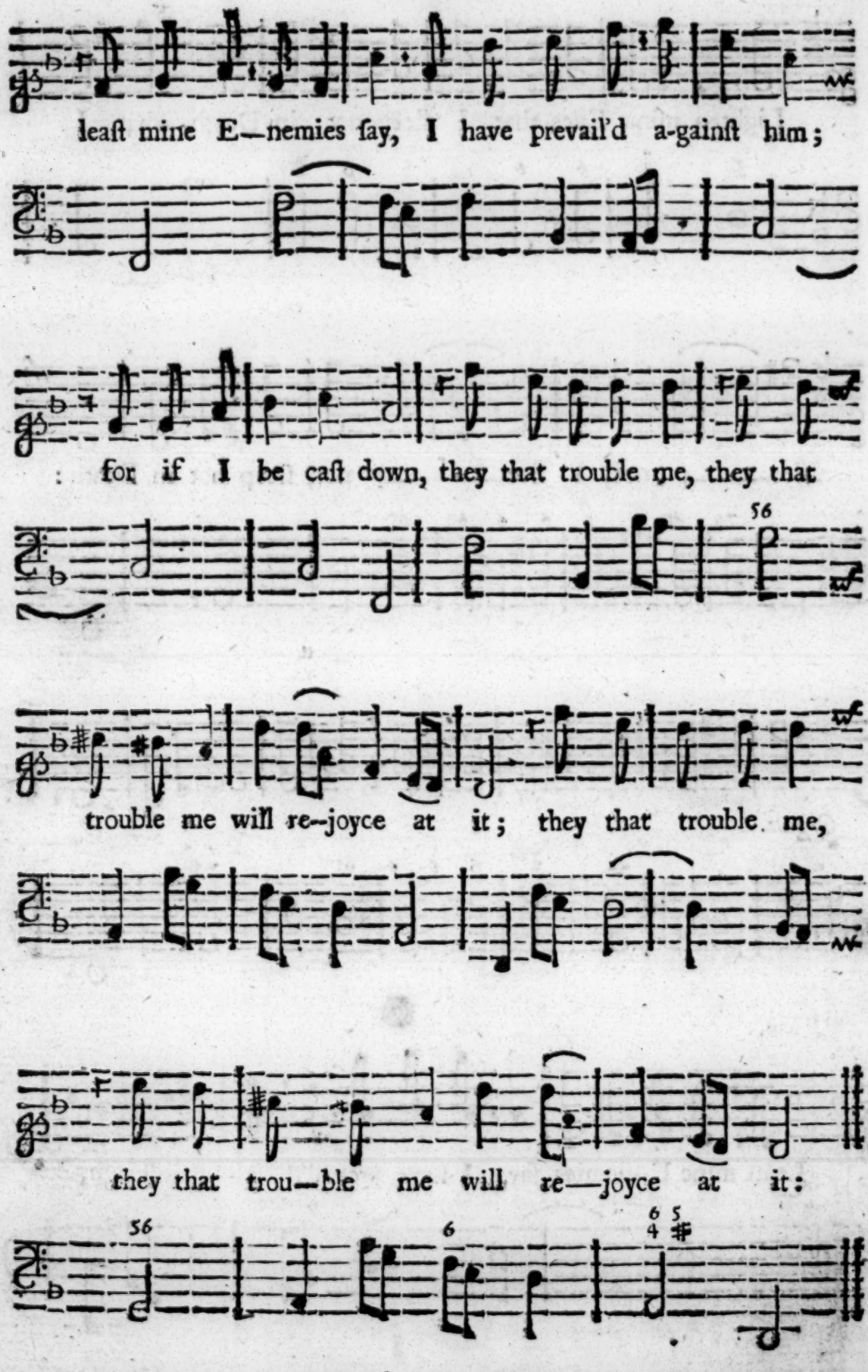
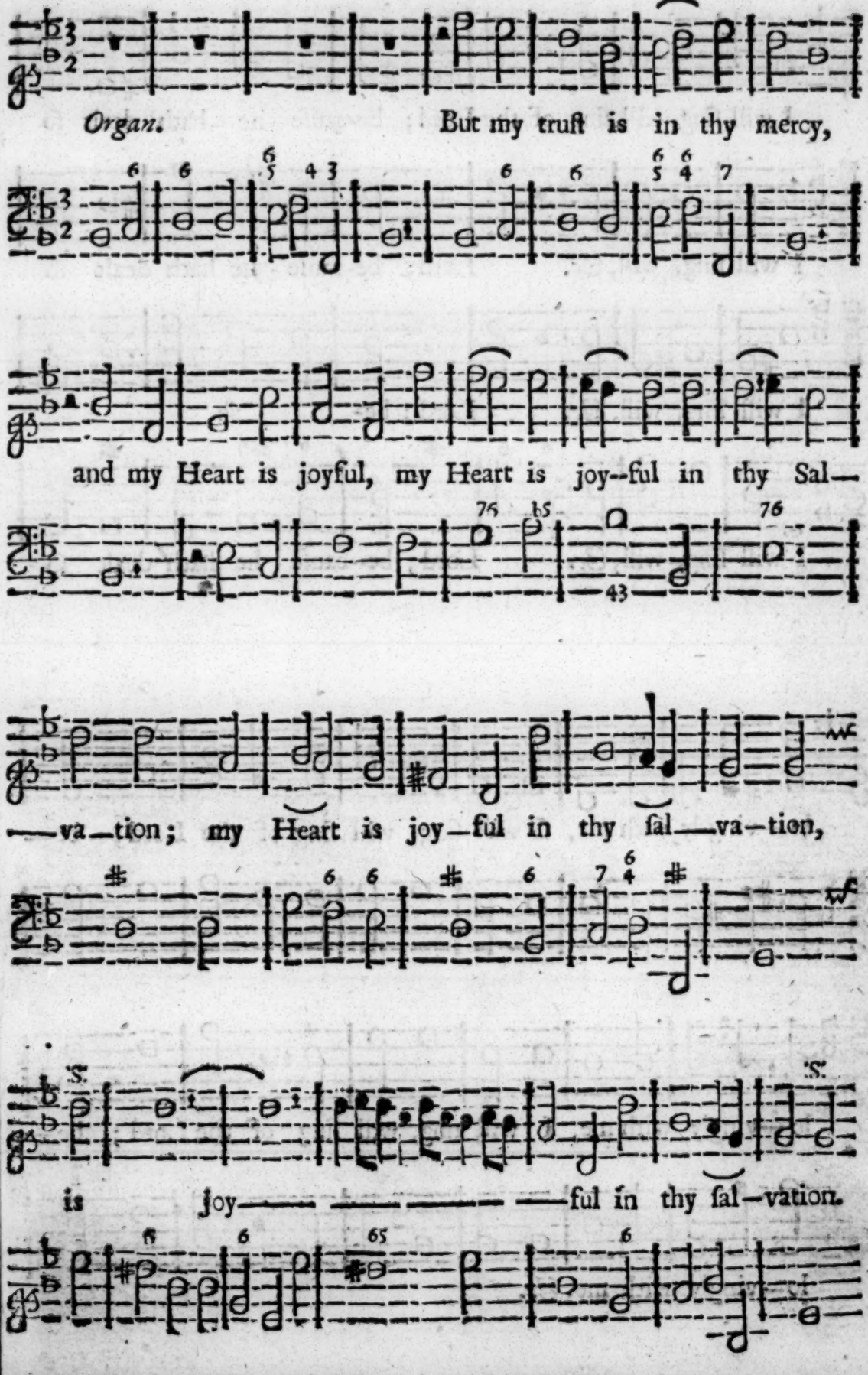
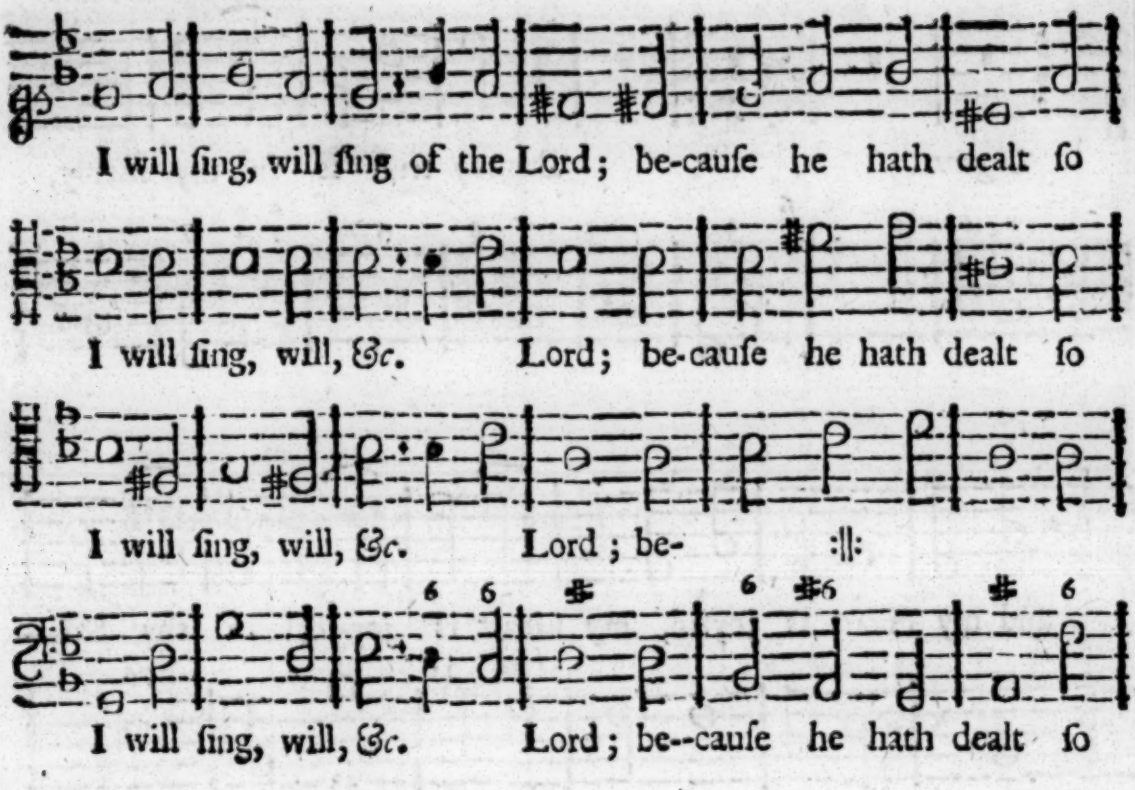

leaſt mine E—nemies ſay, I have prevail'd a-gainſt him;
for if I be caſt down, they that trouble me, they that
trouble me will re-joyce at it; they that trouble me,
they that trou—ble me will re—joyce at it:

Continued.


Organ.
But my truſt is in thy mercy,
and my Heart is joyful, my Heart is joy--ful in thy Sal—
—va—tion; my Heart is joy—ful in thy ſal—va—tion,
is joy— —ful in thy ſal—vation.

Continued.

CHORUS.



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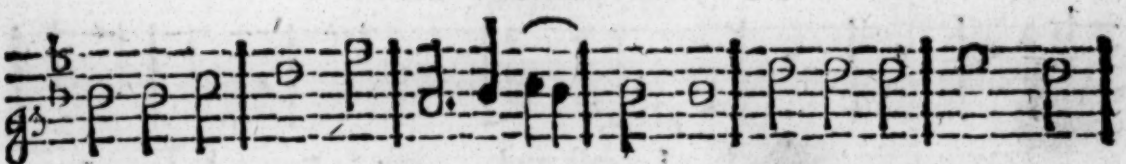
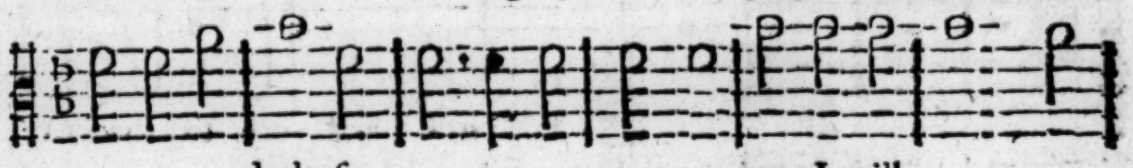
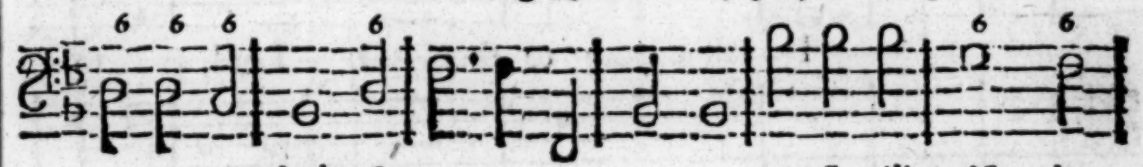


—cauſe he hath dealt ſo lo--ving--ly with me, yea, I will praiſe the

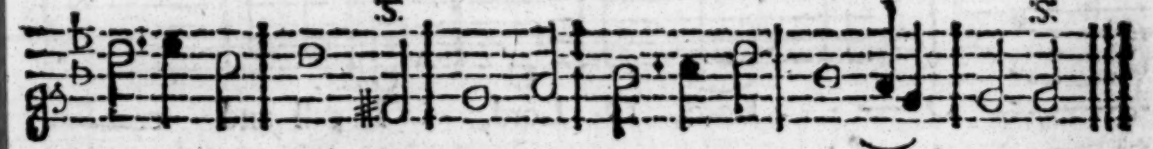


dealt ſo yea, I will

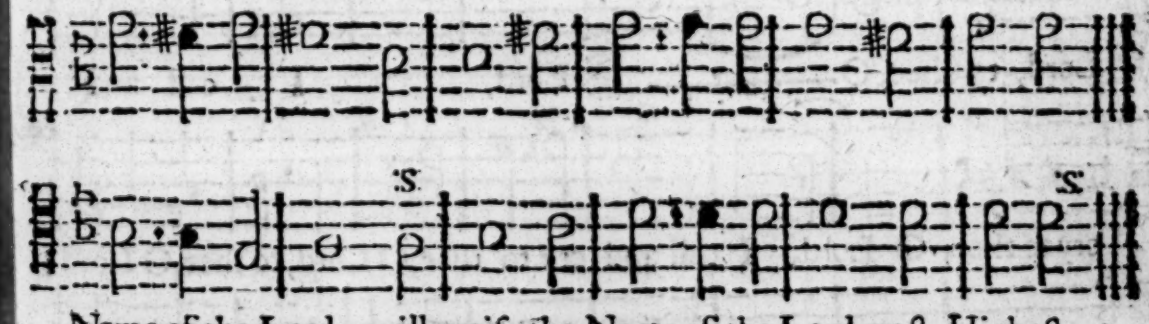
—cauſe he hath dealt ſo lo--ving--ly with me, yea, I will praiſe the



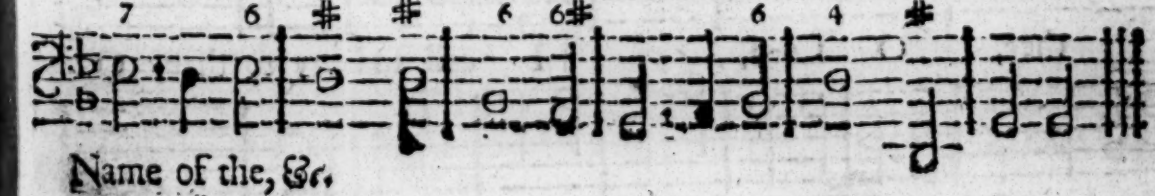
dealt ſo yea, I will praiſe the



Name of the Lord; will praiſe the Name of the Lord mo ſt Higheſt.

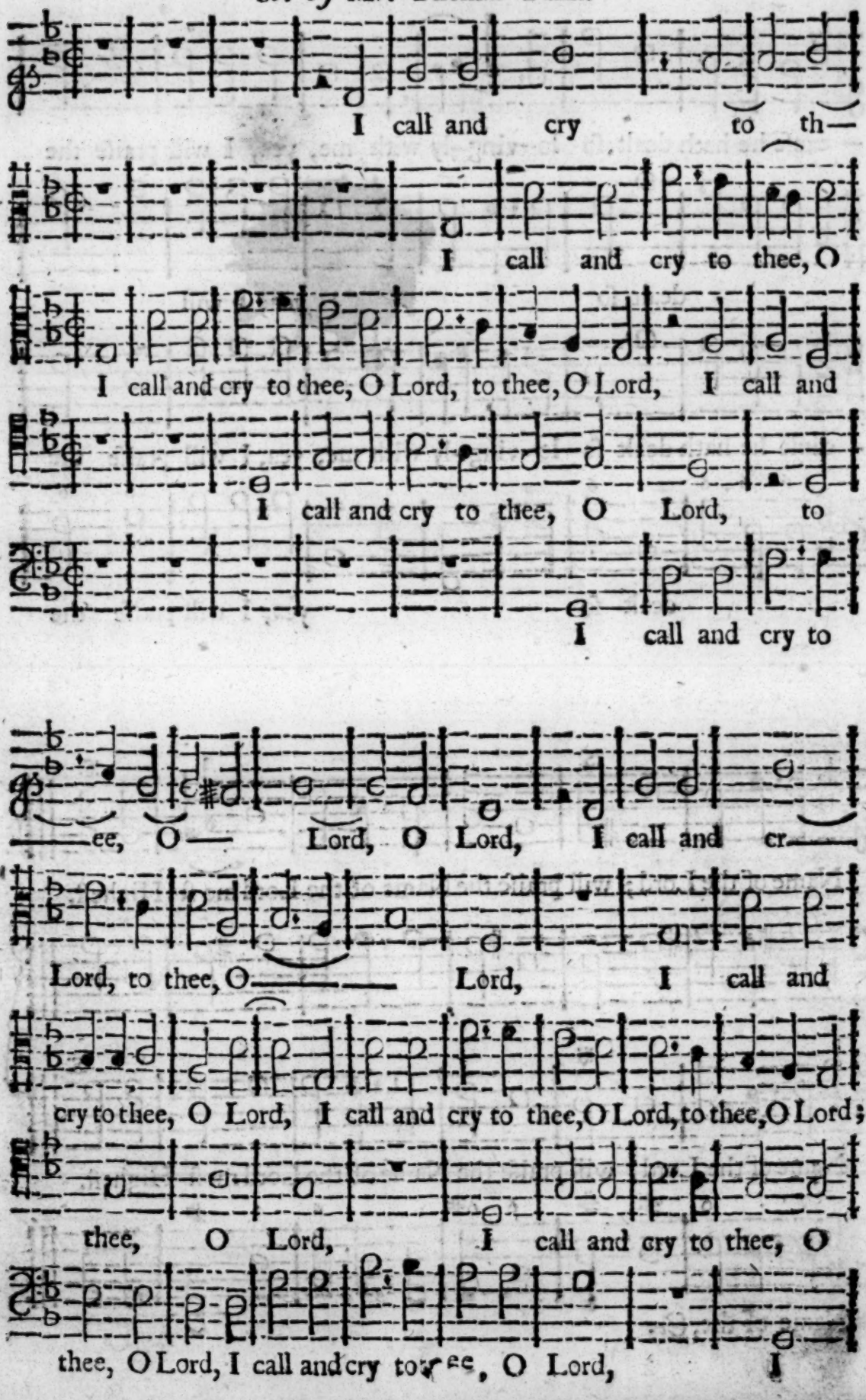


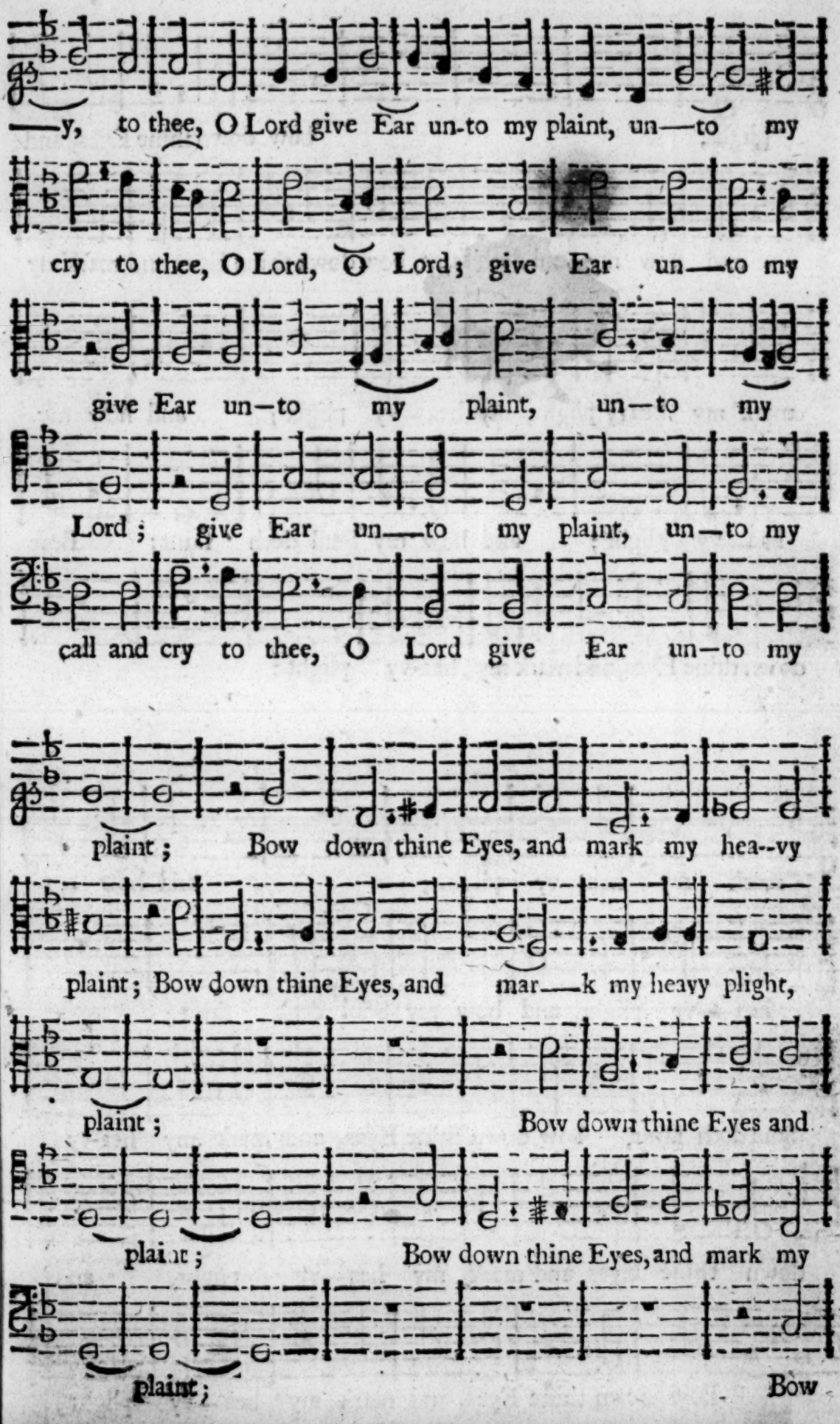
Name of the Lord; will praiſe the Name of the Lord moſt Higheſt.

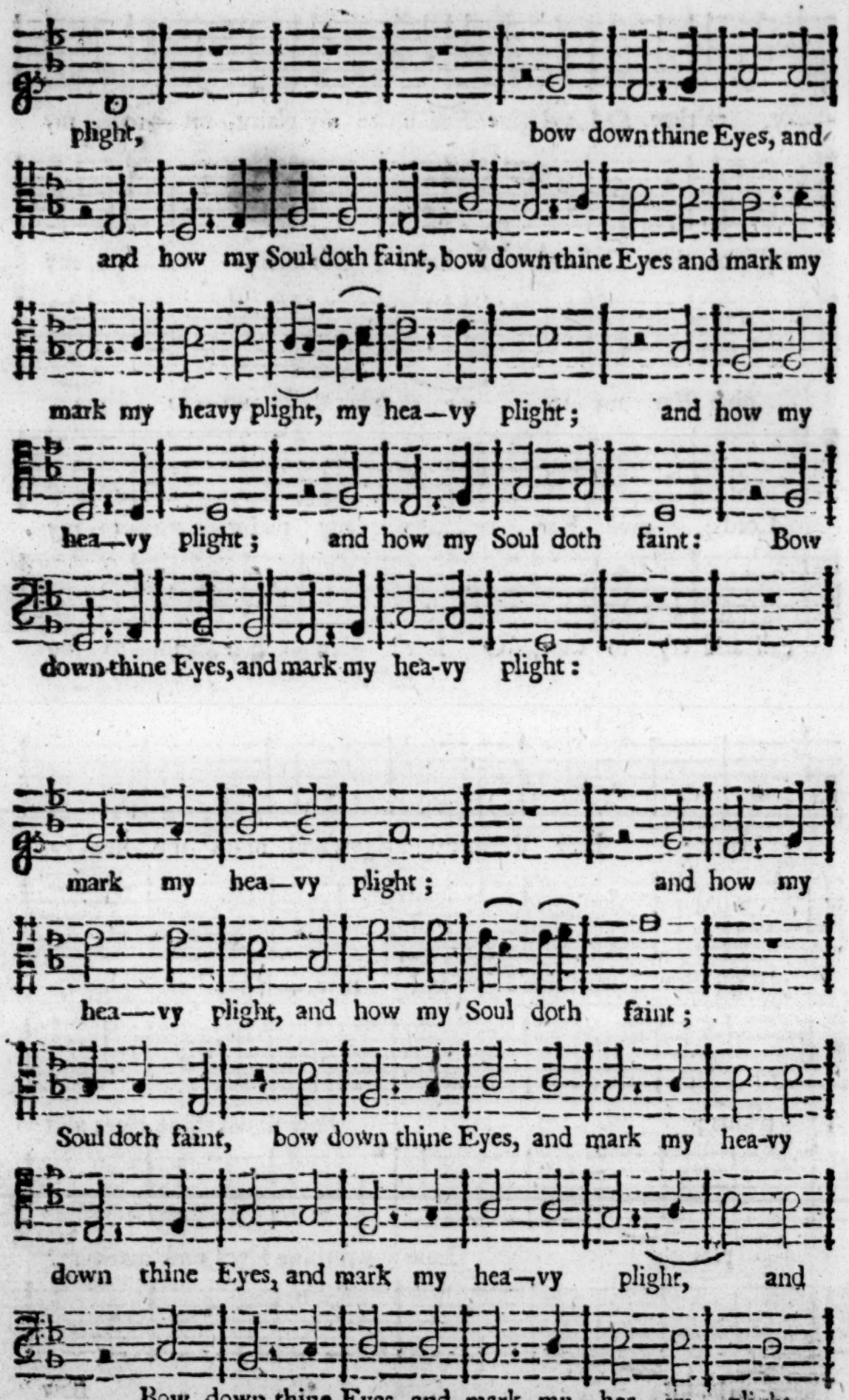


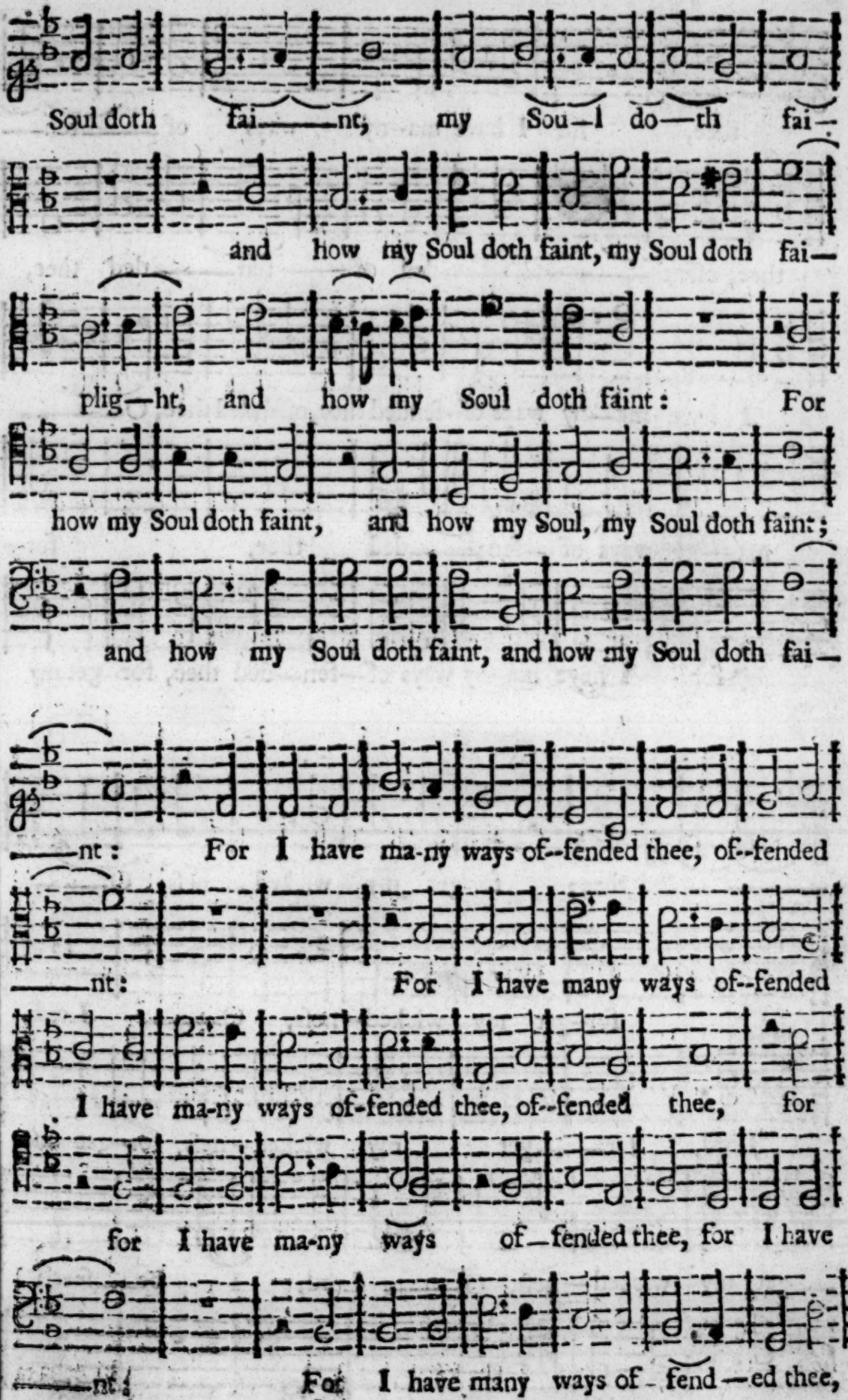
Name of the, &c.

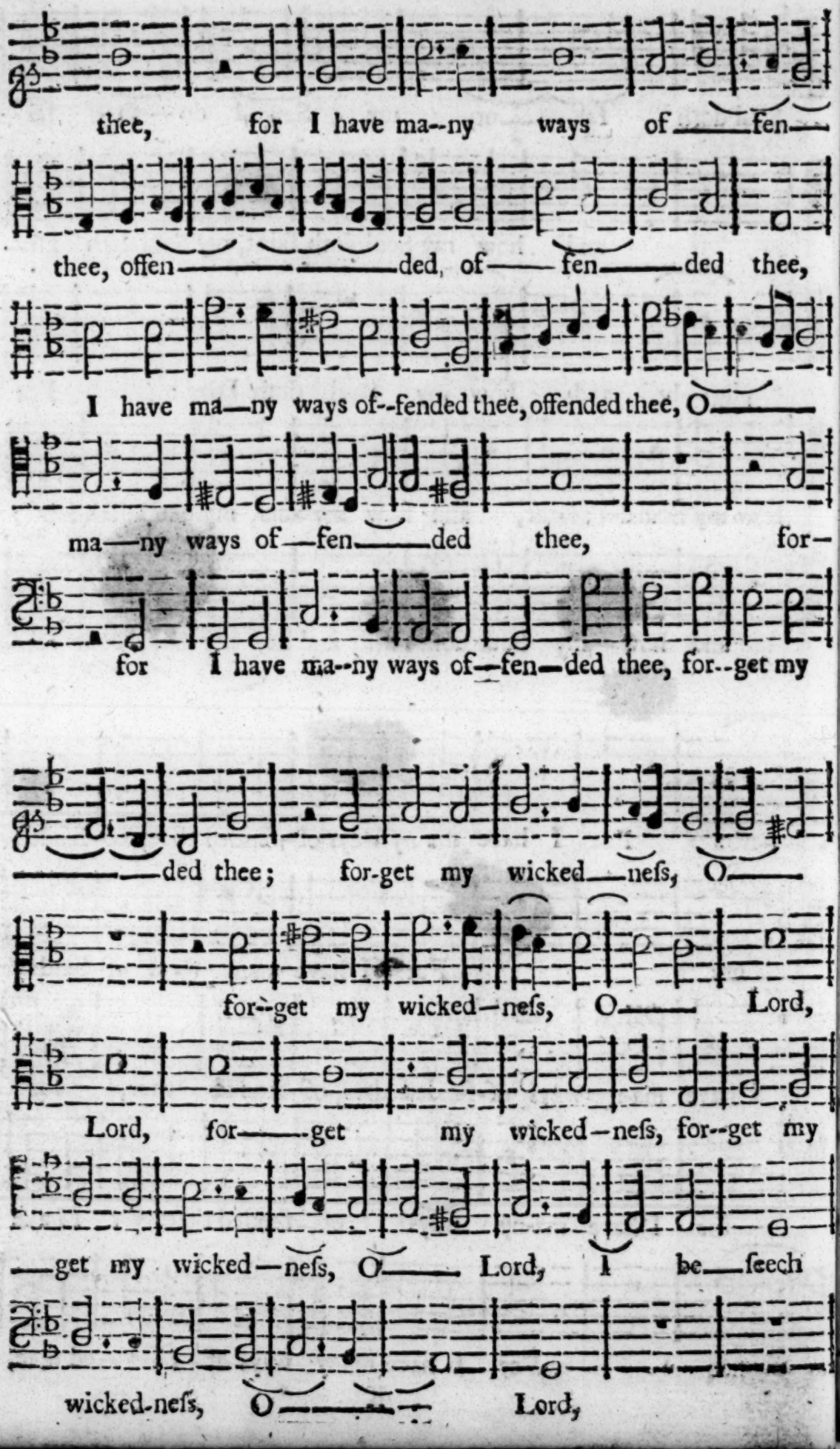
I call and cry to thee, O Lord, An ANTHEM *for 5 Voices.*
Set by Mr. Thomas Tallis.

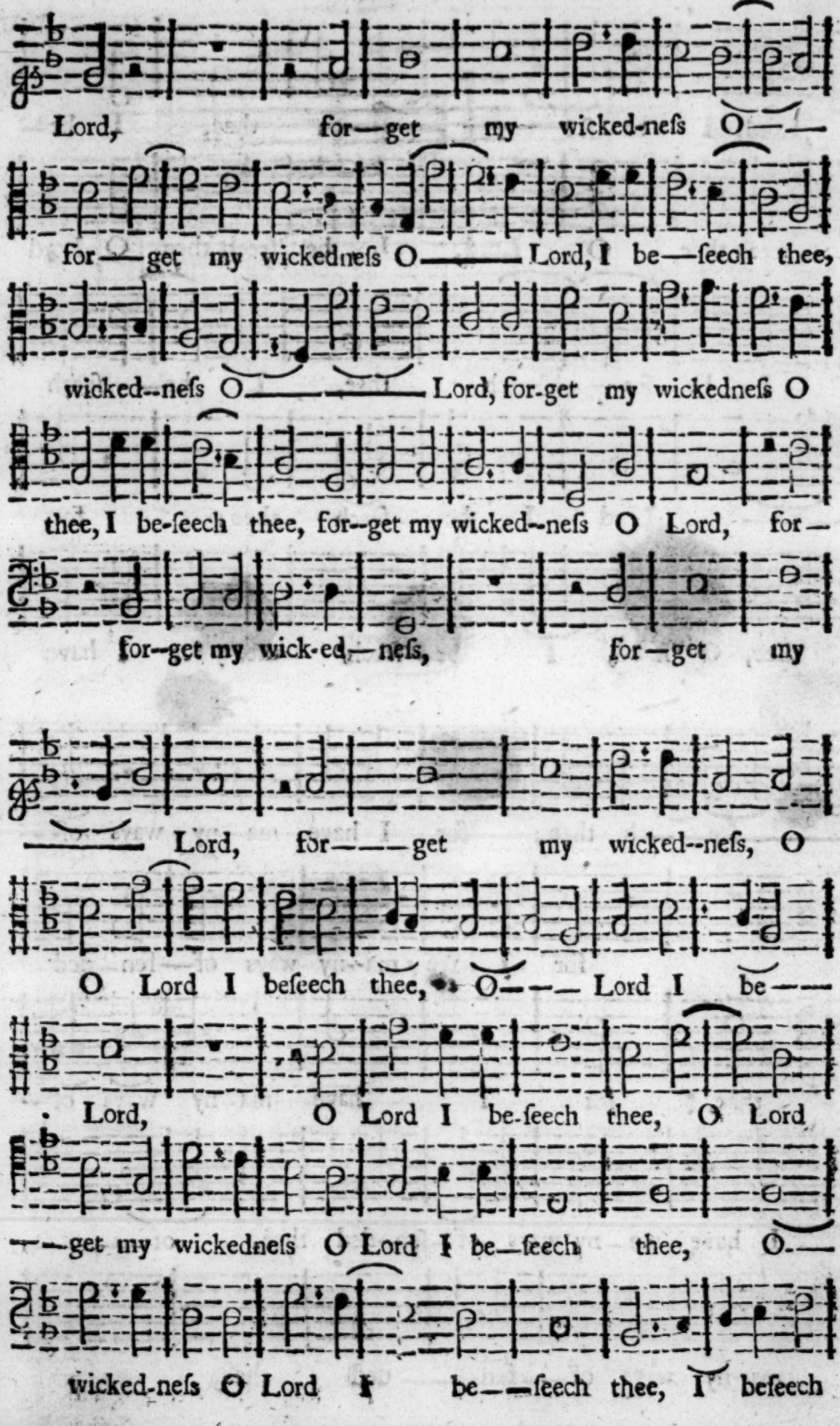


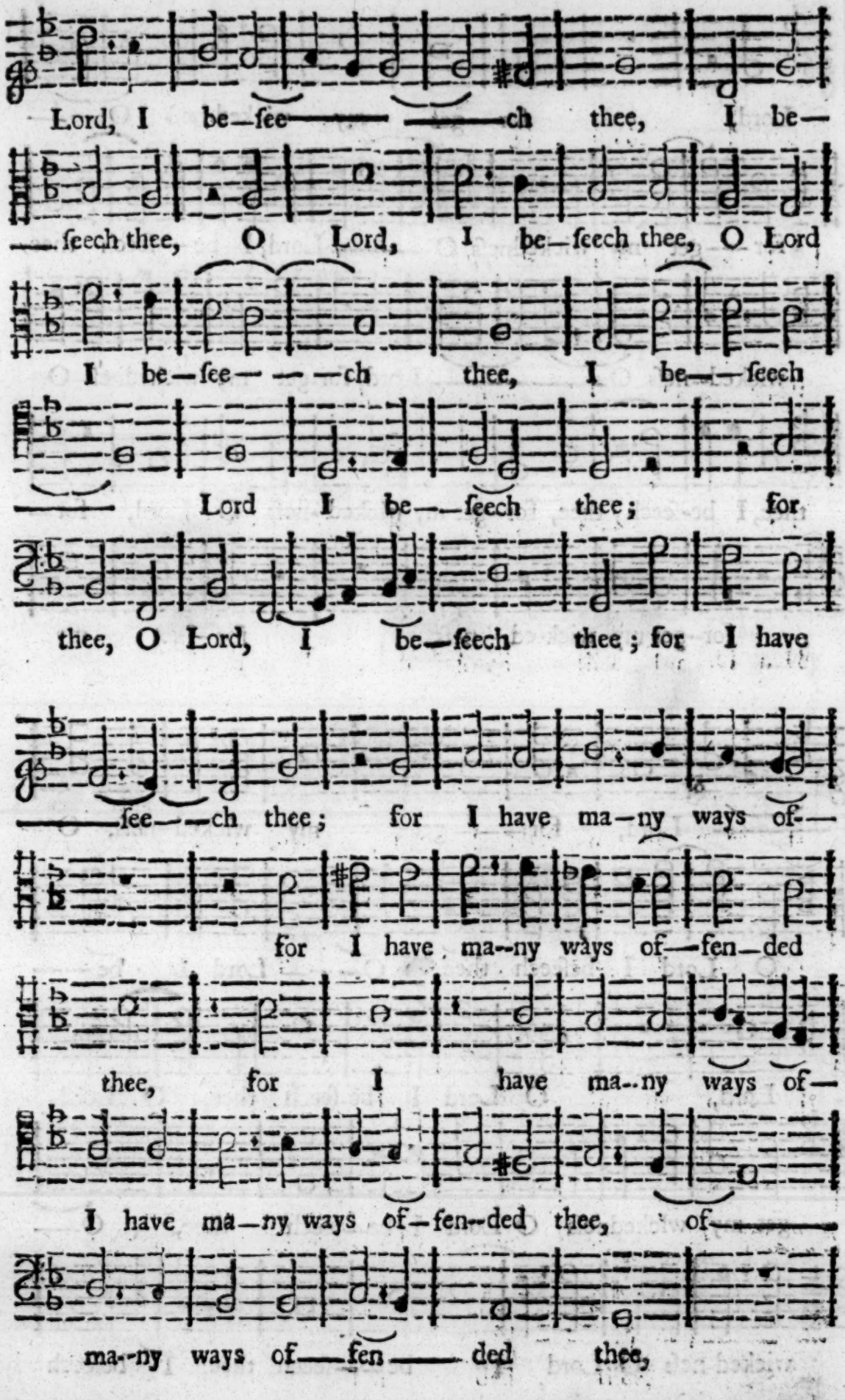

—y, to thee, O Lord give Ear un-to my plaint, un—to my
cry to thee, O Lord, O Lord; give Ear un—to my
give Ear un—to my plaint, un—to my
Lord; give Ear un—to my plaint, un—to my
call and cry to thee, O Lord give Ear un—to my
plaint; Bow down thine Eyes, and mark my hea--vy
plaint; Bow down thine Eyes, and mar—k my heavy plight,
plaint; Bow down thine Eyes and
plaint; Bow down thine Eyes, and mark my
plaint; Bow

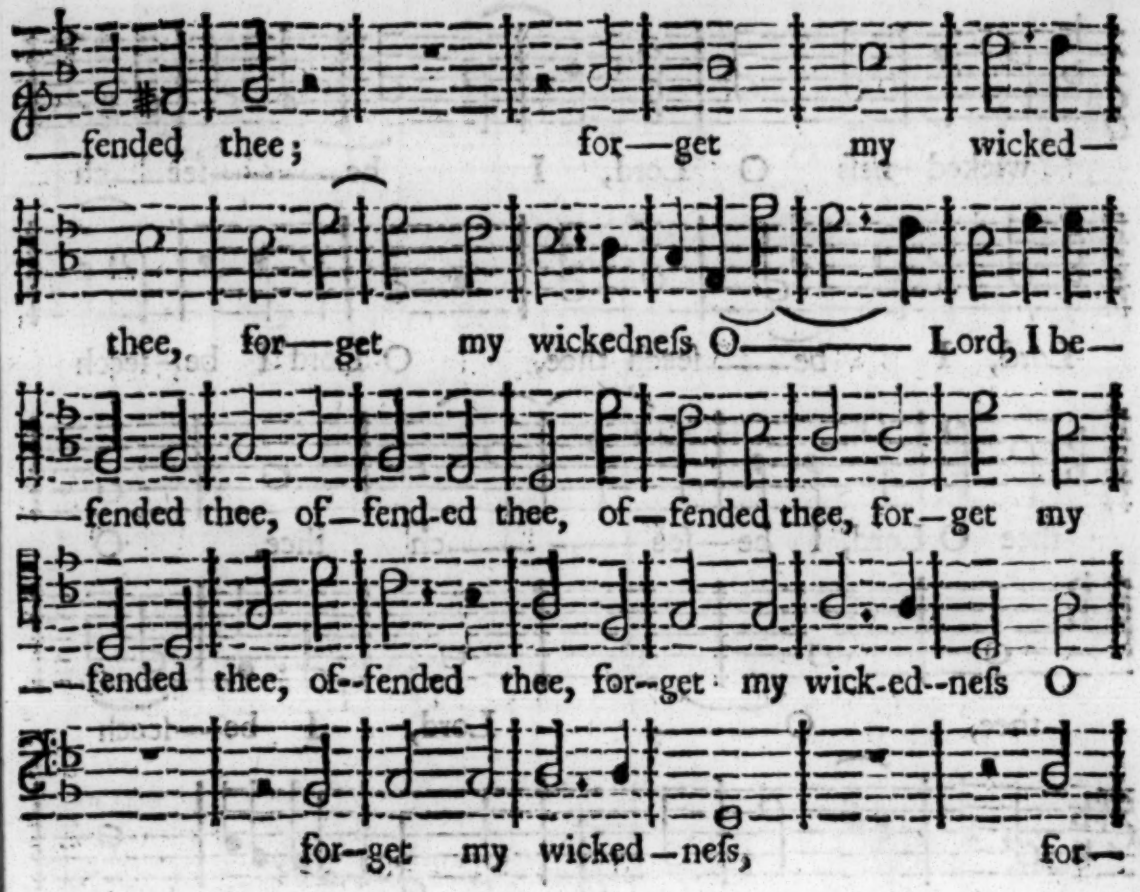

plight, bow down thine Eyes, and
and how my Soul doth faint, bow down thine Eyes and mark my
mark my heavy plight, my hea—vy plight; and how my
hea—vy plight; and how my Soul doth faint: Bow
down thine Eyes, and mark my hea-vy plight:
mark my hea—vy plight; and how my
hea—vy plight, and how my Soul doth faint;
Soul doth faint, bow down thine Eyes, and mark my hea-vy
down thine Eyes, and mark my hea—vy plight, and
Bow down thine Eyes, and mark my hea—vy plight;

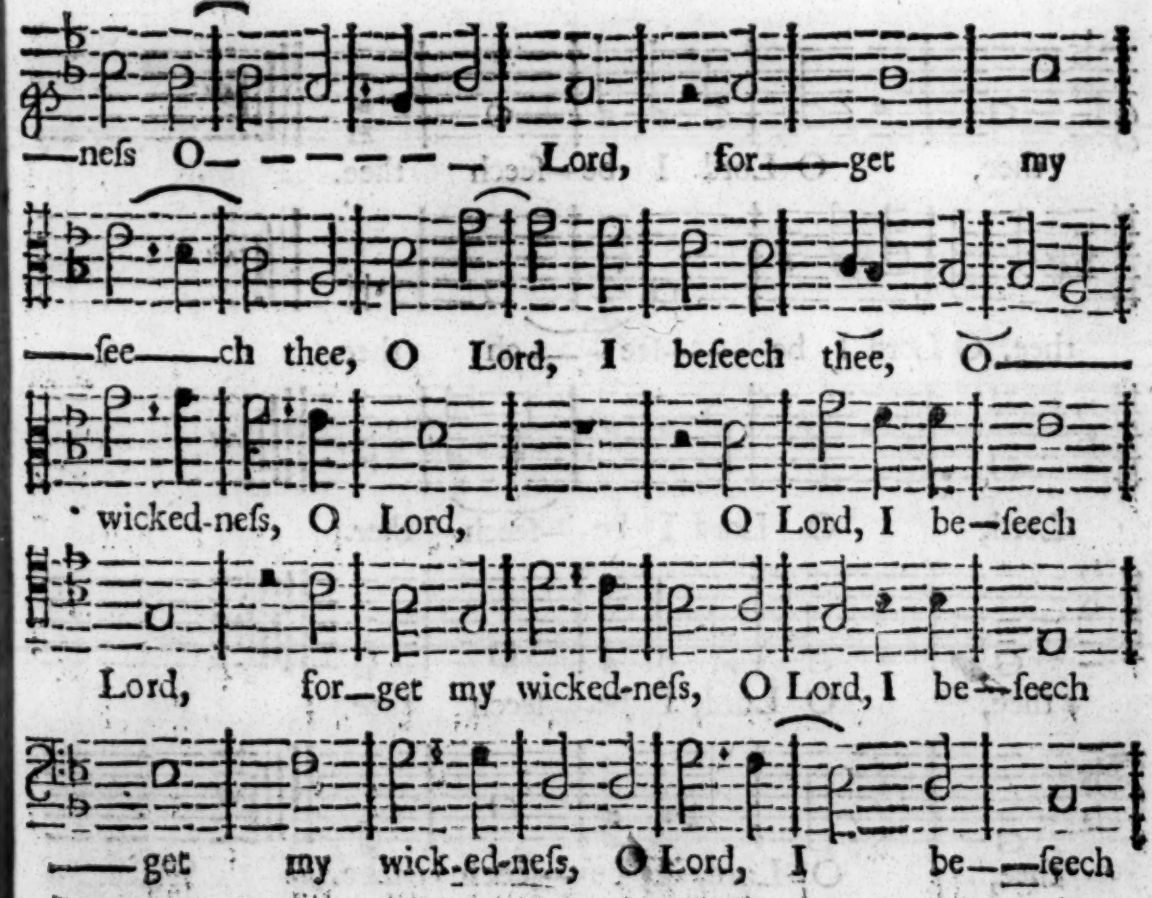

Soul doth fai——nt, my Sou—l do—th fai—
and how my Soul doth faint, my Soul doth fai—
plig—ht, and how my Soul doth faint: For
how my Soul doth faint, and how my Soul, my Soul doth faint;
and how my Soul doth faint, and how my Soul doth fai—
——nt: For I have ma-ny ways of--fended thee, of--fended
——nt: For I have many ways of--fended
I have ma-ny ways of-fended thee, of--fended thee, for
for I have ma-ny ways of—fended thee, for I have
——nt: For I have many ways of-fend—ed thee,

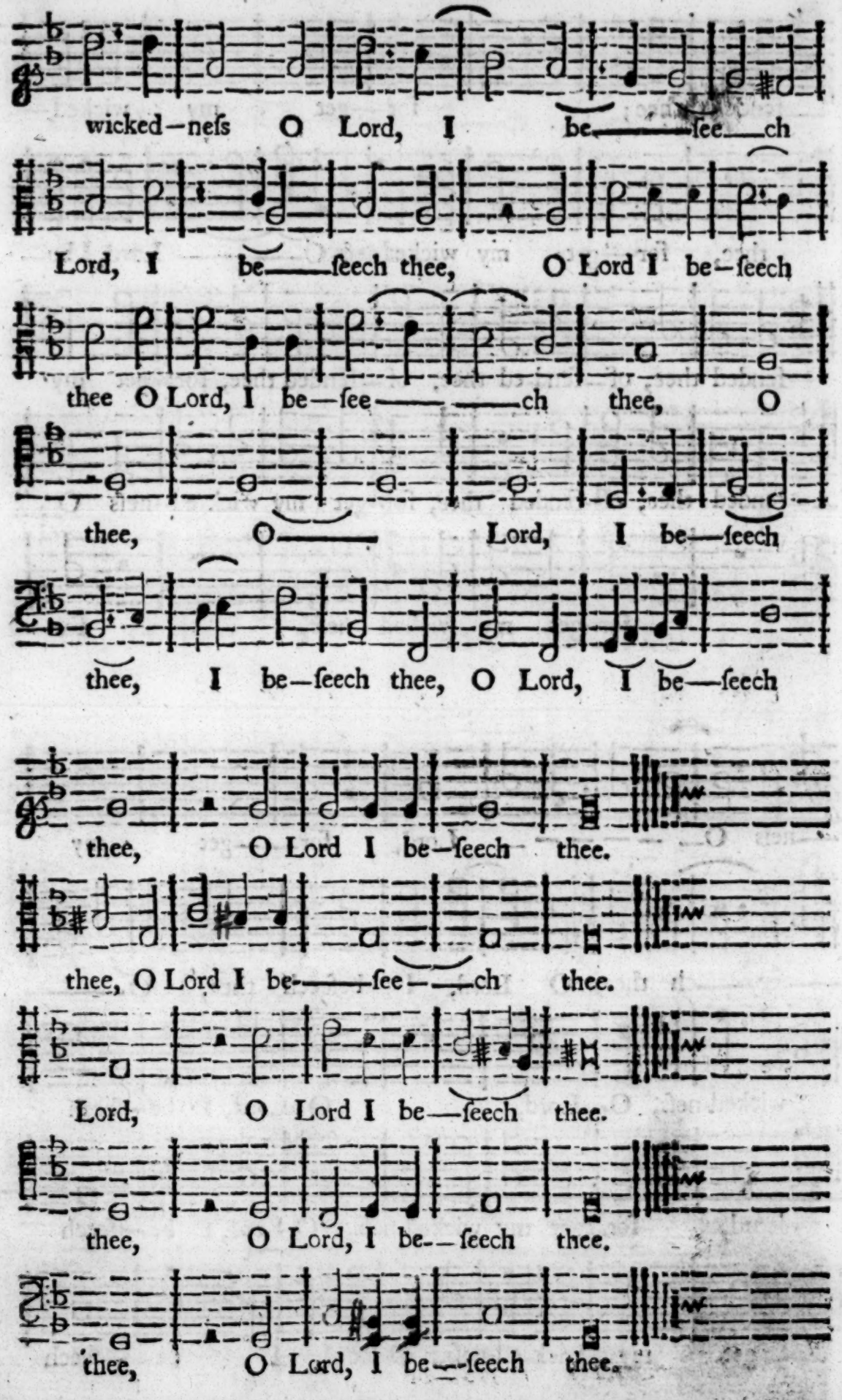

thee, for I have ma--ny ways of fen—
thee, offen—ded, of—fen—ded thee,
I have ma—ny ways of--fended thee, offended thee, O—
ma—ny ways of—fen—ded thee, for—
for I have ma--ny ways of—fen—ded thee, for--get my
—ded thee; for-get my wicked—nefs, O—
for--get my wicked—nefs, O— Lord,
Lord, for—get my wicked—nefs, for--get my
—get my wicked—nefs, O— Lord, I be—feech
wicked-nefs, O— Lord,


Lord, for—get my wicked-neſs O——
for——get my wickedneſs O——— Lord, I be—ſeech thee,
wicked--neſs O——————— Lord, for-get my wickedneſs O
thee, I be-ſeech thee, for--get my wicked--neſs O Lord, for—
for--get my wick-ed—neſs, for—get my
——— Lord, for———get my wicked--neſs, O
O Lord I beſeech thee, O——— Lord I be——
Lord, O Lord I be-ſeech thee, O Lord
——get my wickedneſs O Lord I be—ſeech thee, O.——
wicked-neſs O Lord I be——ſeech thee, I beſeech

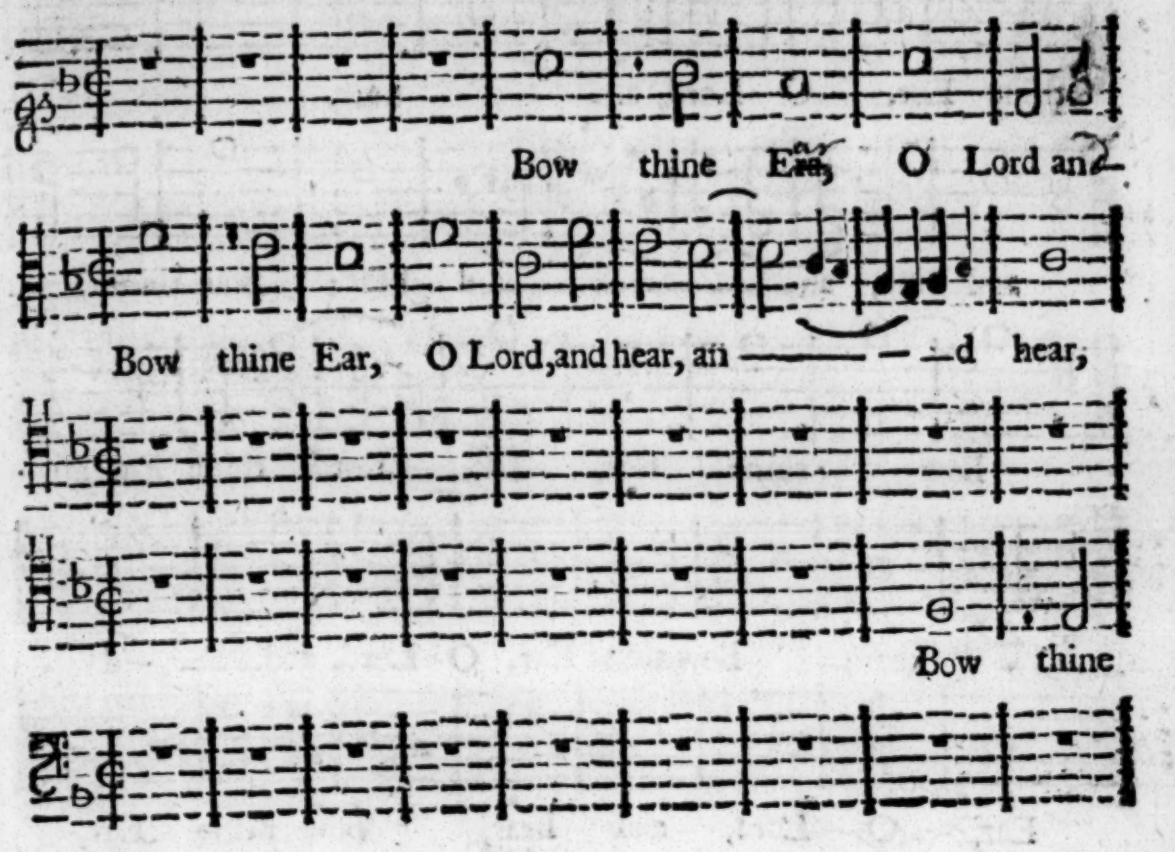

Lord, I be—ſee——ch thee, I be—
—ſeech thee, O Lord, I be—ſeech thee, O Lord
I be—ſee——ch thee, I be——ſeech
Lord I be——ſeech thee; for
thee, O Lord, I be—ſeech thee; for I have
——ſee——ch thee; for I have ma—ny ways of—
for I have ma--ny ways of—fen—ded
thee, for I have ma--ny ways of—
I have ma—ny ways of—fen--ded thee, of——
ma--ny ways of——fen——ded thee,

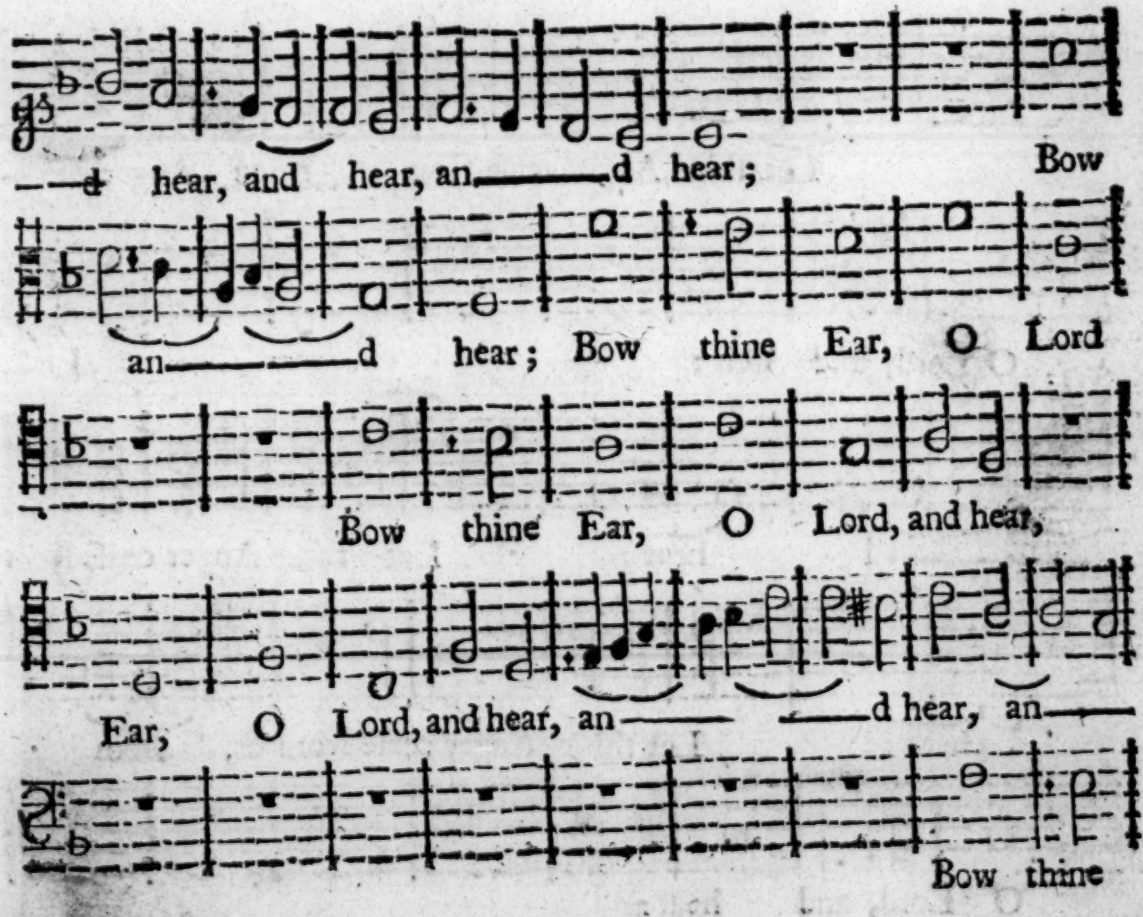

—fended thee; for—get my wicked—
thee, for—get my wickedneſs O——— Lord, I be—
—fended thee, of—fend-ed thee, of—fended thee, for—get my
—fended thee, of--fended thee, for-get my wick-ed--neſs O
for-get my wicked—neſs, for—

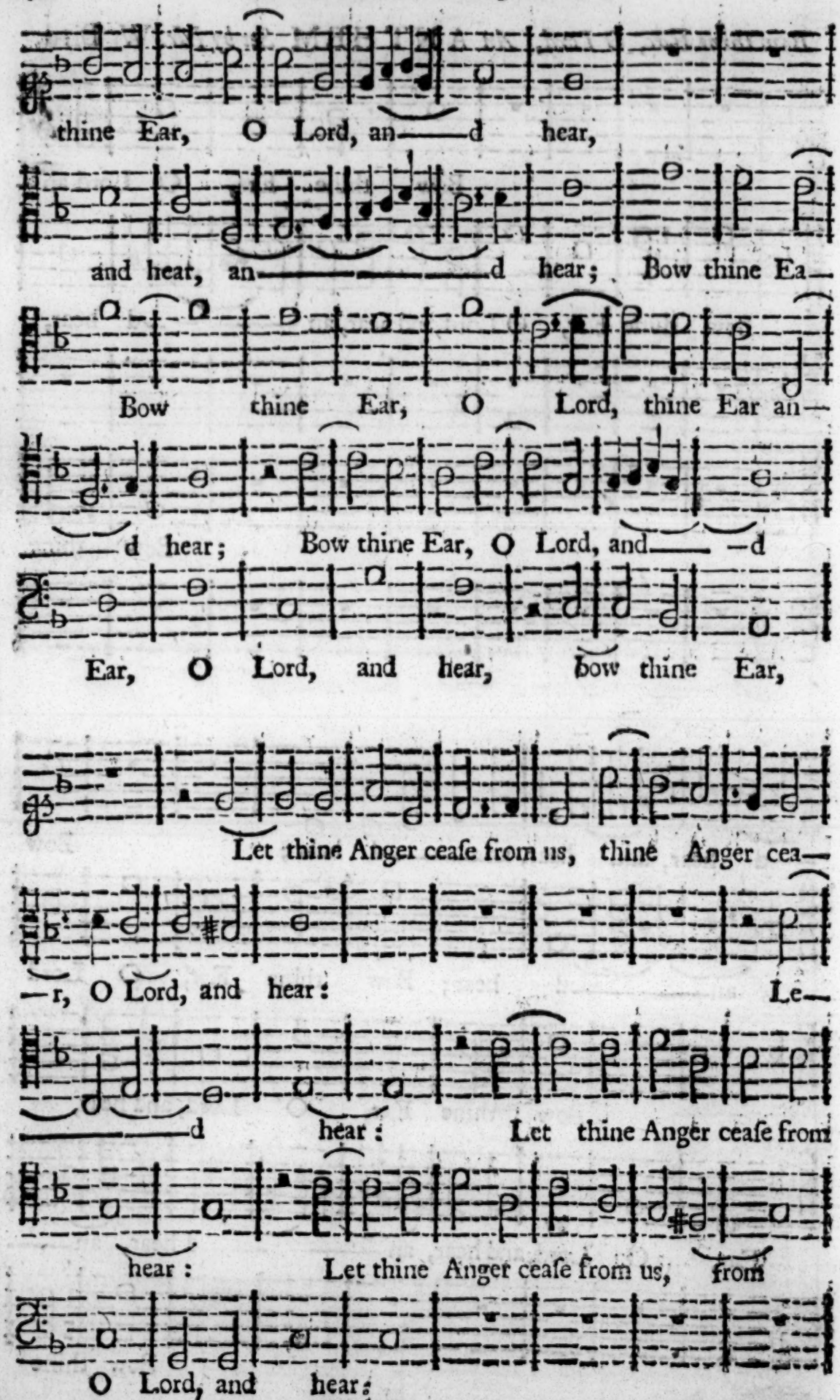

—neſs O——— Lord, for——get my
—ſee——ch thee, O Lord, I beſeech thee, O———
wicked-neſs, O Lord, O Lord, I be—ſeech
Lord, for—get my wicked-neſs, O Lord, I be—ſeech
——get my wick-ed-neſs, O Lord, I be——ſeech

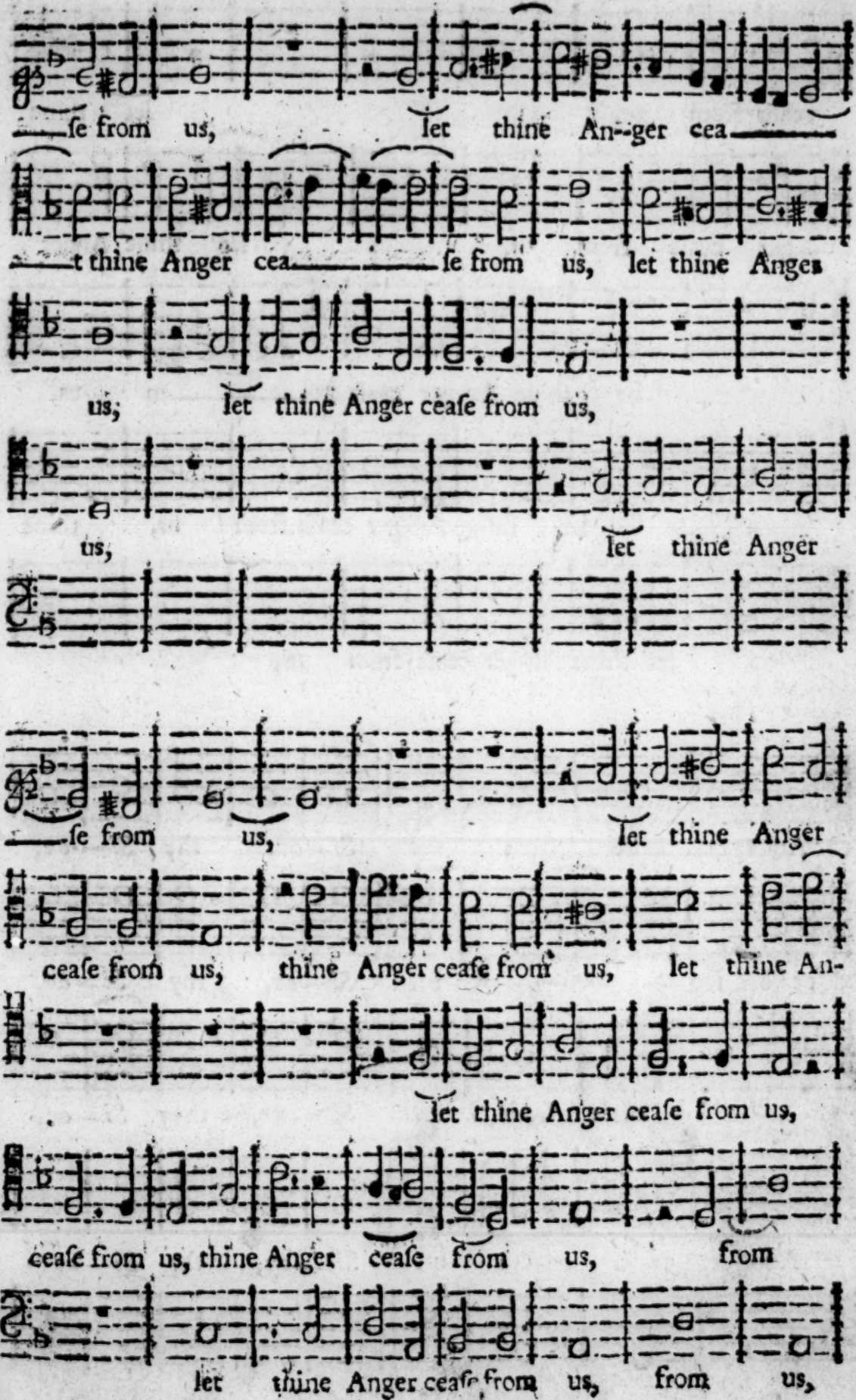

wicked—neſs O Lord, I be——ſee——ch
Lord, I be——ſeech thee, O Lord I be—ſeech
thee O Lord, I be—ſee——ch thee, O
thee, O—— Lord, I be—ſeech
thee, I be—ſeech thee, O Lord, I be—ſeech
thee, O Lord I be—ſeech thee.
thee, O Lord I be——ſee——ch thee.
Lord, O Lord I be—ſeech thee.
thee, O Lord, I be—ſeech thee.
thee, O Lord, I be—ſeech thee.

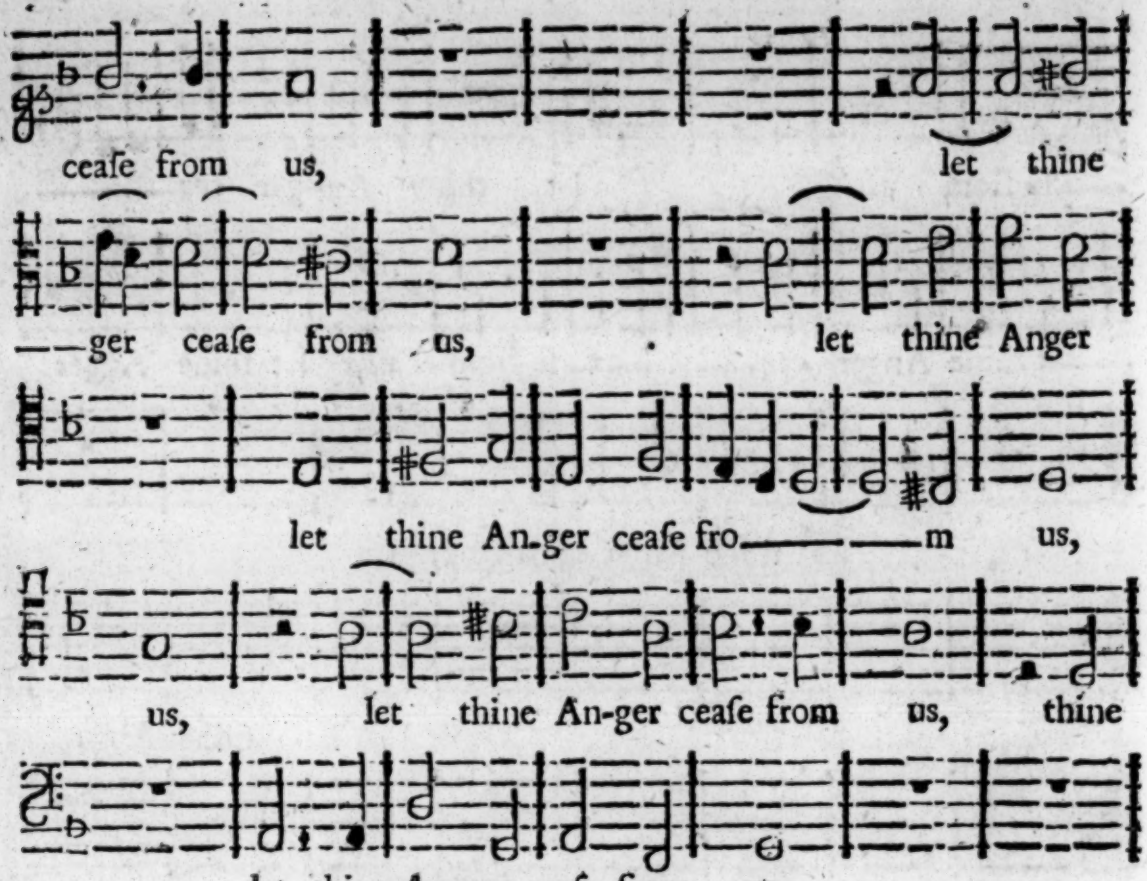
Bow thine Ear, O Lord, An ANTHEM *Set by Mr.* W. Bird.

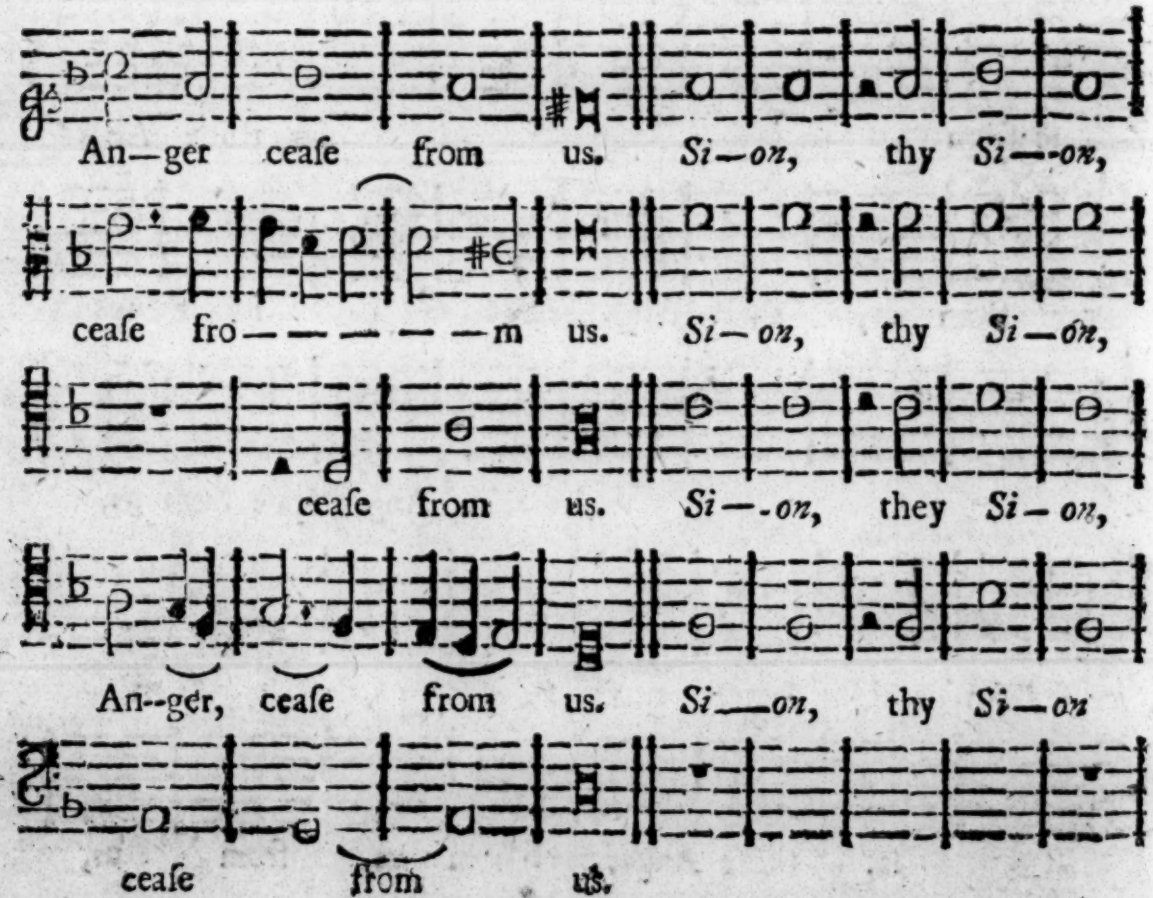


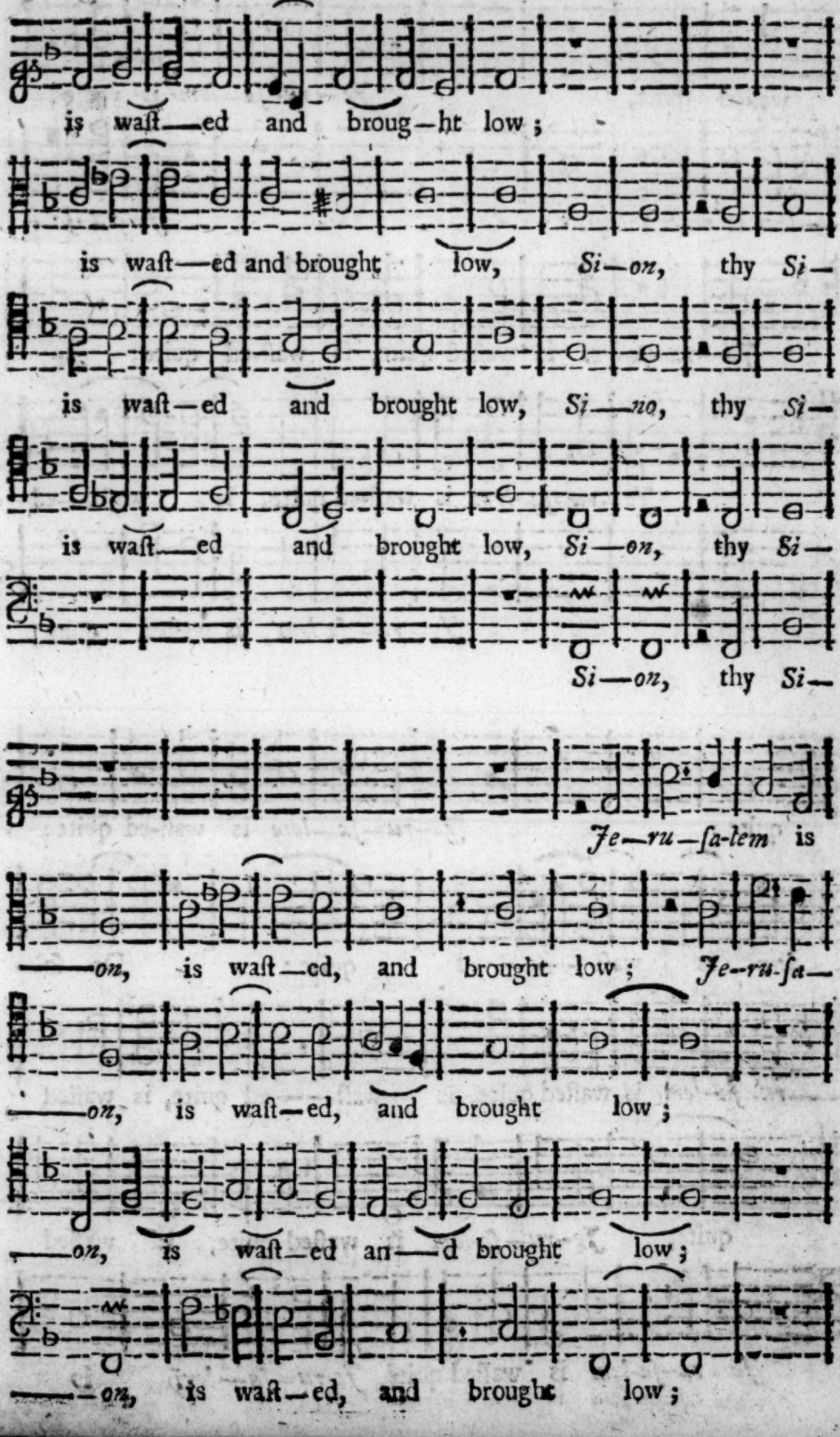


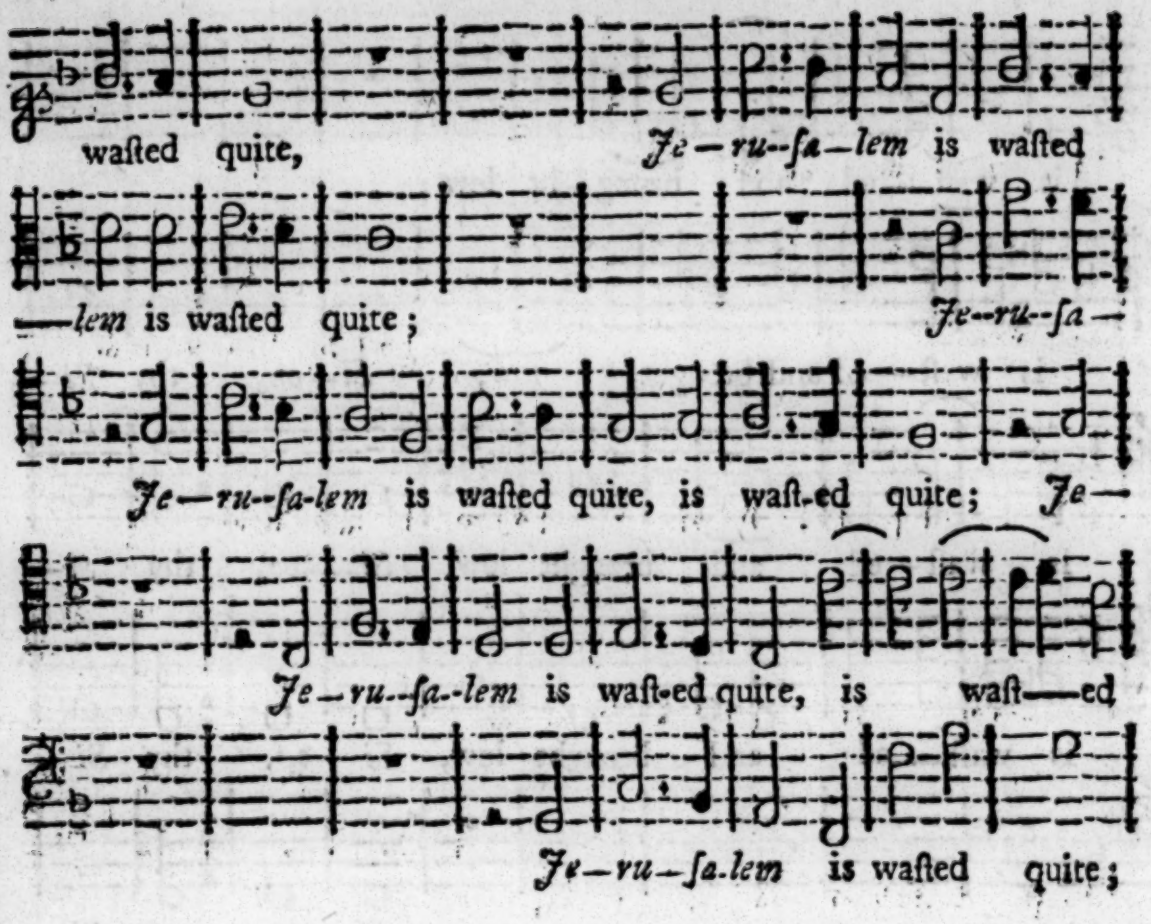

thine Ear, O Lord, an——d hear,
and hear, an————————d hear; Bow thine Ea—
Bow thine Ear, O Lord, thine Ear an—
——d hear; Bow thine Ear, O Lord, and—— —d
Ear, O Lord, and hear, bow thine Ear,
Let thine Anger ceaſe from us, thine Anger cea—
—r, O Lord, and hear: Le—
——d hear: Let thine Anger ceaſe from
hear: Let thine Anger ceaſe from us, from
O Lord, and hear;

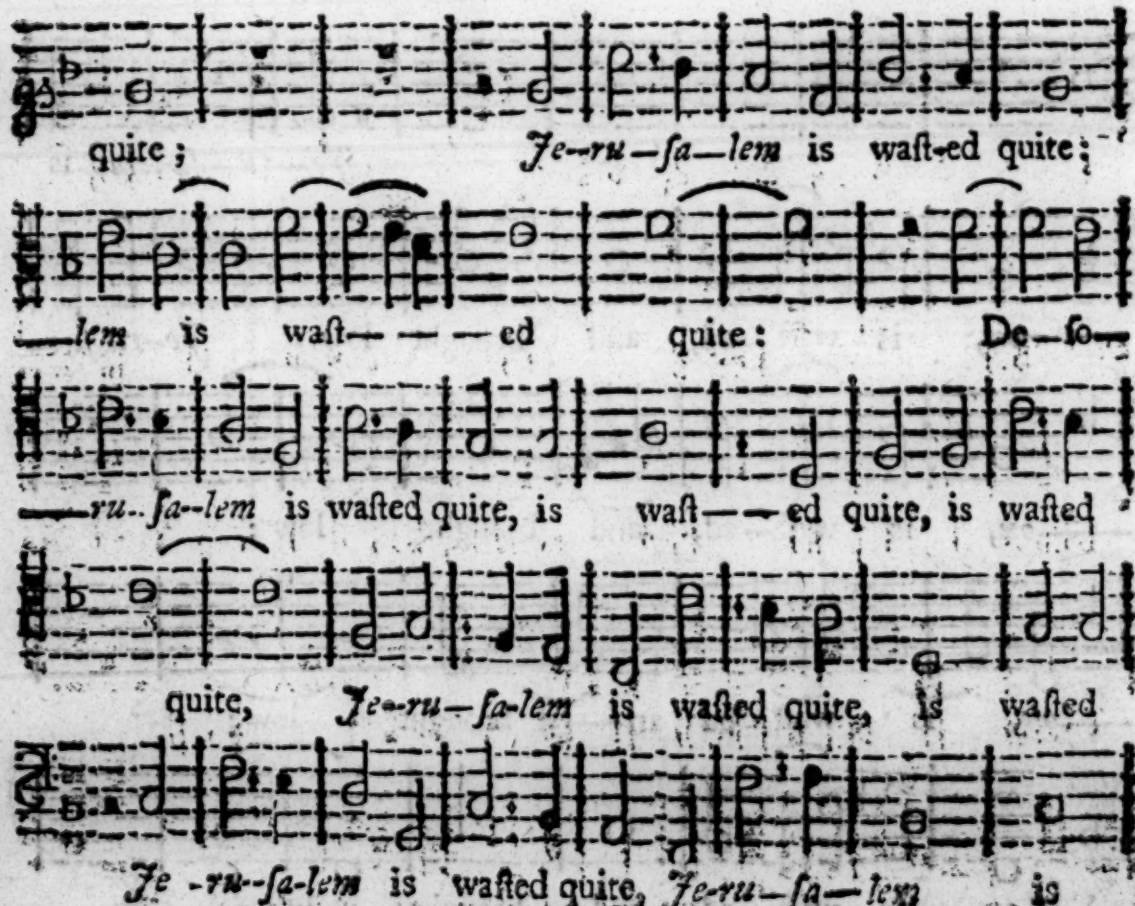

ſe from us, let thine An--ger cea
t thine Anger cea ſe from us, let thine Anger
us; let thine Anger ceaſe from us,
us, let thine Anger
ſe from us, let thine Anger
ceaſe from us, thine Anger ceaſe from us, let thine An-
let thine Anger ceaſe from us,
ceaſe from us, thine Anger ceaſe from us, from
let thine Anger ceaſe from us, from us,

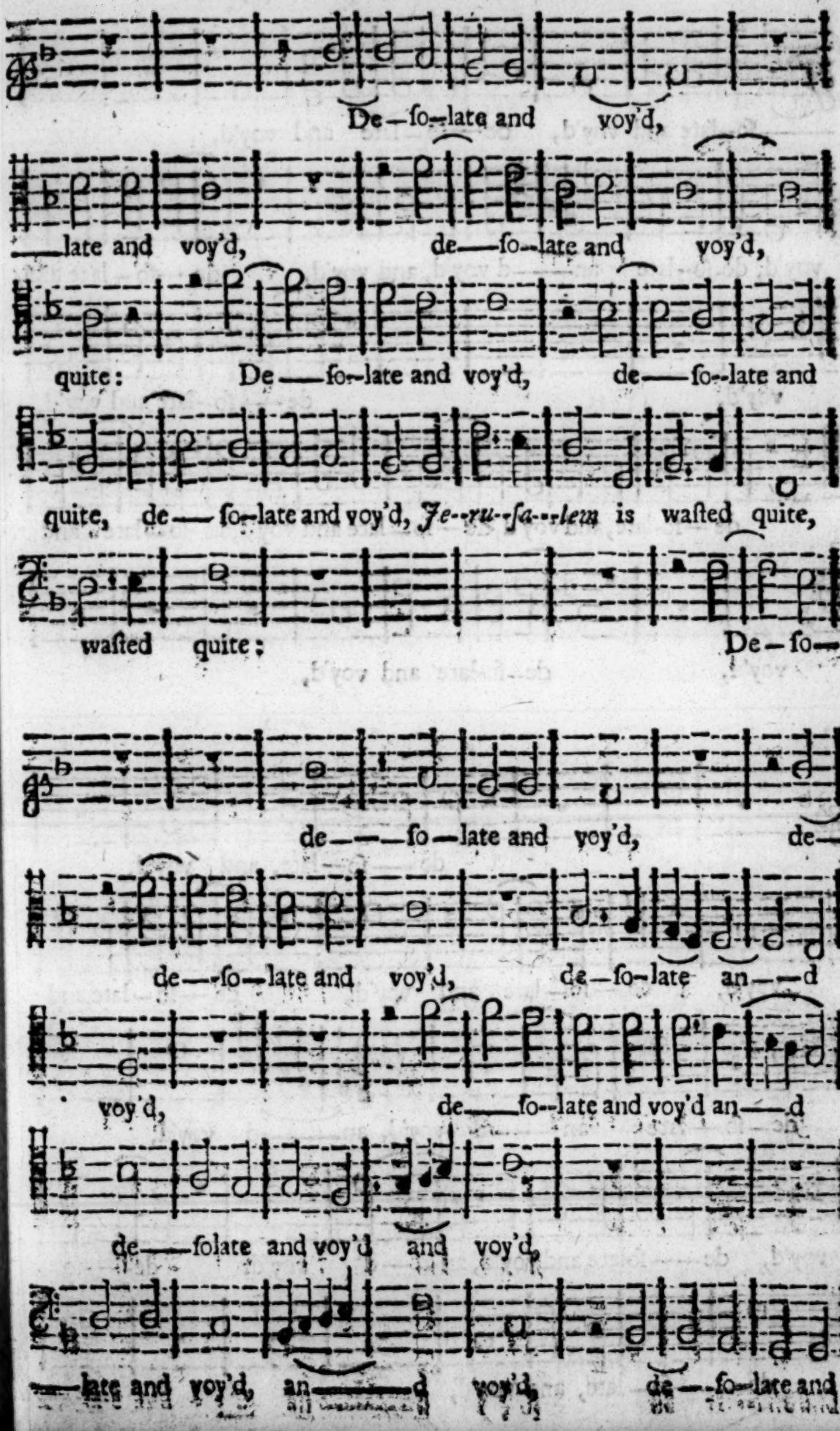

ceaſe from us, let thine
——ger ceaſe from us, let thine Anger
let thine An-ger ceaſe fro——m us,
us, let thine An-ger ceaſe from us, thine
let thine An-ger ceaſe from us,

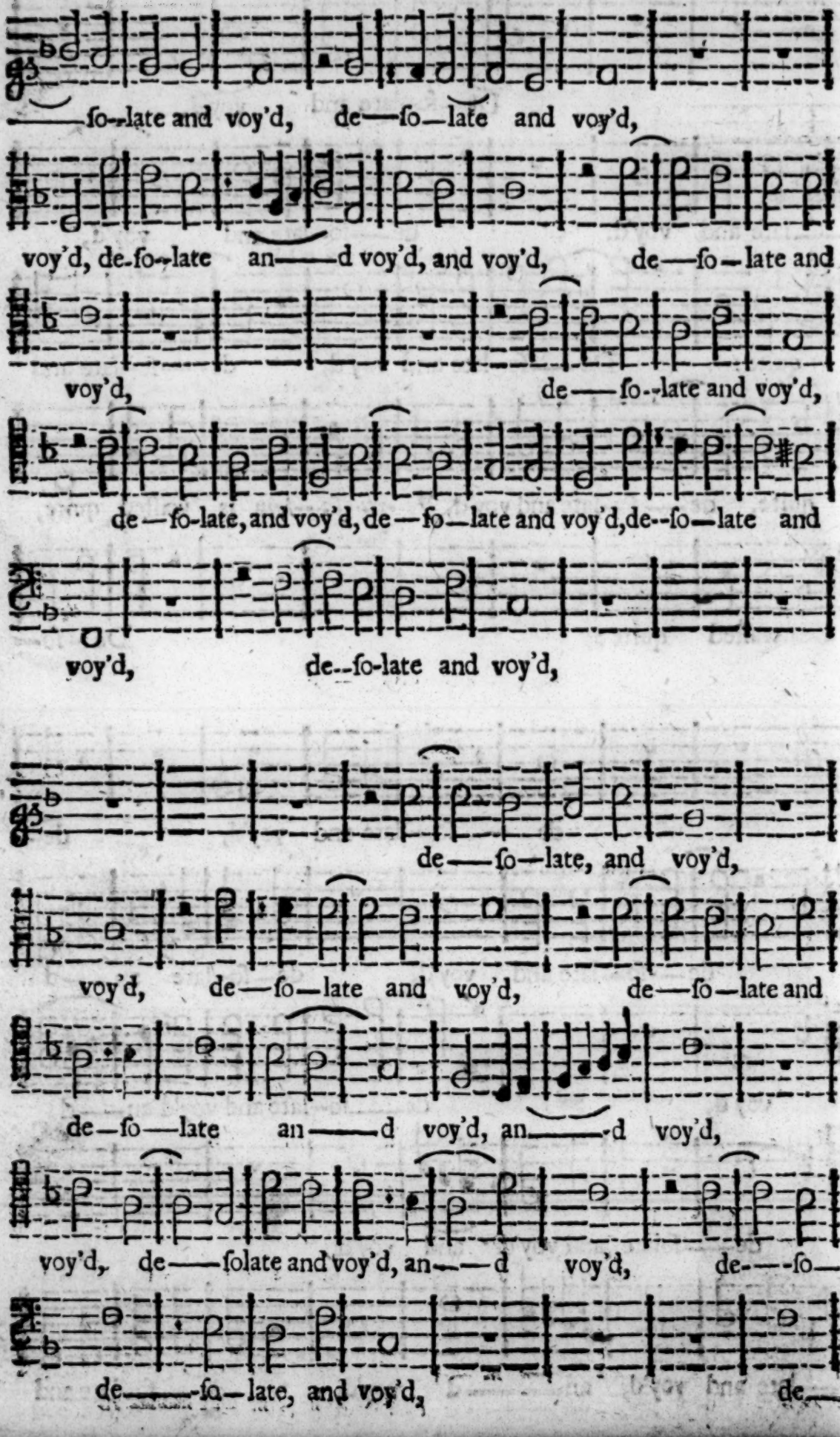

An—ger ceaſe from us. *Si—on,* thy *Si—on,*
ceaſe fro———m us. *Si—on,* thy *Si—on,*
ceaſe from us. *Si—on,* they *Si—on,*
An--ger, ceaſe from us. *Si—on,* thy *Si—on*
ceaſe from us.

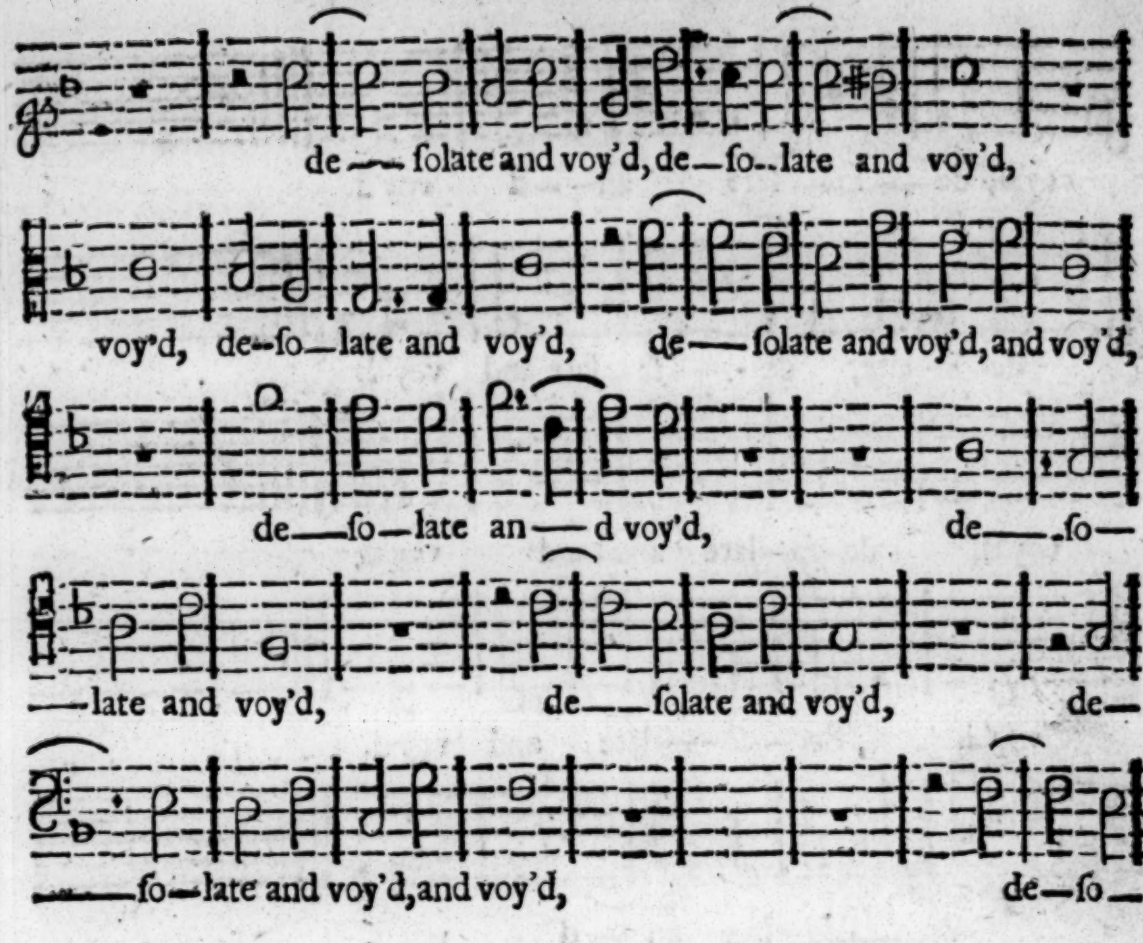

is waſt—ed and broug—ht low;
is waſt—ed and brought low, *Si—on,* thy *Si—*
is waſt—ed and brought low, *Si—no,* thy *Si—*
is waſt—ed and brought low, *Si—on,* thy *Si—*
Si—on, thy *Si—*
Je—ru—ſa-lem is
—*on,* is waſt—ed, and brought low; *Je—ru-ſa—*
—*on,* is waſt—ed, and brought low;
—*on,* is waſt—ed an—d brought low;
—*on,* is waſt—ed, and brought low;

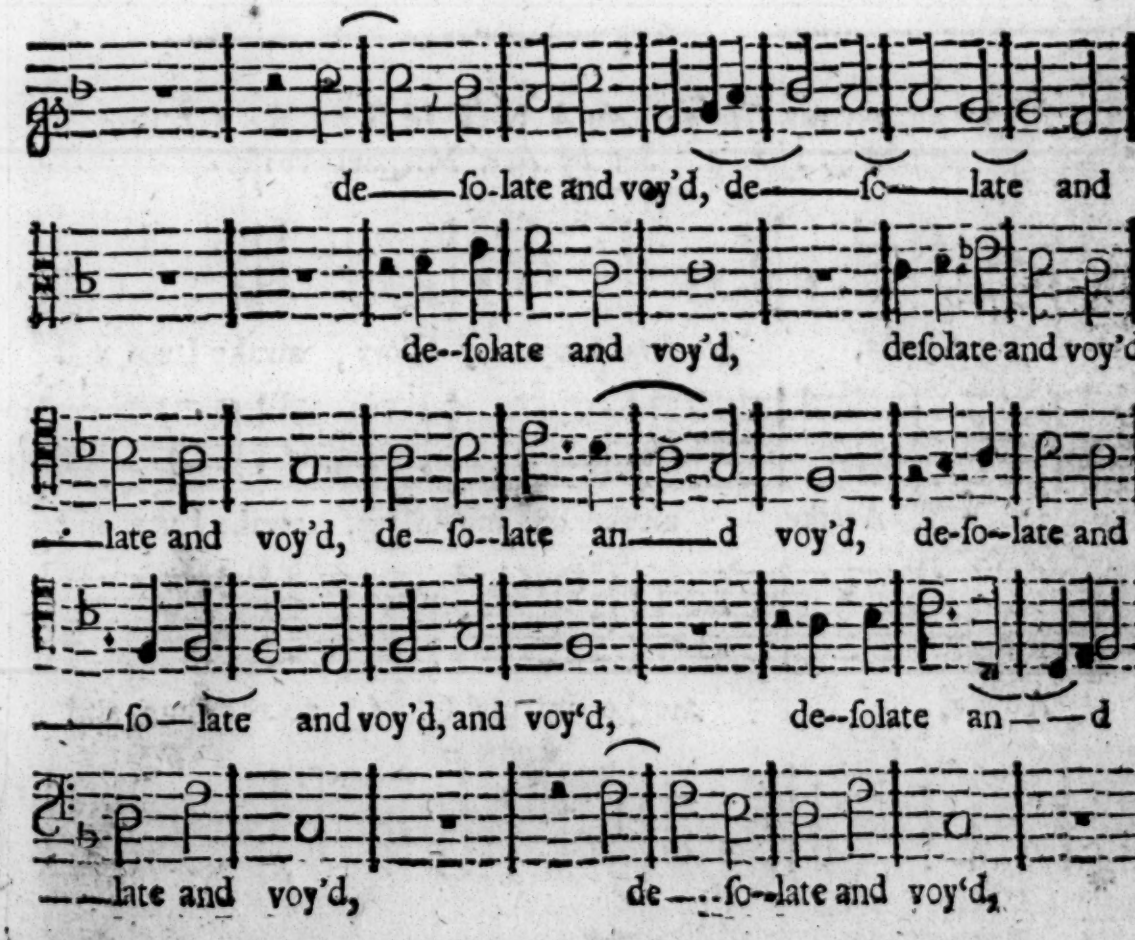

wasted quite, *Je—ru--sa—lem* is wasted
—*lem* is wasted quite; *Je--ru--sa—*
Je—ru--sa-lem is wasted quite, is wast-ed quite; *Je—*
Je—ru--sa--lem is wast-ed quite, is wast—ed
Je—ru—sa-lem is wasted quite;

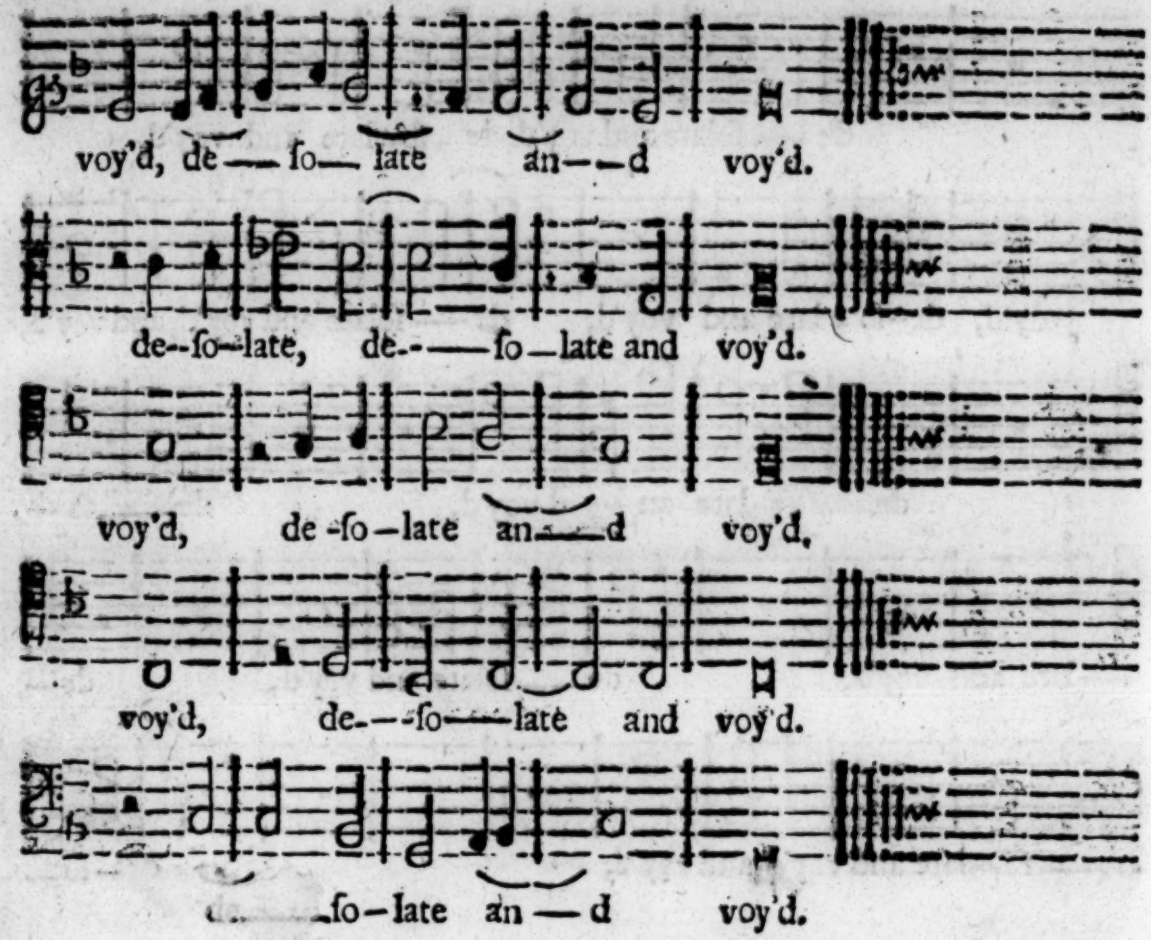

quite; *Je--ru—sa—lem* is wast-ed quite;
—*lem* is wast— — —ed quite: De—so—
—*ru--sa--lem* is wasted quite, is wast——ed quite, is wasted
quite, *Je--ru—sa-lem* is wasted quite, is wasted
Je -ru--sa-lem is wasted quite, *Je-ru—sa—lem* is


De—ſo—late and voy'd,
—late and voy'd, de—ſo—late and voy'd,
quite: De—ſo—late and voy'd, de—ſo—late and
quite, de—ſo—late and voy'd, *Je—ru—ſa—lem* is waſted quite,
waſted quite: De—ſo—
de——ſo—late and voy'd, de—
de—ſo—late and voy'd, de—ſo—late an——d
voy'd, de——ſo—late and voy'd an——d
de——ſolate and voy'd and voy'd,
—late and voy'd, an——d voy'd, de—ſo—late and

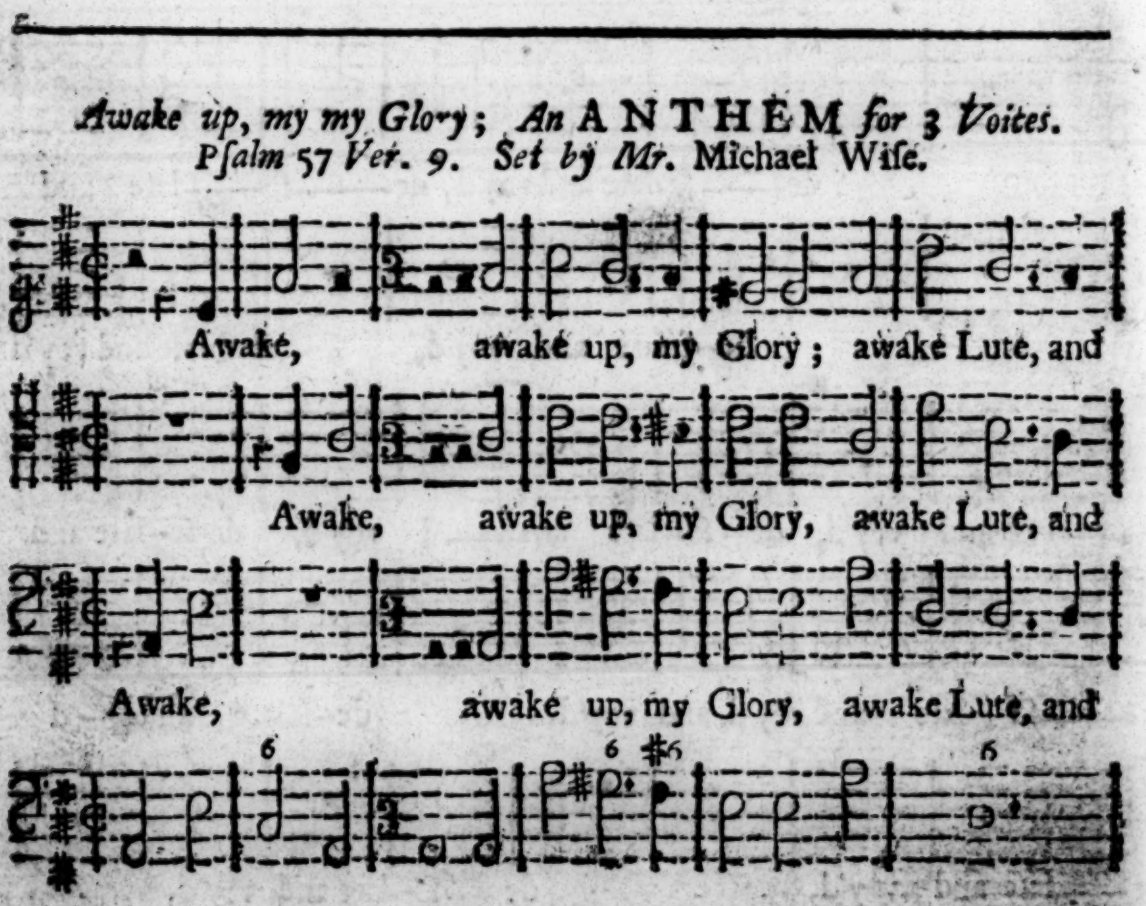

——ſo--late and voy'd, de—ſo—late and voy'd,
voy'd, de-ſo-late an——d voy'd, and voy'd, de—ſo—late and
voy'd, de——ſo--late and voy'd,
de—ſo-late, and voy'd, de—ſo—late and voy'd, de--ſo—late and
voy'd, de--ſo-late and voy'd,
de——ſo—late, and voy'd,
voy'd, de—ſo—late and voy'd, de—ſo—late and
de—ſo——late an——d voy'd, an——d voy'd,
voy'd, de——ſolate and voy'd, an——d voy'd, de——ſo—
de——ſo—late, and voy'd, de—


de — ſolate and voy'd, de—ſo--late and voy'd,
voy'd, de--ſo—late and voy'd, de — ſolate and voy'd, and voy'd,
de—ſo—late an — d voy'd, de—.ſo—
—late and voy'd, de—ſolate and voy'd, de—
—ſo—late and voy'd, and voy'd, de—ſo—


de—ſo-late and voy'd, de—ſo—late and
de--ſolate and voy'd, deſolate and voy'd
late and voy'd, de—ſo--late an—d voy'd, de-ſo--late and
—ſo—late and voy'd, and voy'd, de--ſolate an—d
late and voy'd, de—.ſo--late and voy'd,



Awake up, my my Glory; *An* ANTHEM *for* 3 *Voites.*
Pſalm 57 *Ver.* 9. *Set by Mr.* Michael Wiſe.



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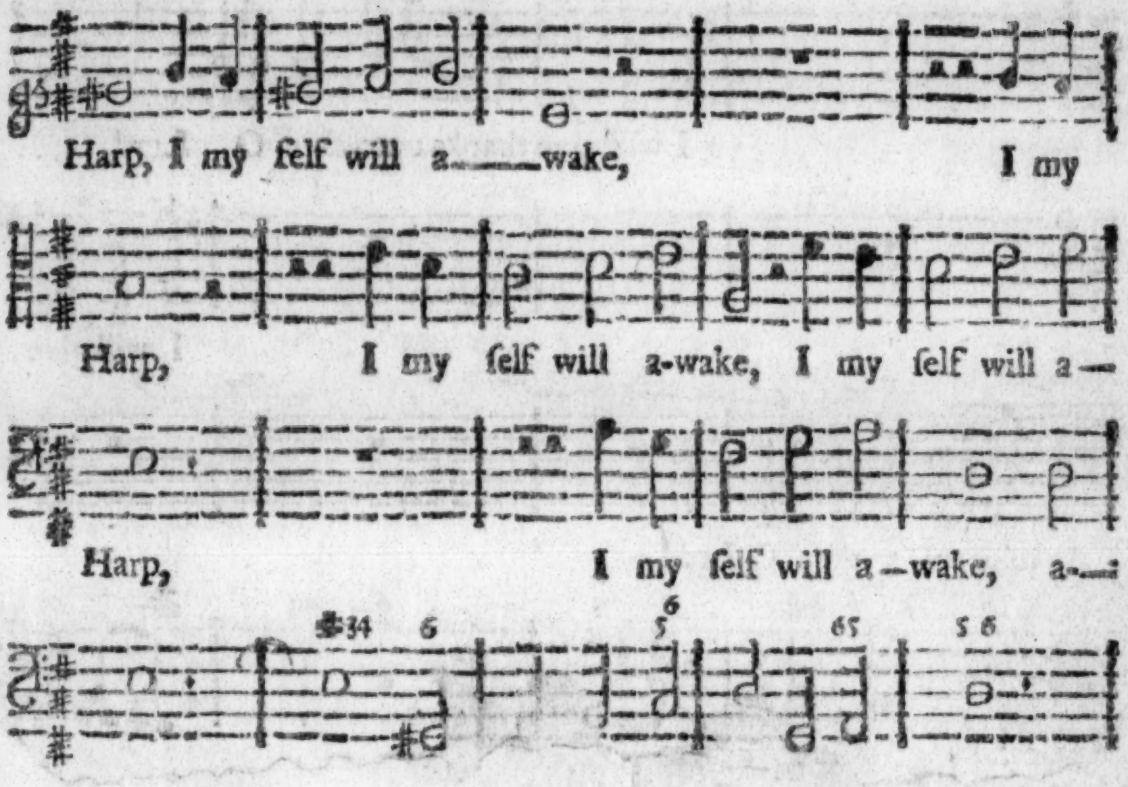
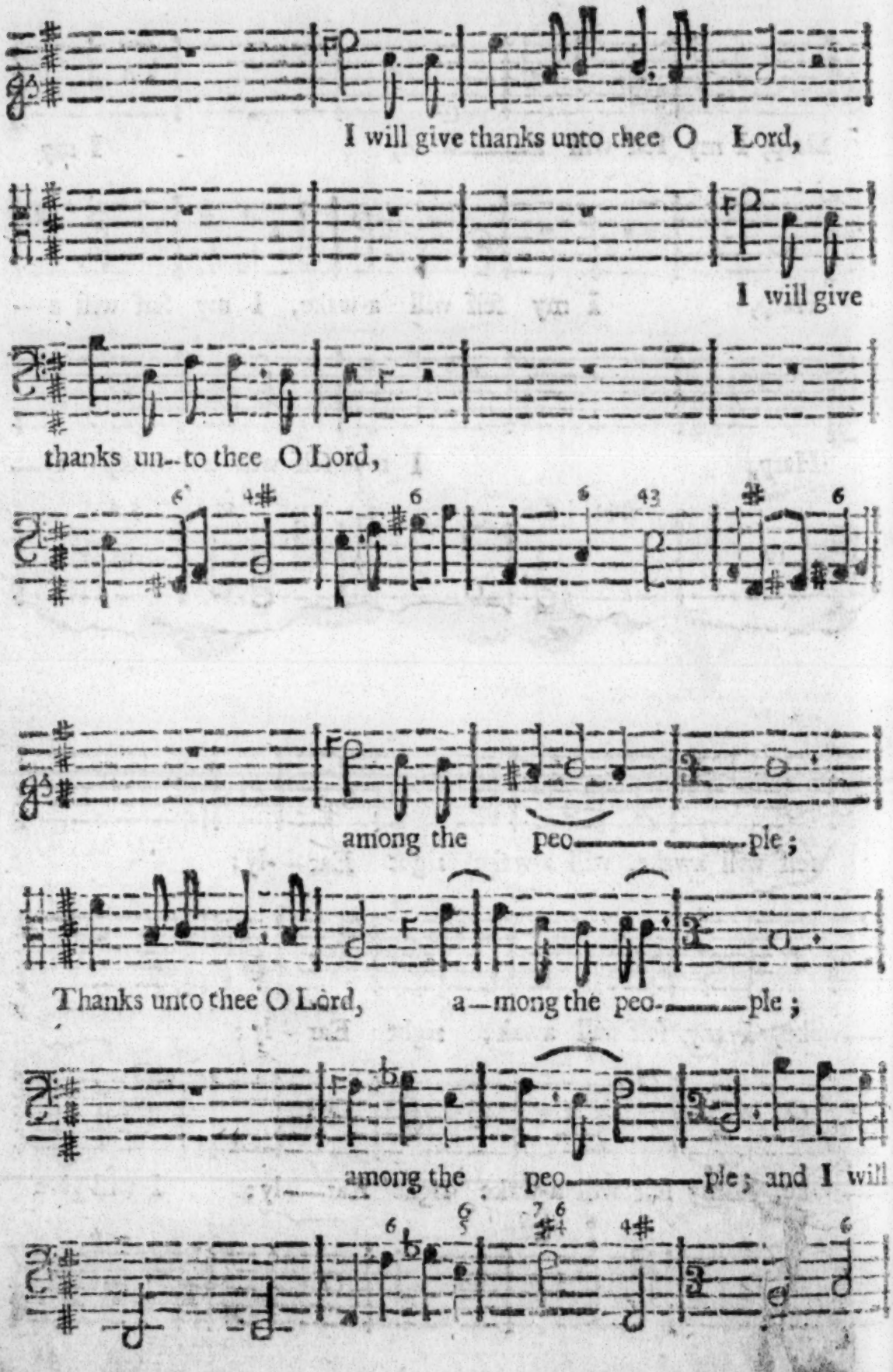
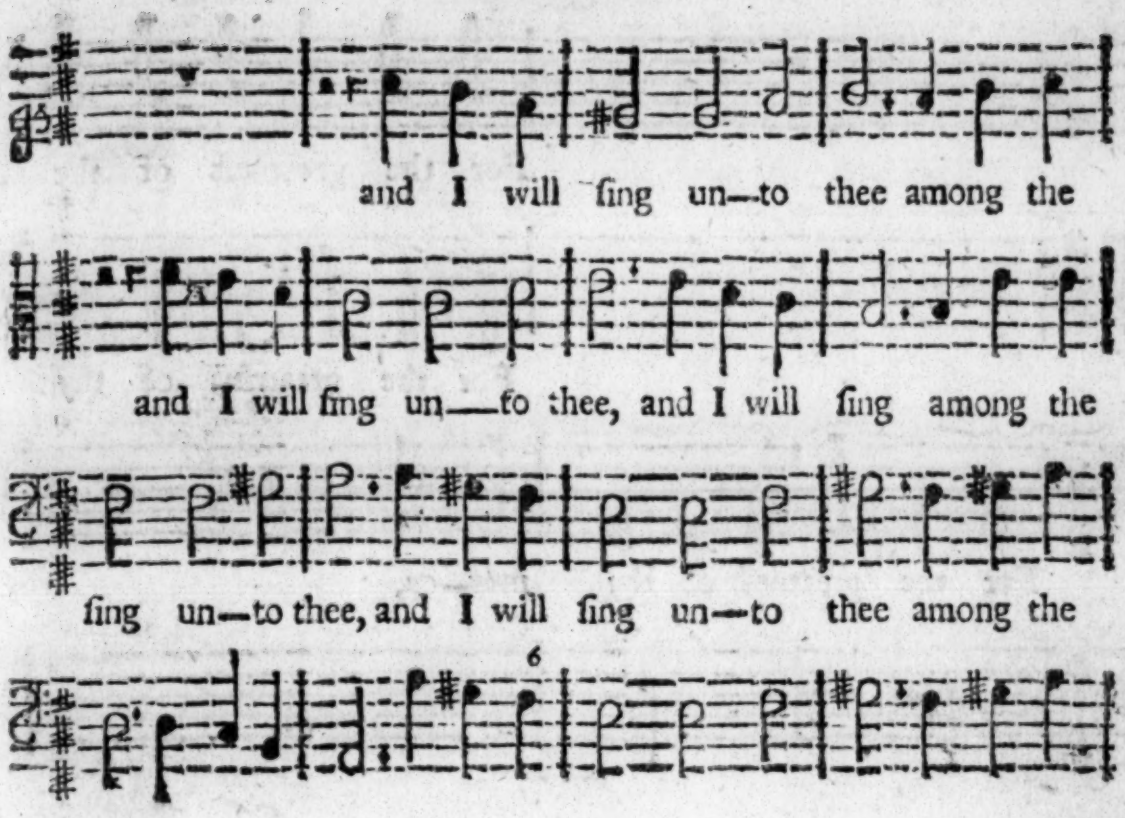
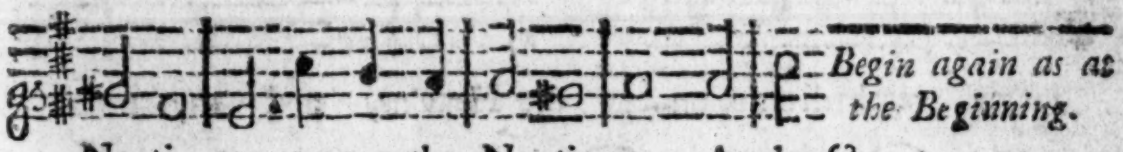

Harp, I my self will a——wake, I my
Harp, I my self will a-wake, I my self will a—
Harp, I my self will a—wake, a—
self will awake, will a-wake right Ear—ly:
—wake, I my self will awake right Ear—ly:
—wake, I my self will a-wake right Ear—ly: I will give

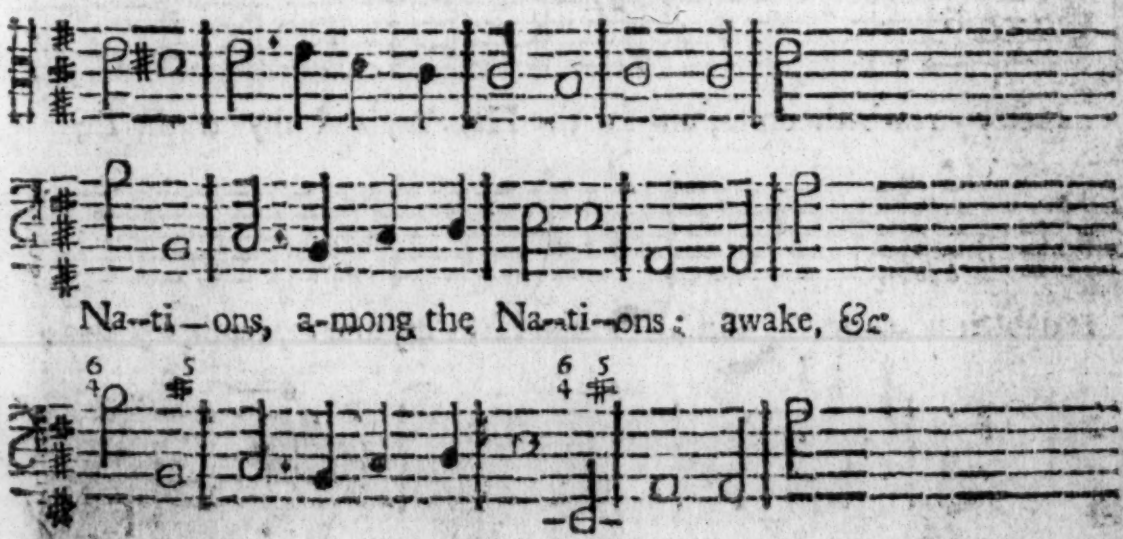
Continued.


I will give thanks unto thee O Lord,
I will give
thanks un--to thee O Lord,
among the peo——— ———ple;
Thanks unto thee O Lord, a—mong the peo-———ple;
among the peo———ple; and I will

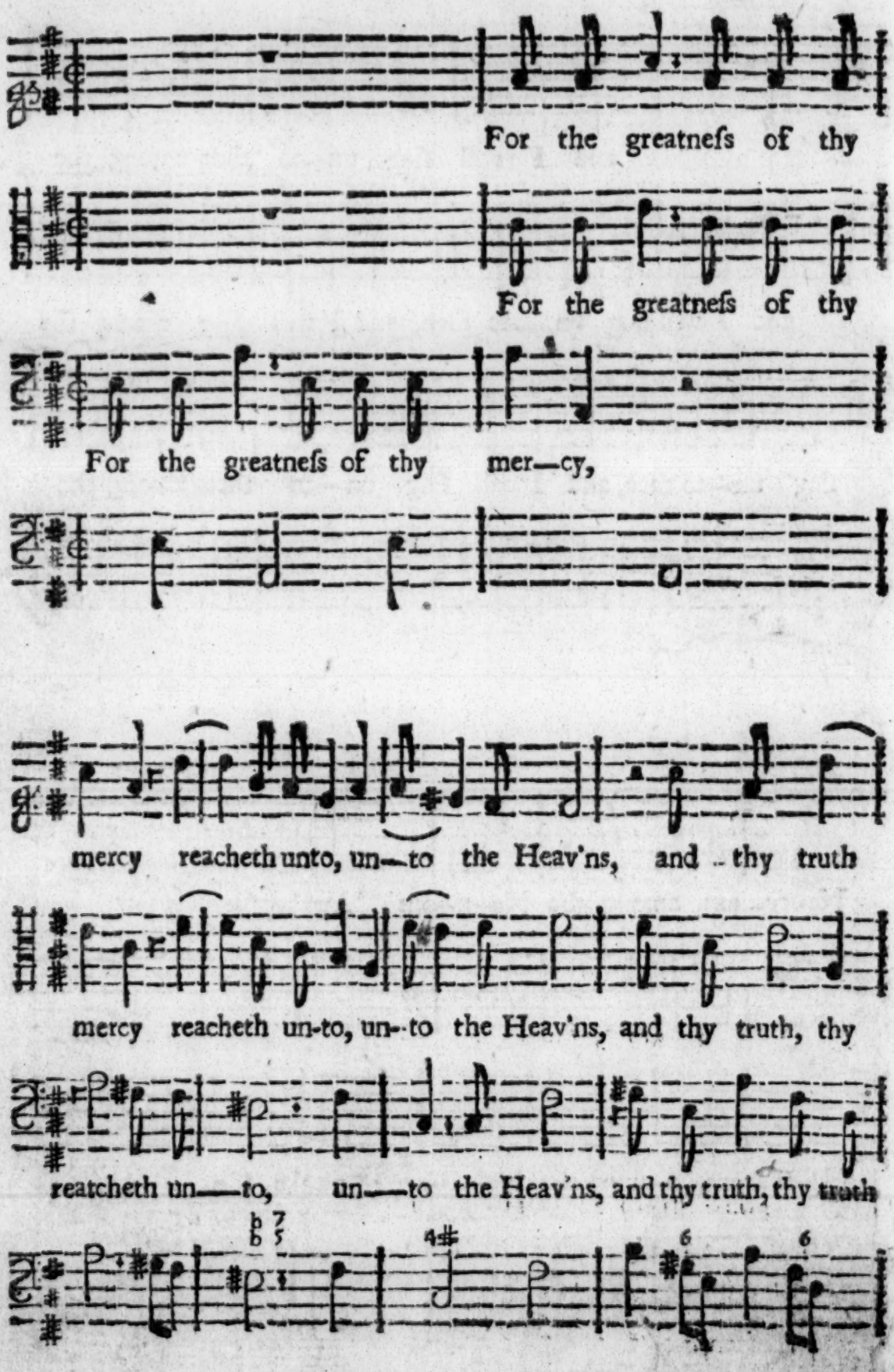
Continued.


and I will ſing un—to thee among the
and I will ſing un—to thee, and I will ſing among the
ſing un—to thee, and I will ſing un—to thee among the


Begin again as at the Beginning.
Na--ti—ons, among the Na--ti--ons: Awake, &c.


Na--ti—ons, a-mong the Na--ti--ons: awake, &c.

Verſe. Continued.



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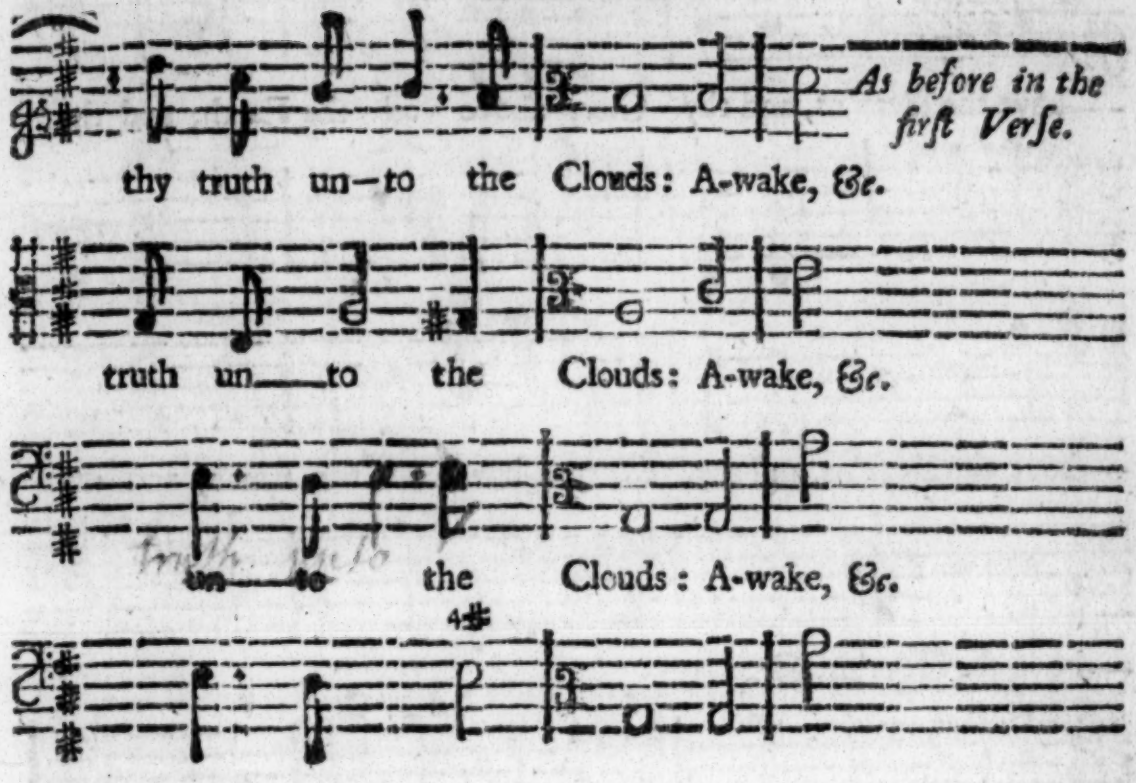
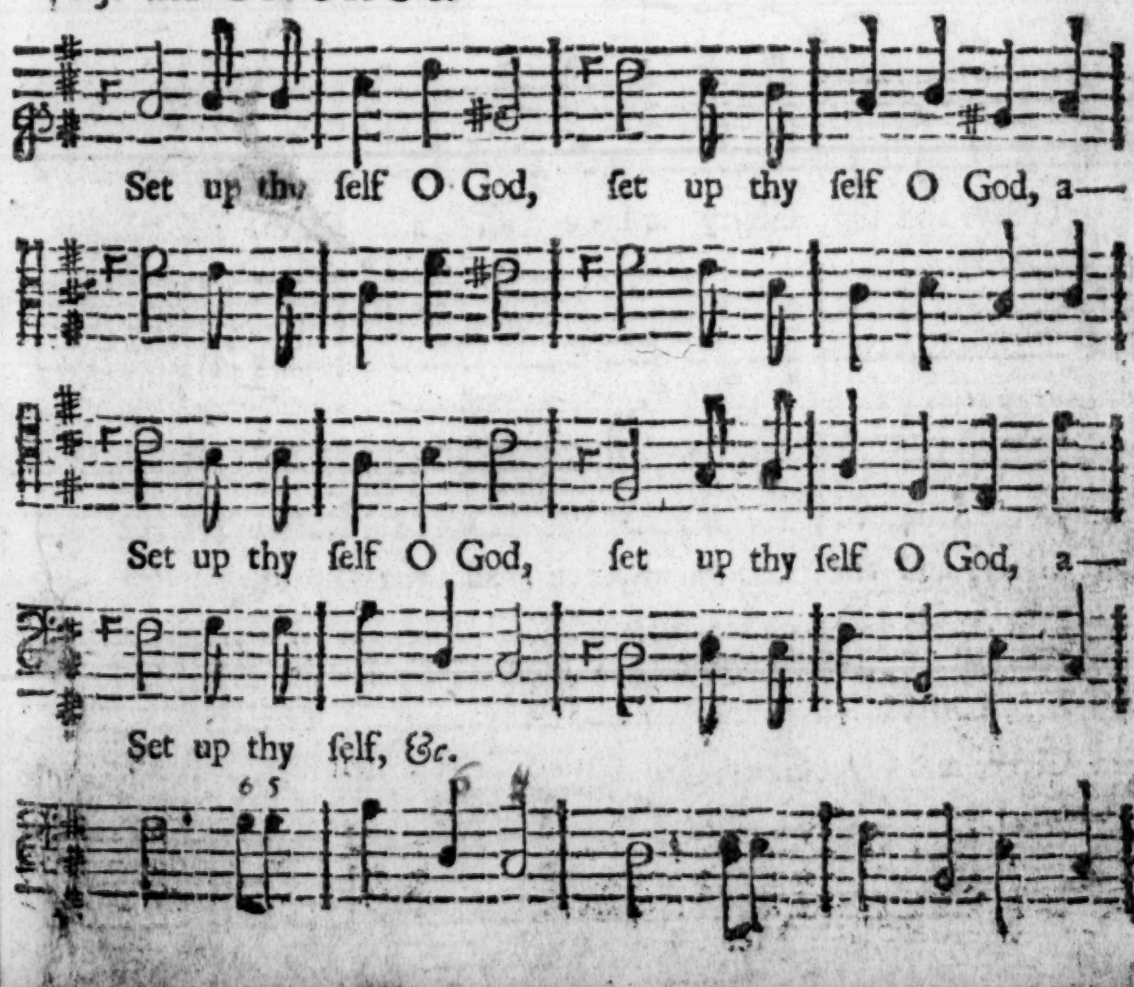
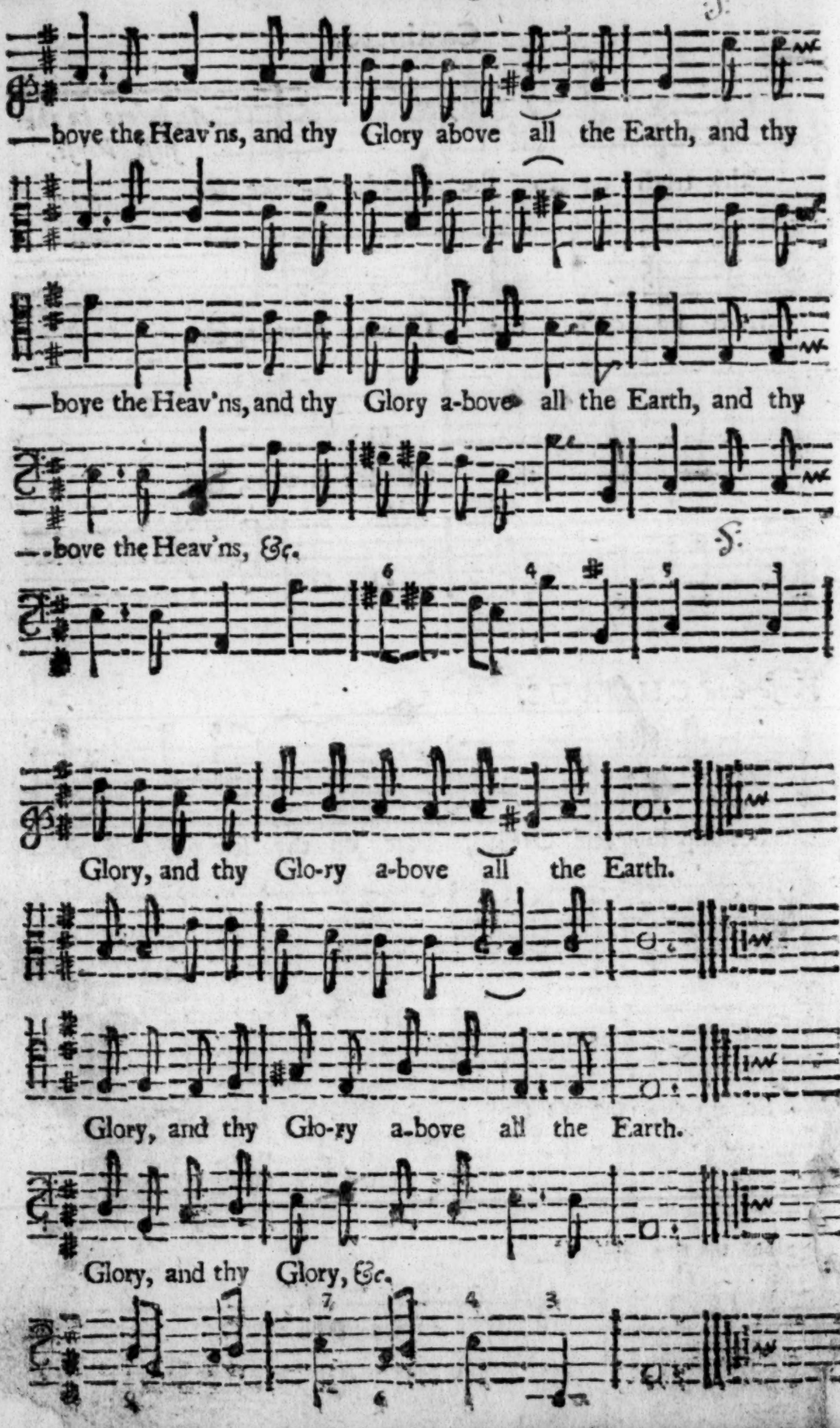
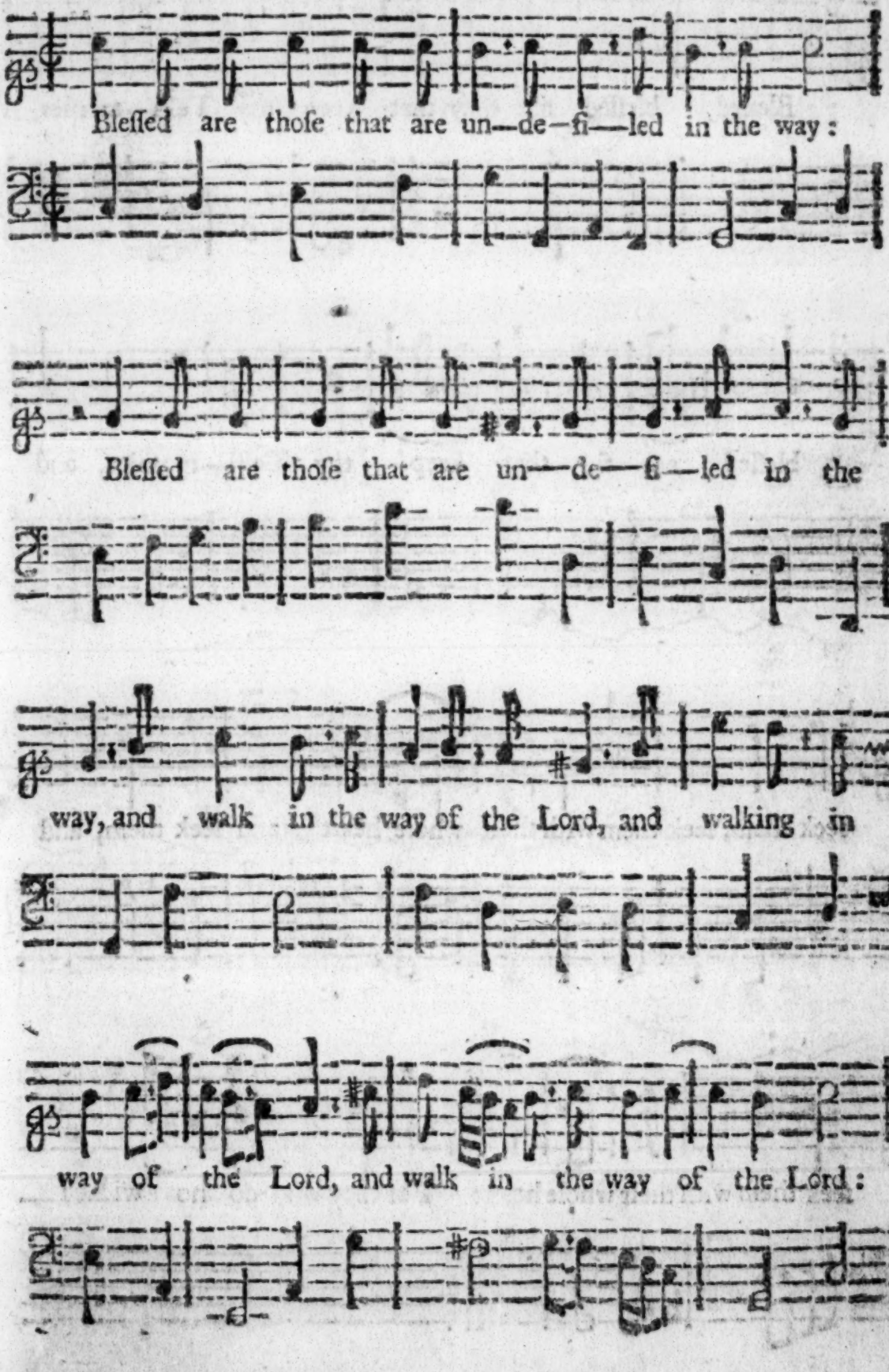


Verse and CHORUS.




—bove the Heav'ns, and thy Glory above all the Earth, and thy
—bove the Heav'ns, and thy Glory a-bove all the Earth, and thy
—bove the Heav'ns, &c.
Glory, and thy Glo-ry a-bove all the Earth.
Glory, and thy Glo-ry a-bove all the Earth.
Glory, and thy Glory, &c.

Bleſſed are thoſe that are undefiled in the way: *An* ANTHEM: Pſalm 119. *Set by Mr.* Norris *Organiſt of* Lincoln.



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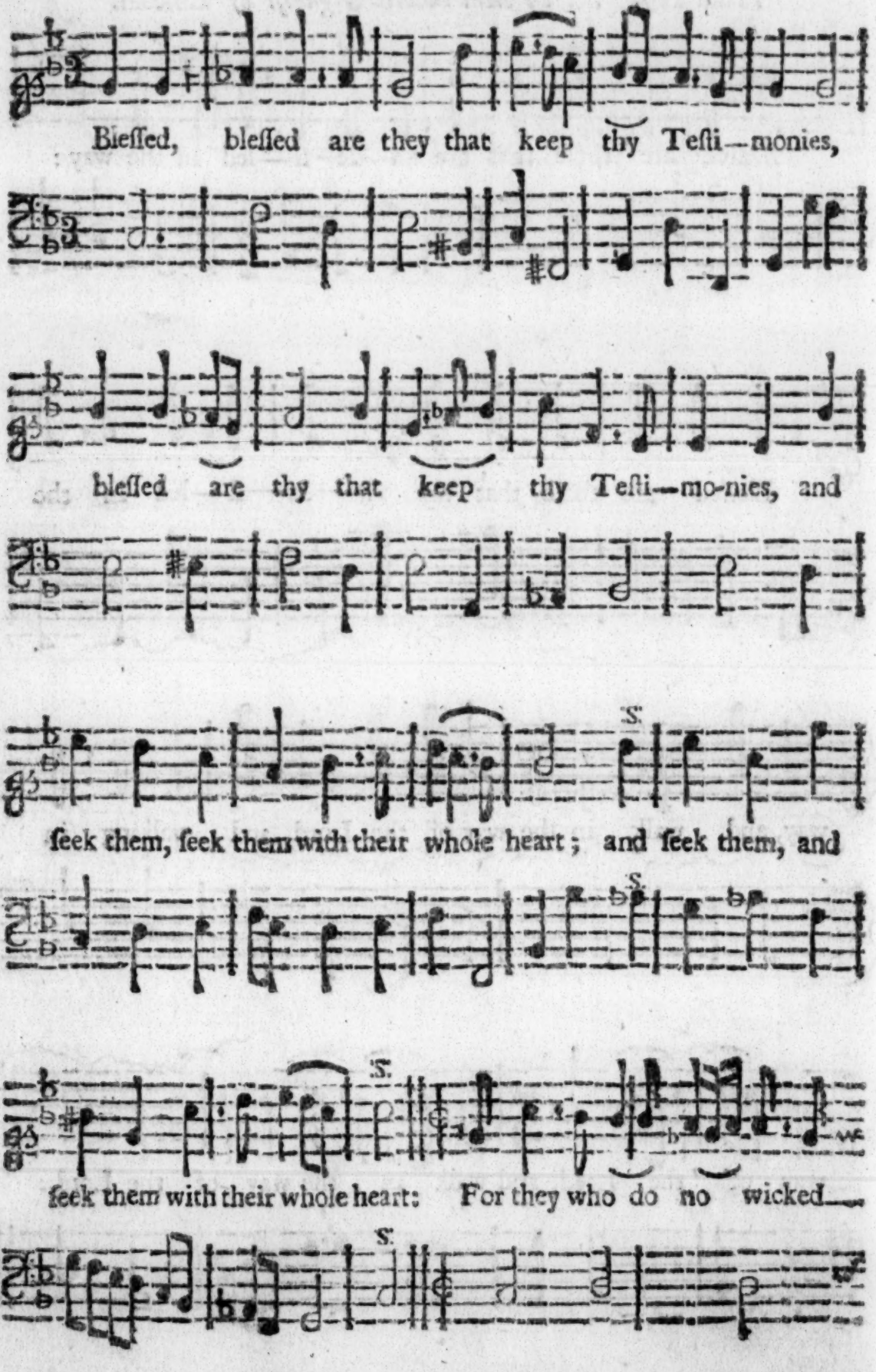
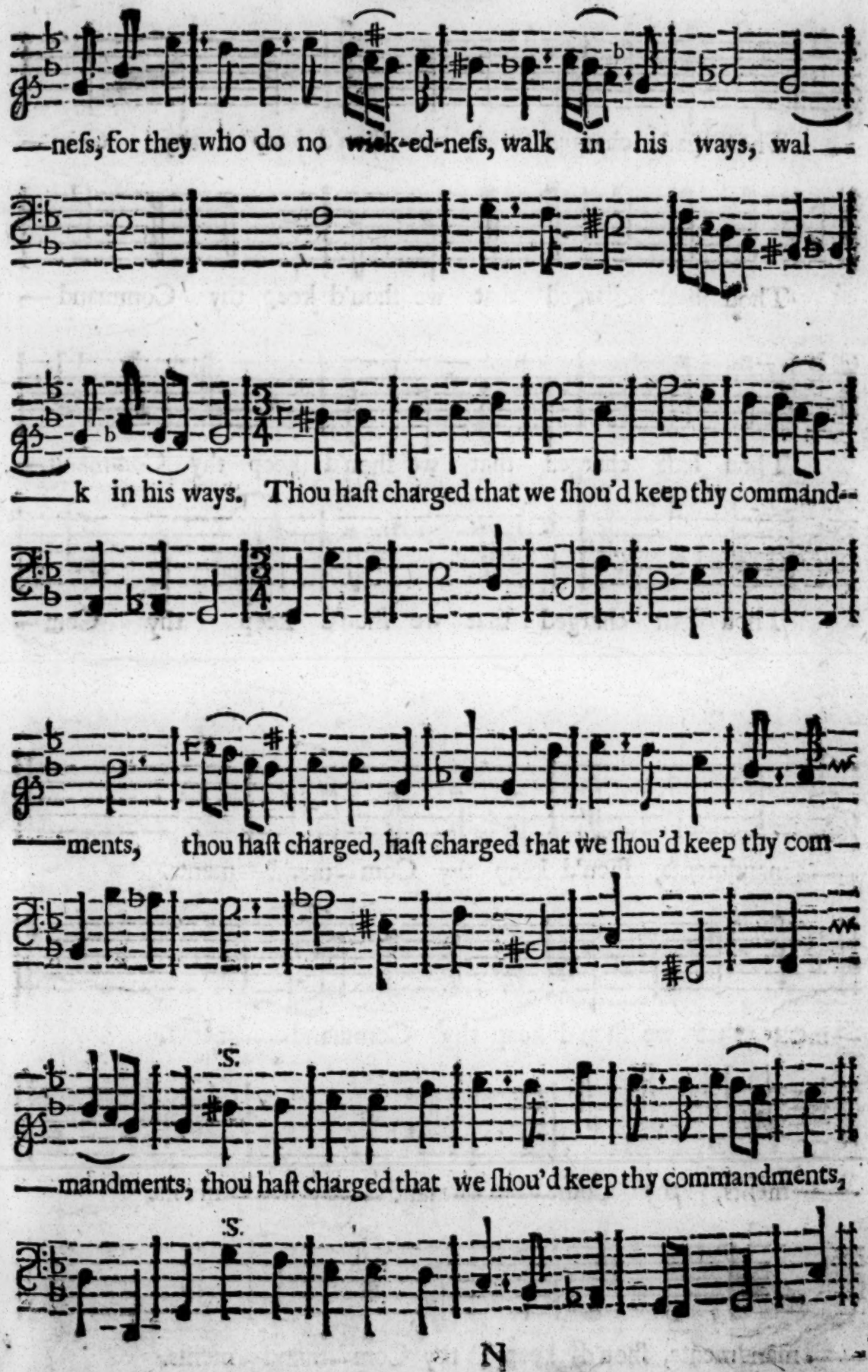
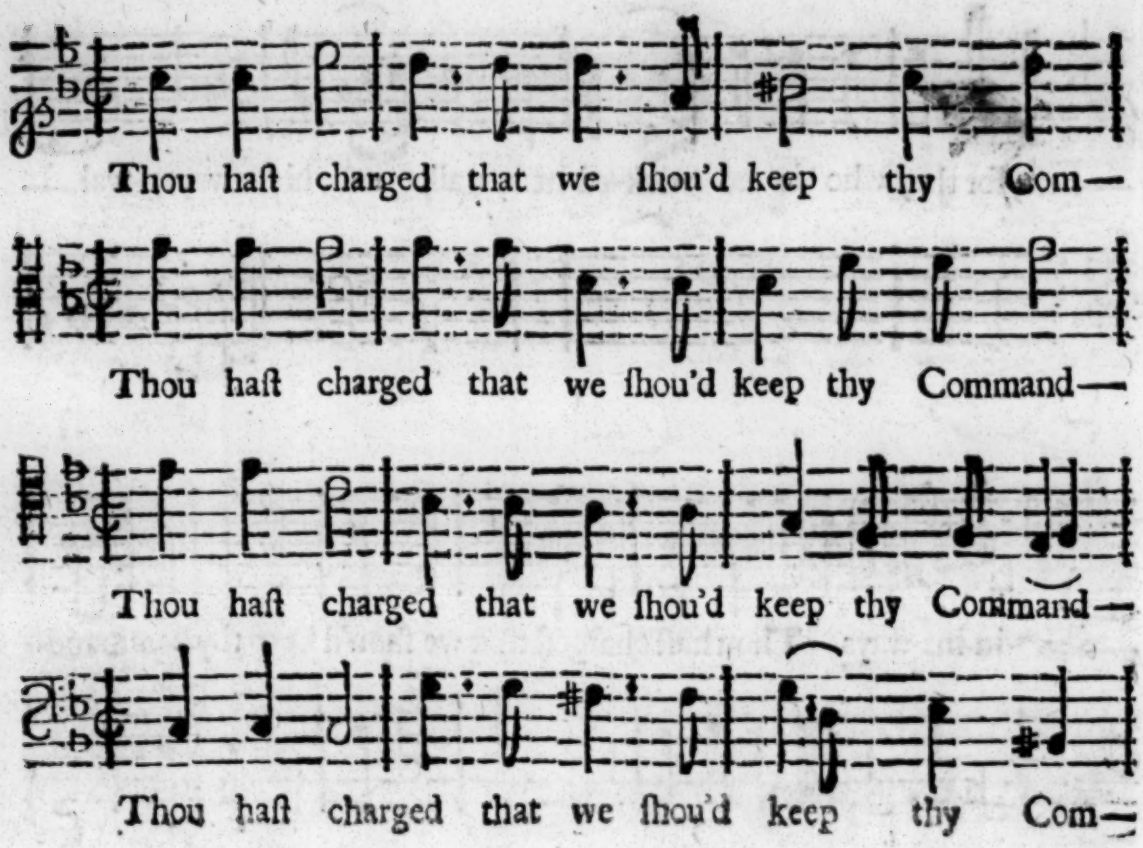

Bleſſed, bleſſed are they that keep thy Teſti—monies,
bleſſed are thy that keep thy Teſti—mo-nies, and
S.
ſeek them, ſeek them with their whole heart; and ſeek them, and
S.
S.
ſeek them with their whole heart: For they who do no wicked
S.

Continued.

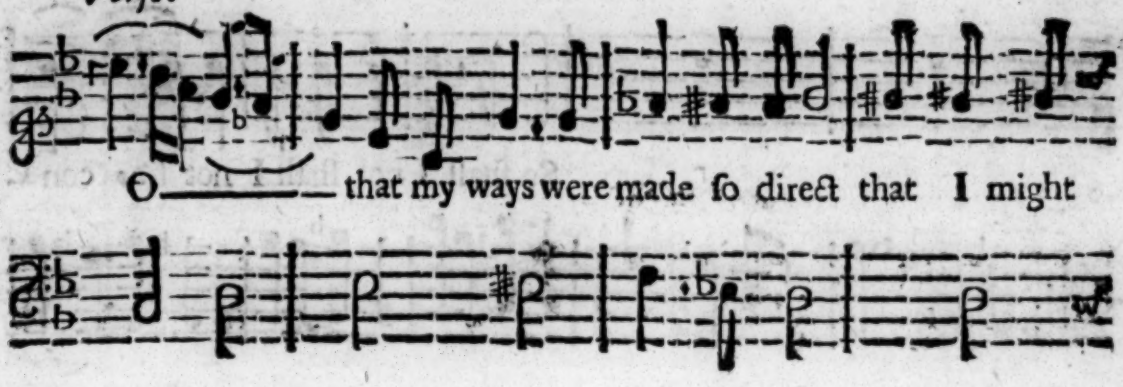

—ness, for they who do no wick-ed-ness, walk in his ways, wal—
—k in his ways. Thou hast charged that we shou'd keep thy command—
—ments, thou hast charged, hast charged that we shou'd keep thy com—
S.
—mandments, thou hast charged that we shou'd keep thy commandments,
S.

CHORUS.


Thou haſt charged that we ſhou'd keep thy Com—
Thou haſt charged that we ſhou'd keep thy Command—
Thou haſt charged that we ſhou'd keep thy Command—
Thou haſt charged that we ſhou'd keep thy Com—
—mandments, ſhou'd keep thy Com—mand—ments.
—ments, that we ſhou'd keep thy Command——ments.
——ments, thy Com——mand——ments.
——mandments, ſhou'd keep thy Com—mand—ments.

Continued.

Verse.



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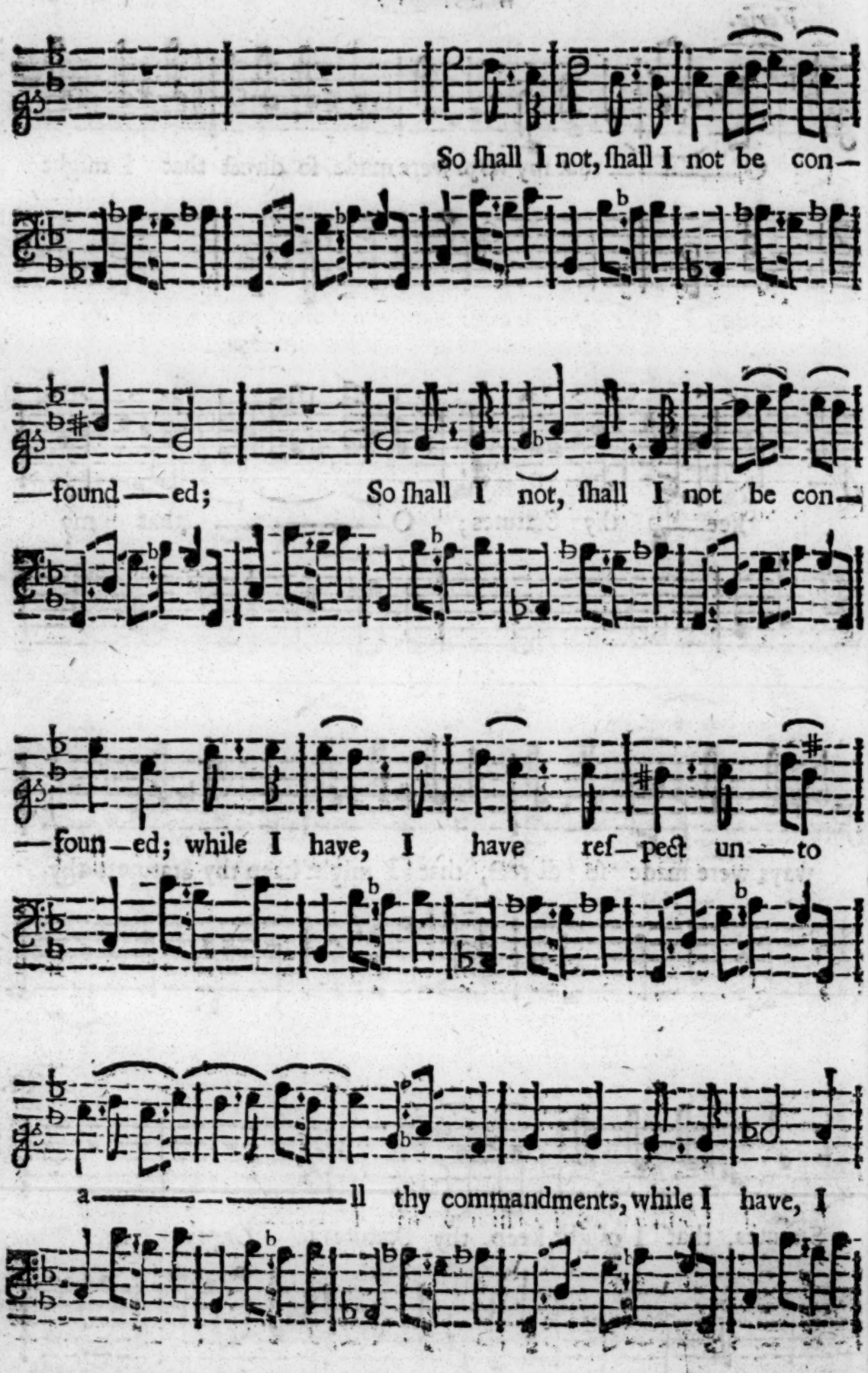
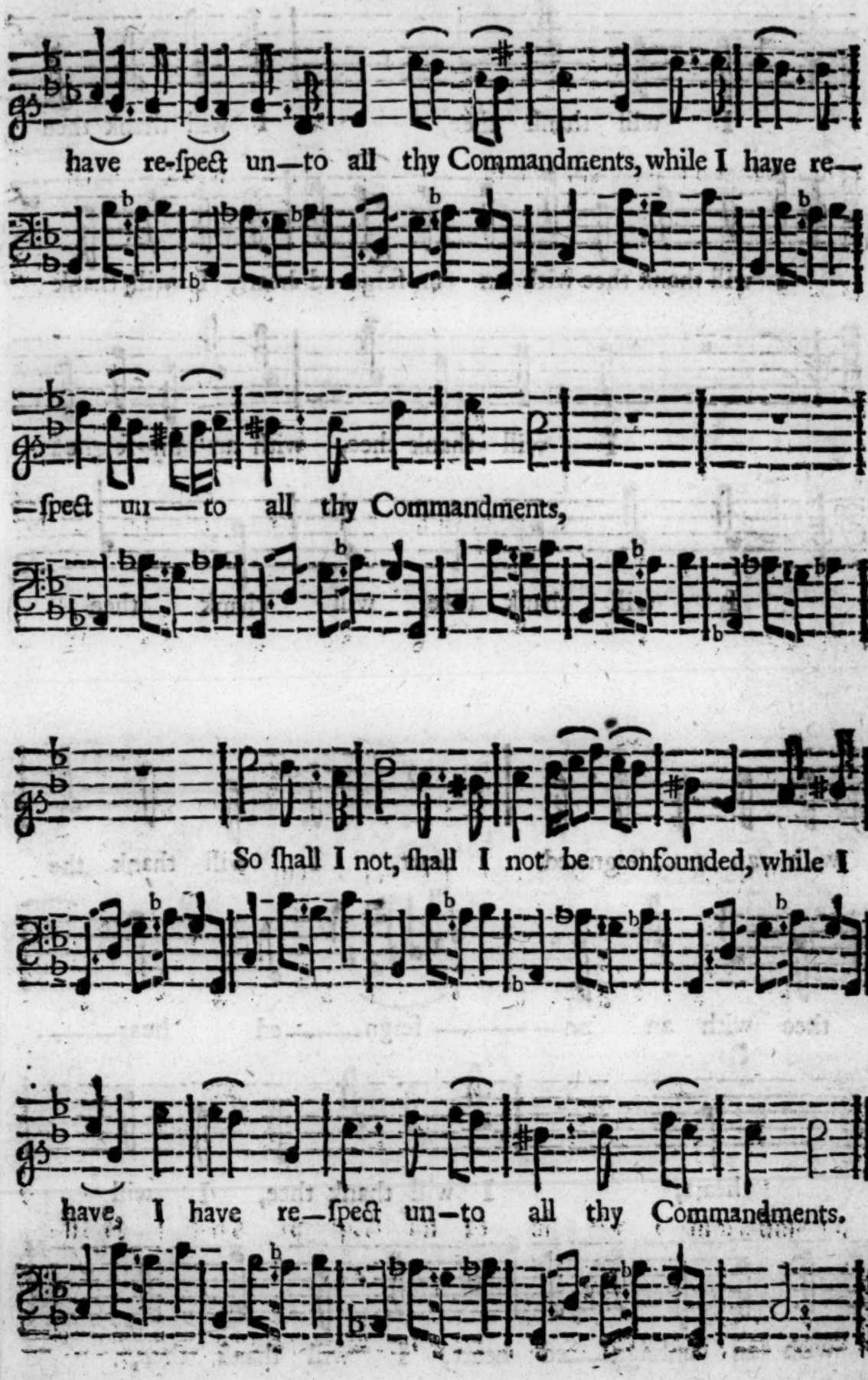
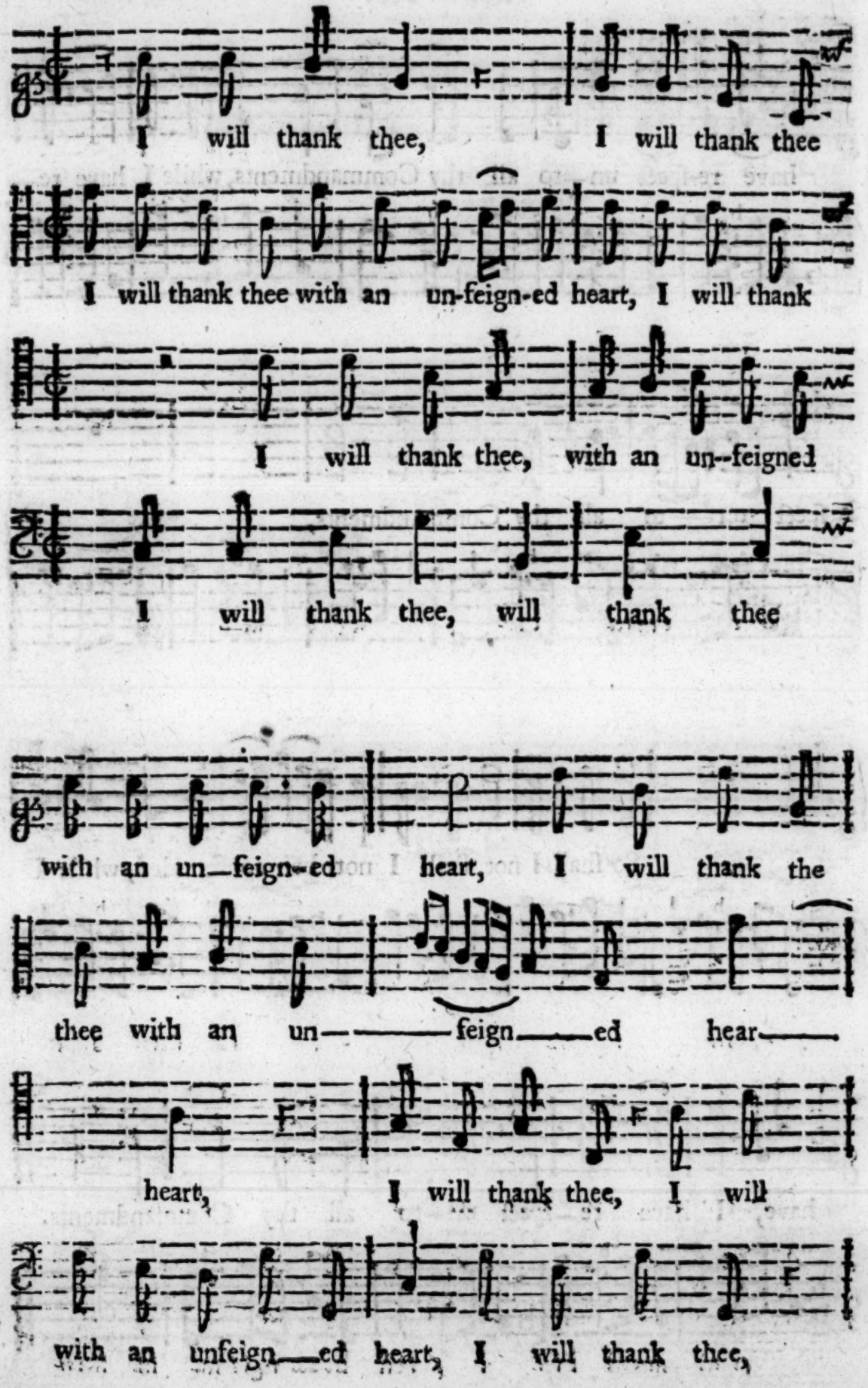
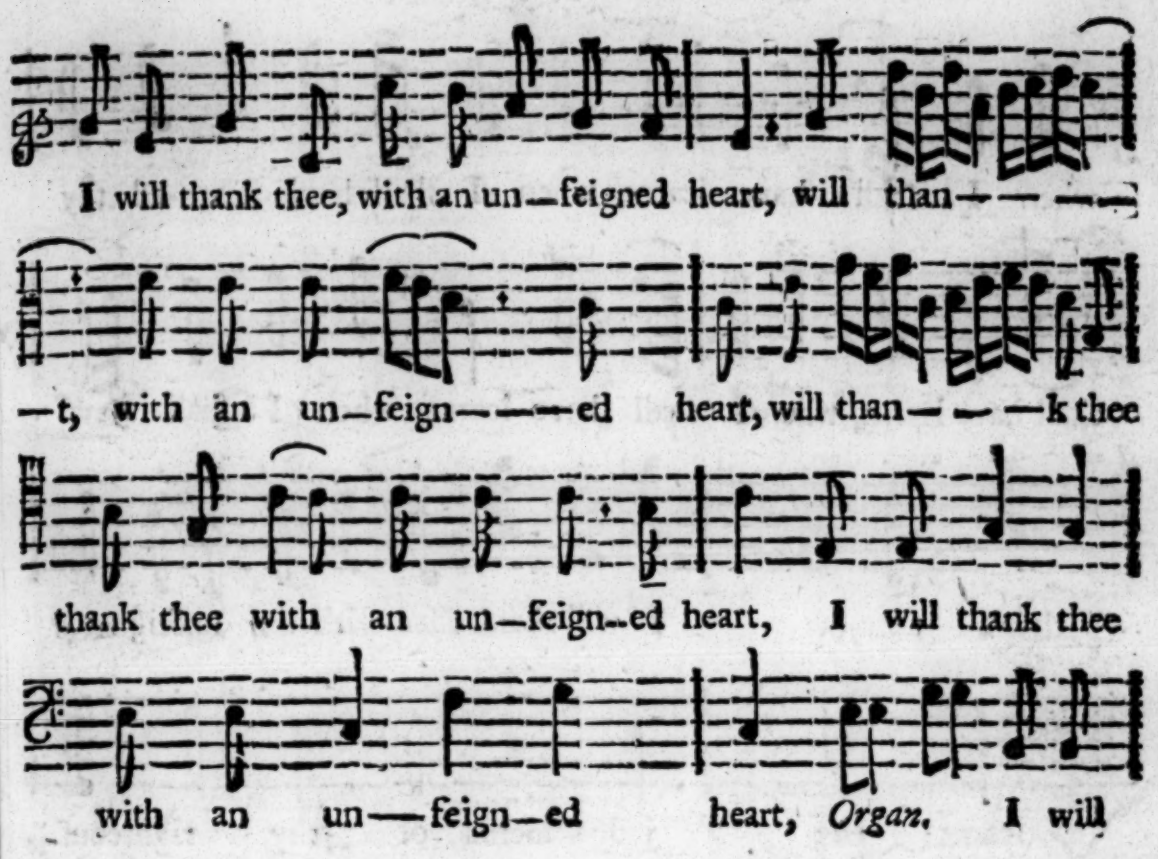

So ſhall I not, ſhall I not be con—
—found—ed; So ſhall I not, ſhall I not be con—
—foun—ed; while I have, I have reſ—pect un—to
a———ll thy commandments, while I have, I

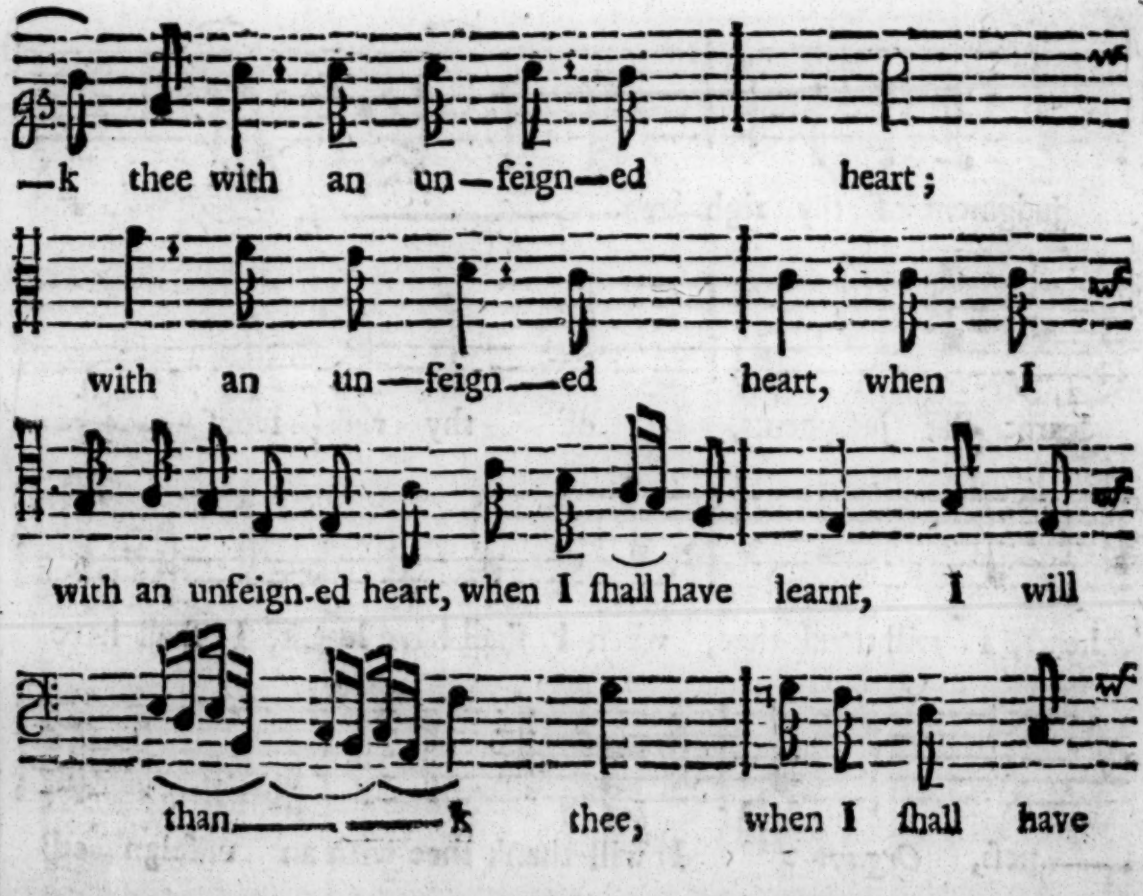
Continued.

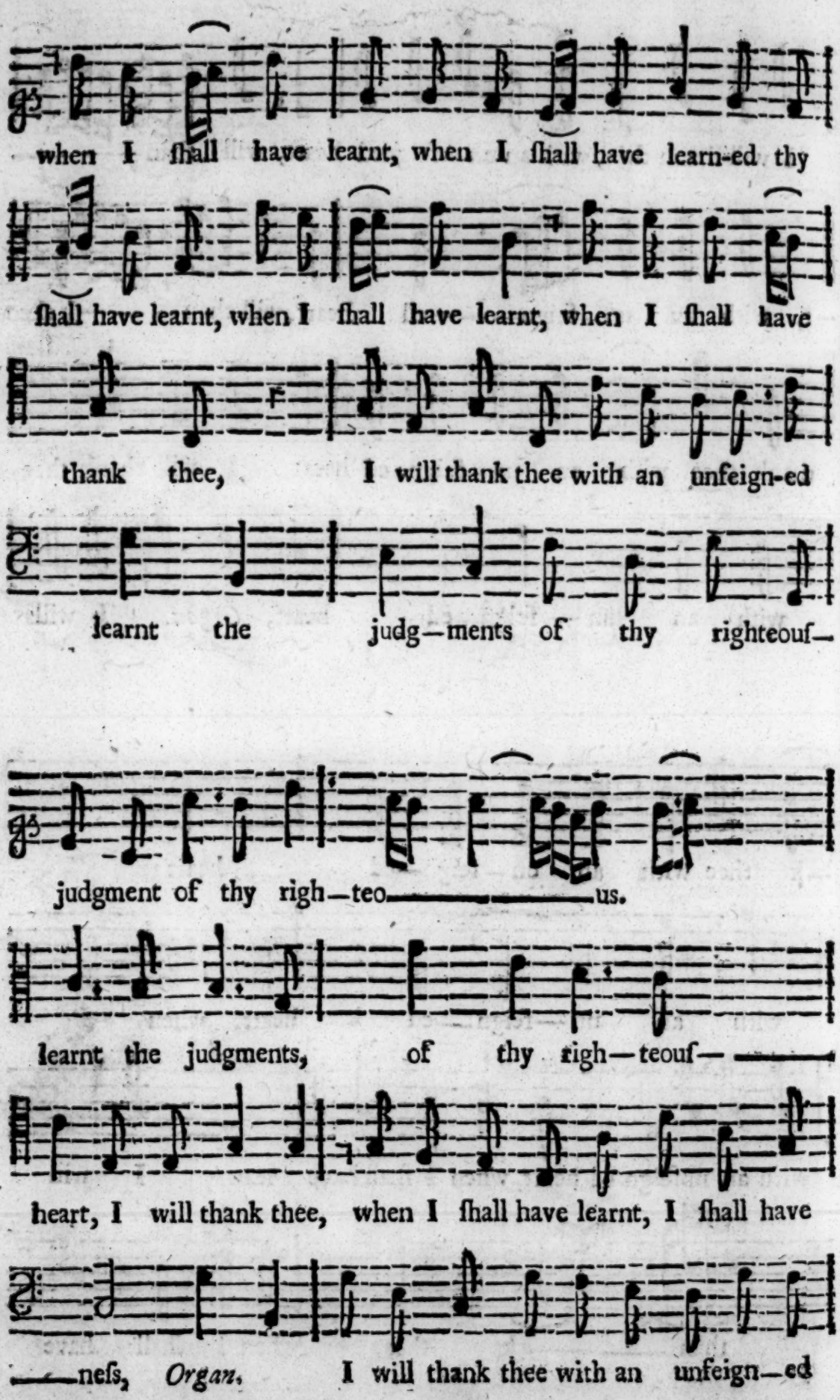

have re-ſpect un—to all thy Commandments, while I have re—
—ſpect un—to all thy Commandments,
So ſhall I not, ſhall I not be confounded, while I
have, I have re—ſpect un—to all thy Commandments.

CHORUS.

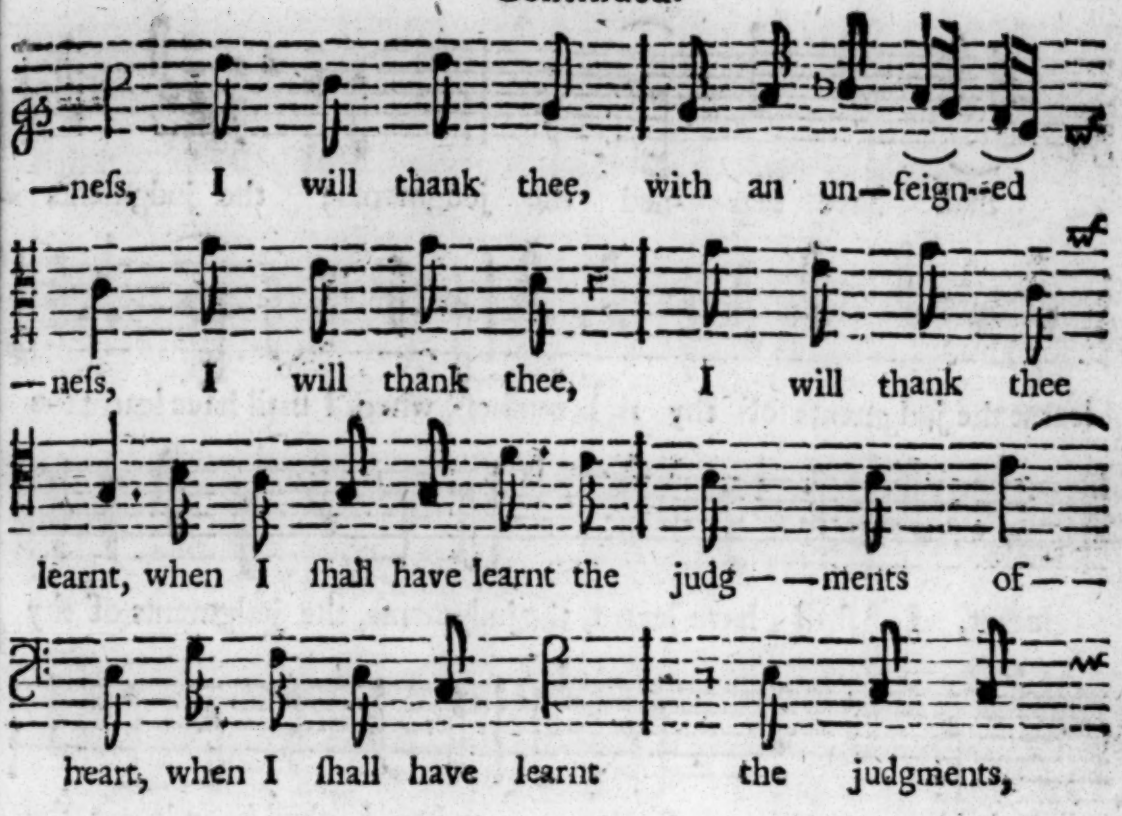

I will thank thee, I will thank thee
I will thank thee with an un-feign-ed heart, I will thank
I will thank thee, with an un--feigned
I will thank thee, will thank thee
with an un—feign-ed heart, I will thank the
thee with an un——feign——ed hear——
heart, I will thank thee, I will
with an unfeign——ed heart, I will thank thee,


I will thank thee, with an un—feigned heart, will than— — —
—t, with an un—feign— — —ed heart, will than— — —k thee
thank thee with an un—feign—ed heart, I will thank thee
with an un— feign—ed heart, *Organ.* I will

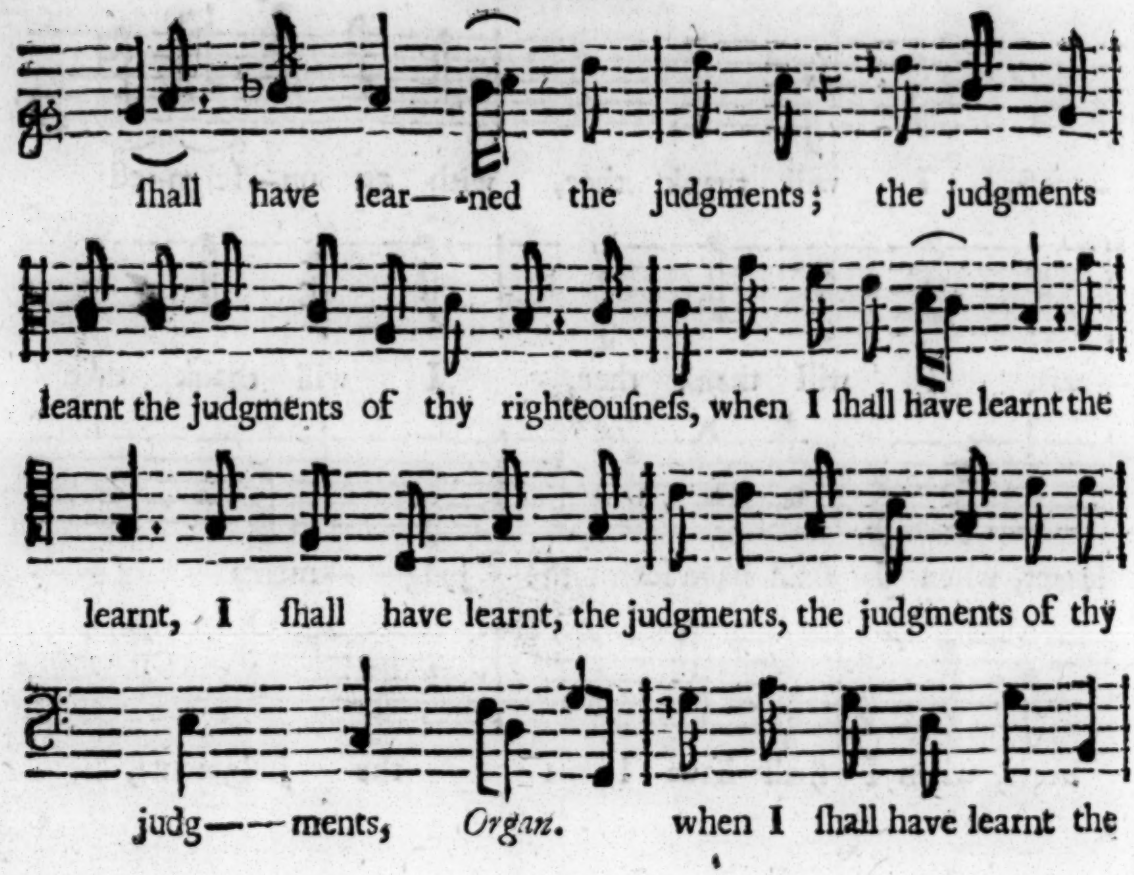

—k thee with an un—feign—ed heart;
with an un— feign— ed heart, when I
with an unfeign-ed heart, when I ſhall have learnt, I will
than— — —k thee, when I ſhall have

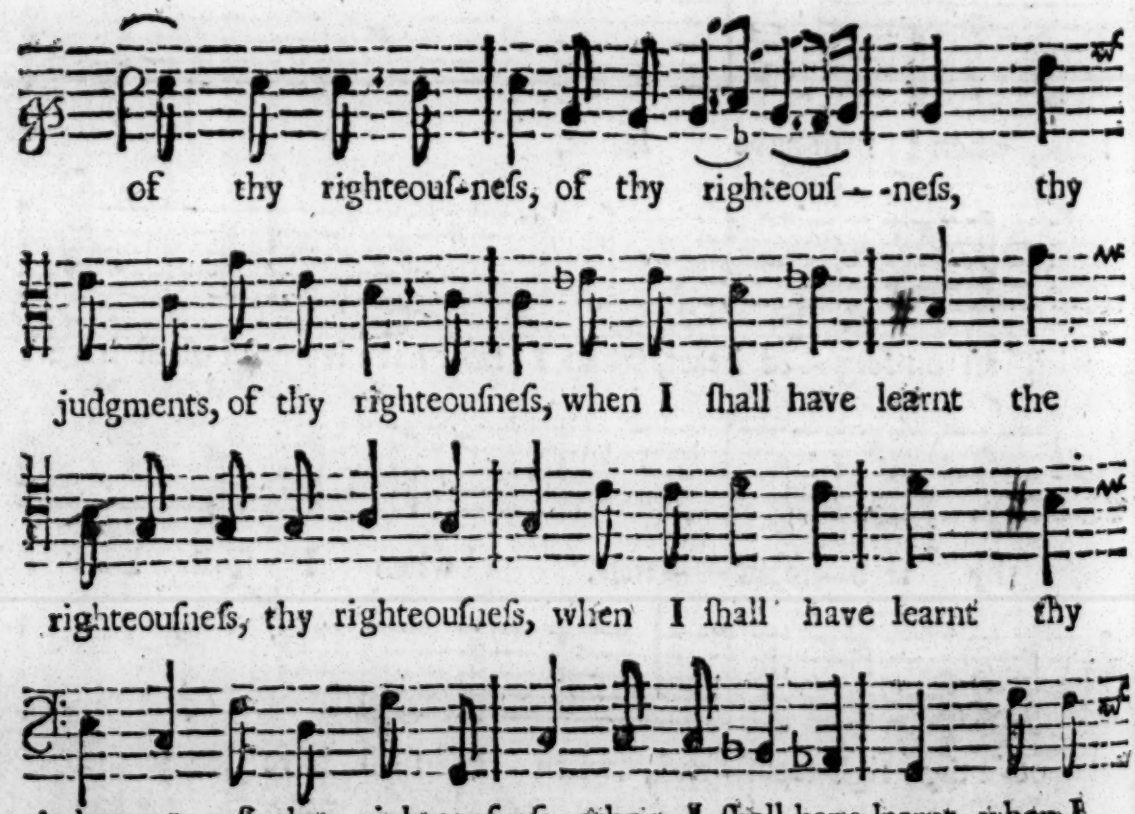

when I ſhall have learnt, when I ſhall have learn-ed thy
ſhall have learnt, when I ſhall have learnt, when I ſhall have
thank thee, I will thank thee with an unfeign-ed
learnt the judg—ments of thy righteouſ—
judgment of thy righ—teo——us.
learnt the judgments, of thy righ—teouſ——
heart, I will thank thee, when I ſhall have learnt, I ſhall have
——neſs, *Organ.* I will thank thee with an unfeign—ed

Continued.

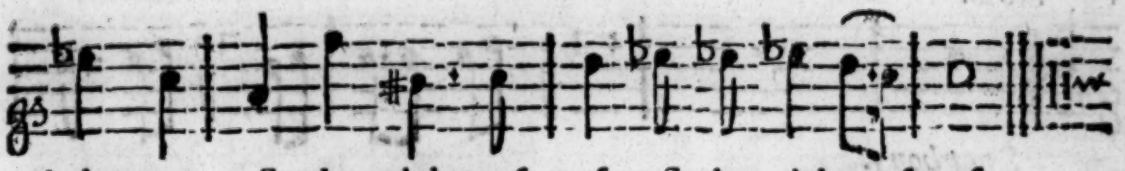

—neſs, I will thank thee, with an un—feign--ed
—neſs, I will thank thee, I will thank thee
learnt, when I ſhall have learnt the judg——ments of——
heart, when I ſhall have learnt the judgments,
heart, when I ſhall have learnt, I
with an un-feign--ed heart, when I ſhall have learnt, I ſhall have
thy righ—teouſ——neſs, when I ſhall have
of thy righ-teouſ—neſs, when I ſhall have learnt the

Continued.

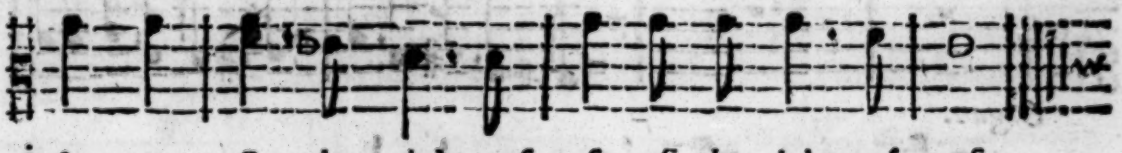

ſhall have lear—ned the judgments; the judgments
learnt the judgments of thy righteouſneſs, when I ſhall have learnt the
learnt, I ſhall have learnt, the judgments, the judgments of thy
judg——ments, *Organ.* when I ſhall have learnt the


of thy righteouſ-neſs, of thy righteouſ—-neſs, thy
judgments, of thy righteouſneſs, when I ſhall have learnt the
righteouſneſs, thy righteouſneſs, when I ſhall have learnt thy
judgments, of thy righteouſneſs, when I ſhall have learnt, when I

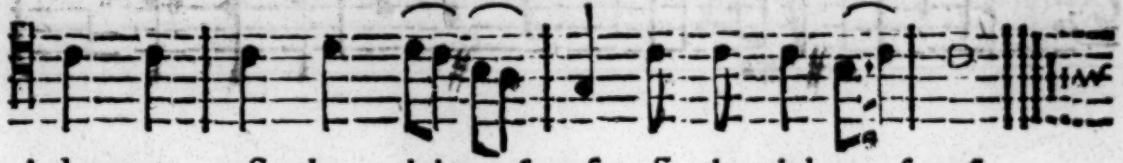
Continued.



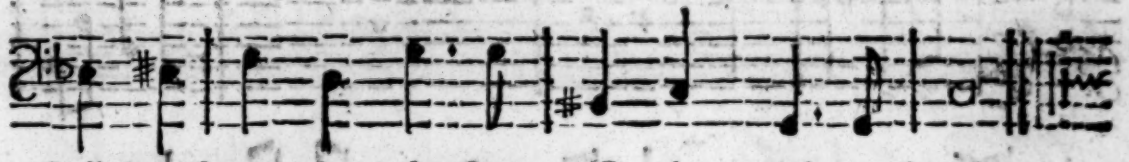
jndgmeuts, of thy righteouſ—ueſs, of thy righteouſ-neſs.



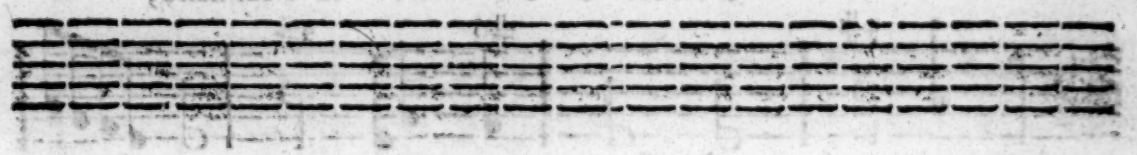
Judgments, of thy righteouſ--neſs, of thy righteouſ—neſs.

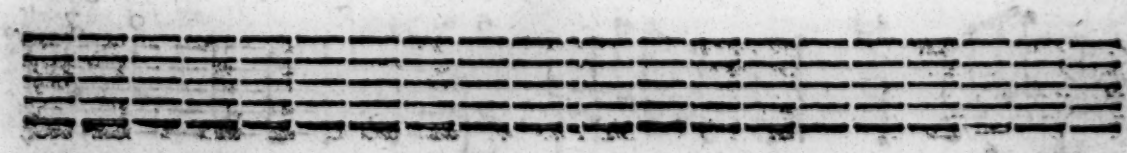


judgments of thy righteouſ--neſs, of thy righ-teouſ--neſs.



ſhall have learnt, the judgments of thy righ-teouſ--neſt.





An ANTHEM *with a Symphony, Set by Dr.* Croft.

Slow.

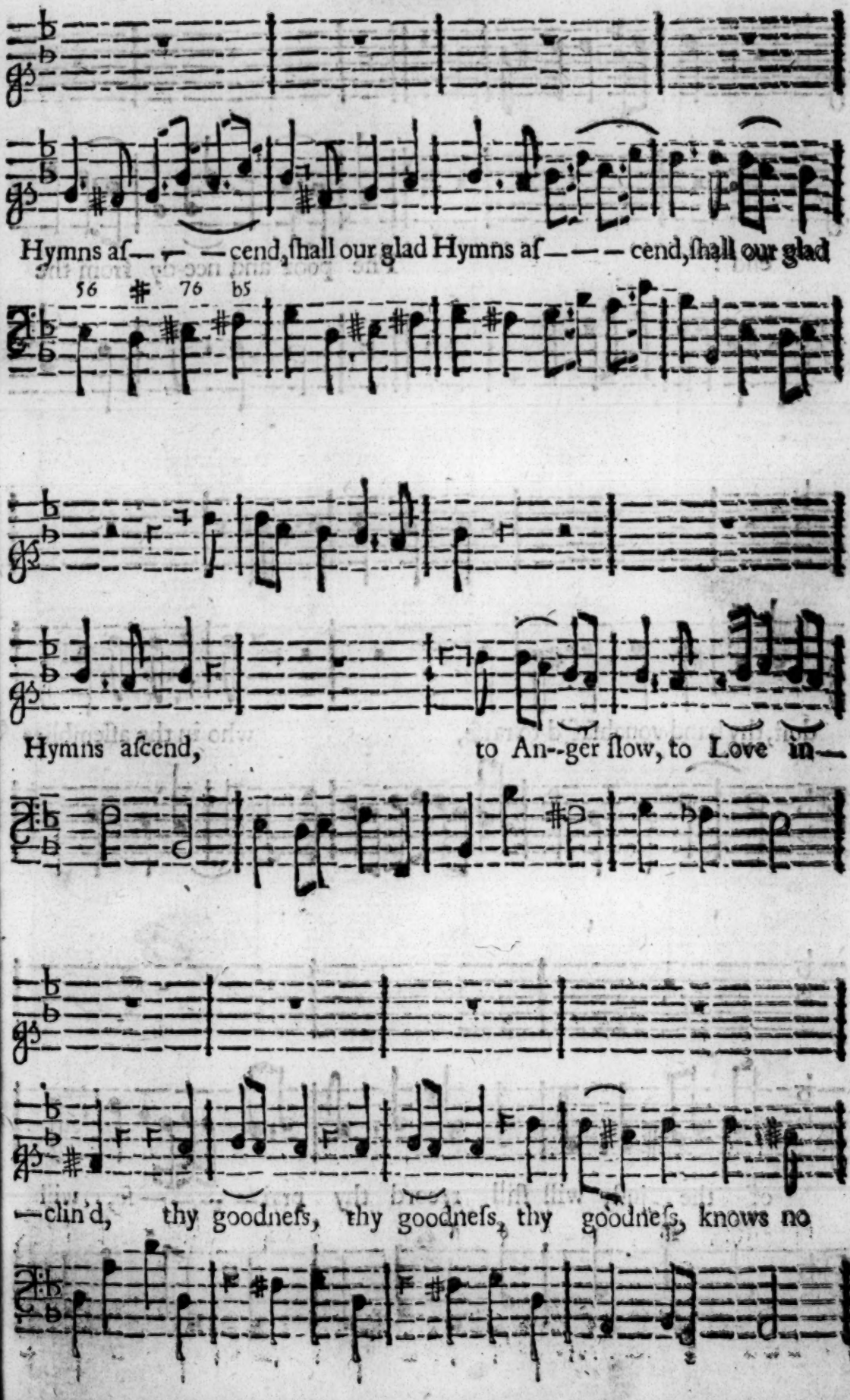
Symphony.

Organ.

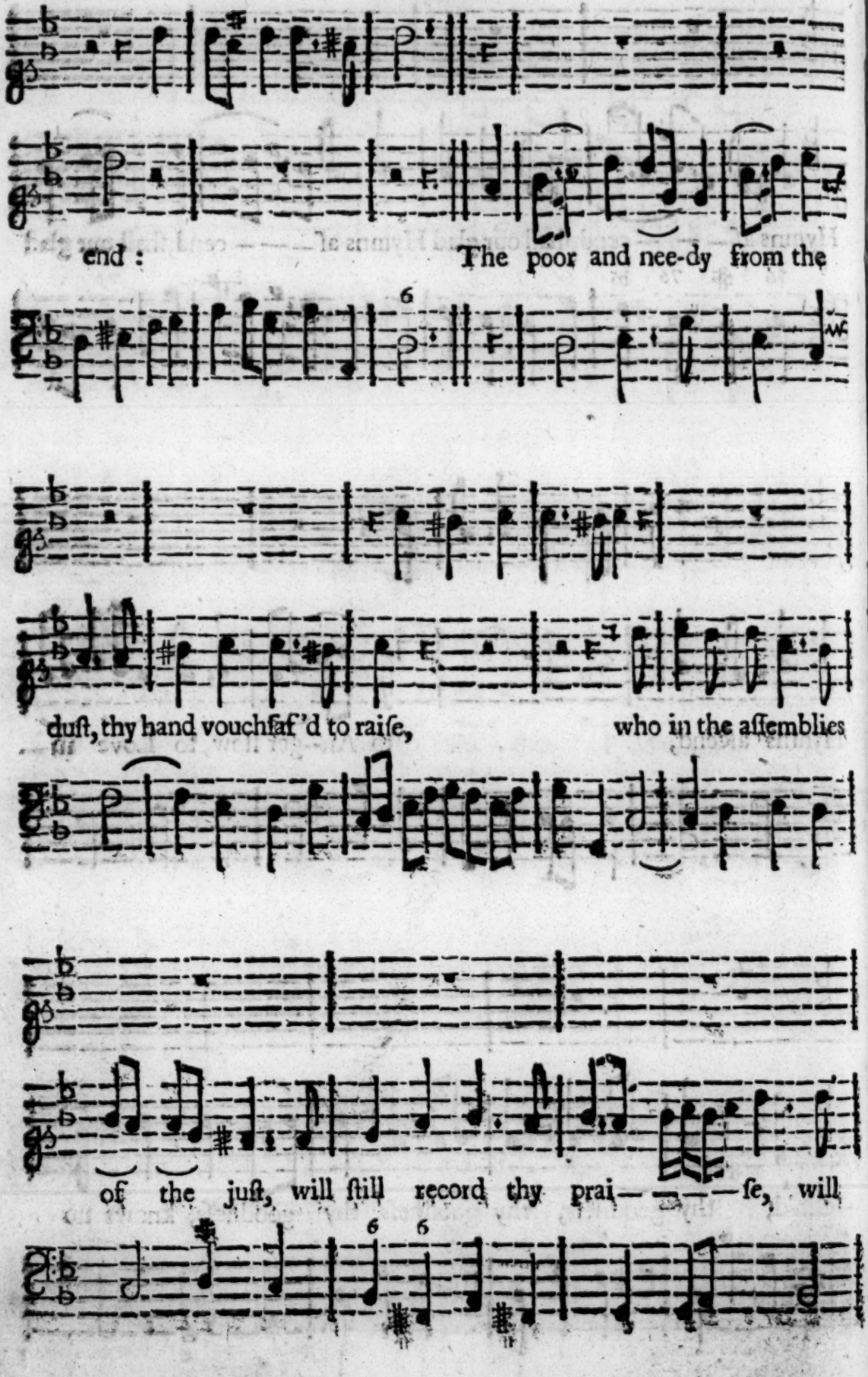
To thee O Fa—ther of Mankind,

To thee O Fa—ther of Mankind, ſhall our glad

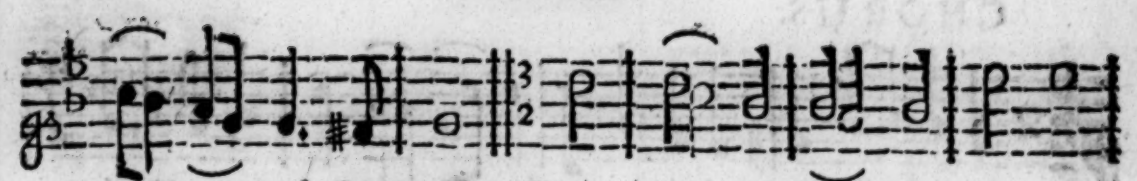
Continued.


Hymns aſ— — —cend, ſhall our glad Hymns aſ— — — cend, ſhall our glad
56 ♯ 76 ♭5
Hymns aſcend, to An--ger ſlow, to Love in—
—clin'd, thy goodneſs, thy goodneſs, thy goodneſs, knows no

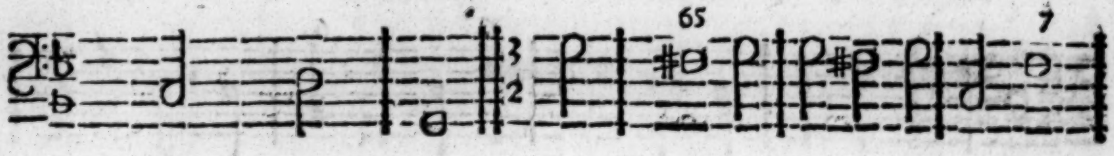
Continued.


end : The poor and nee-dy from the
duſt, thy hand vouchſaf'd to raiſe, who in the aſſemblies
of the juſt, will ſtill record thy prai— —— —ſe, will

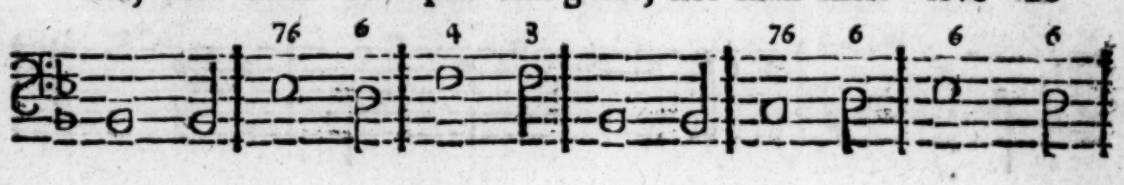
Continued.



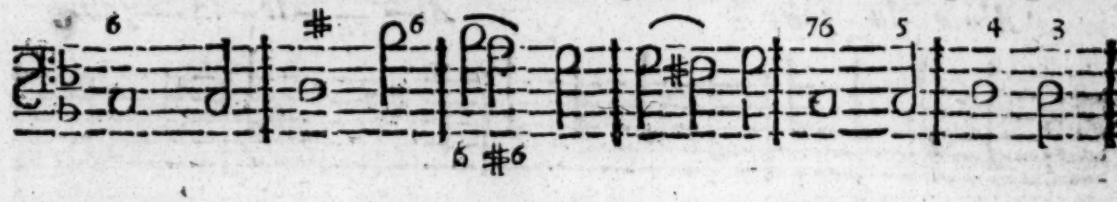
ſtill re--cord thy praiſe. Each heart and hand, that lent us



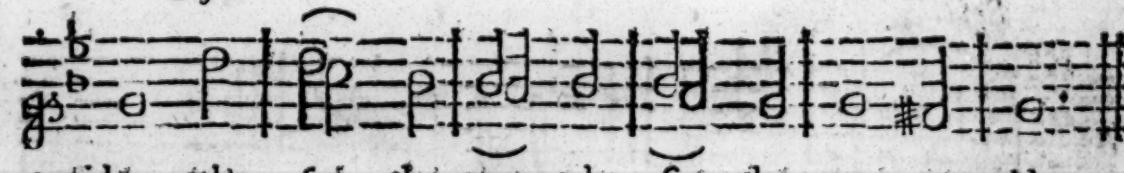
aid, thou didſt in—ſpire and guide, nor ſhall their love be



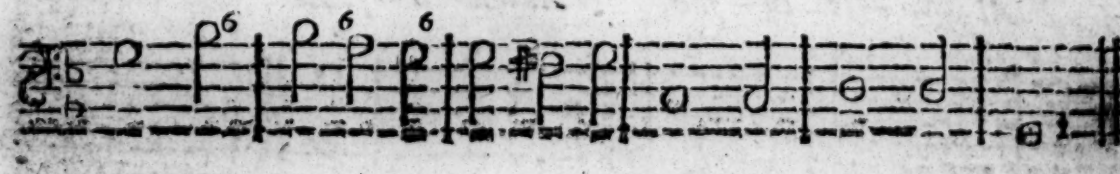
un—re--paid, who for the poor, who for the poor pro—



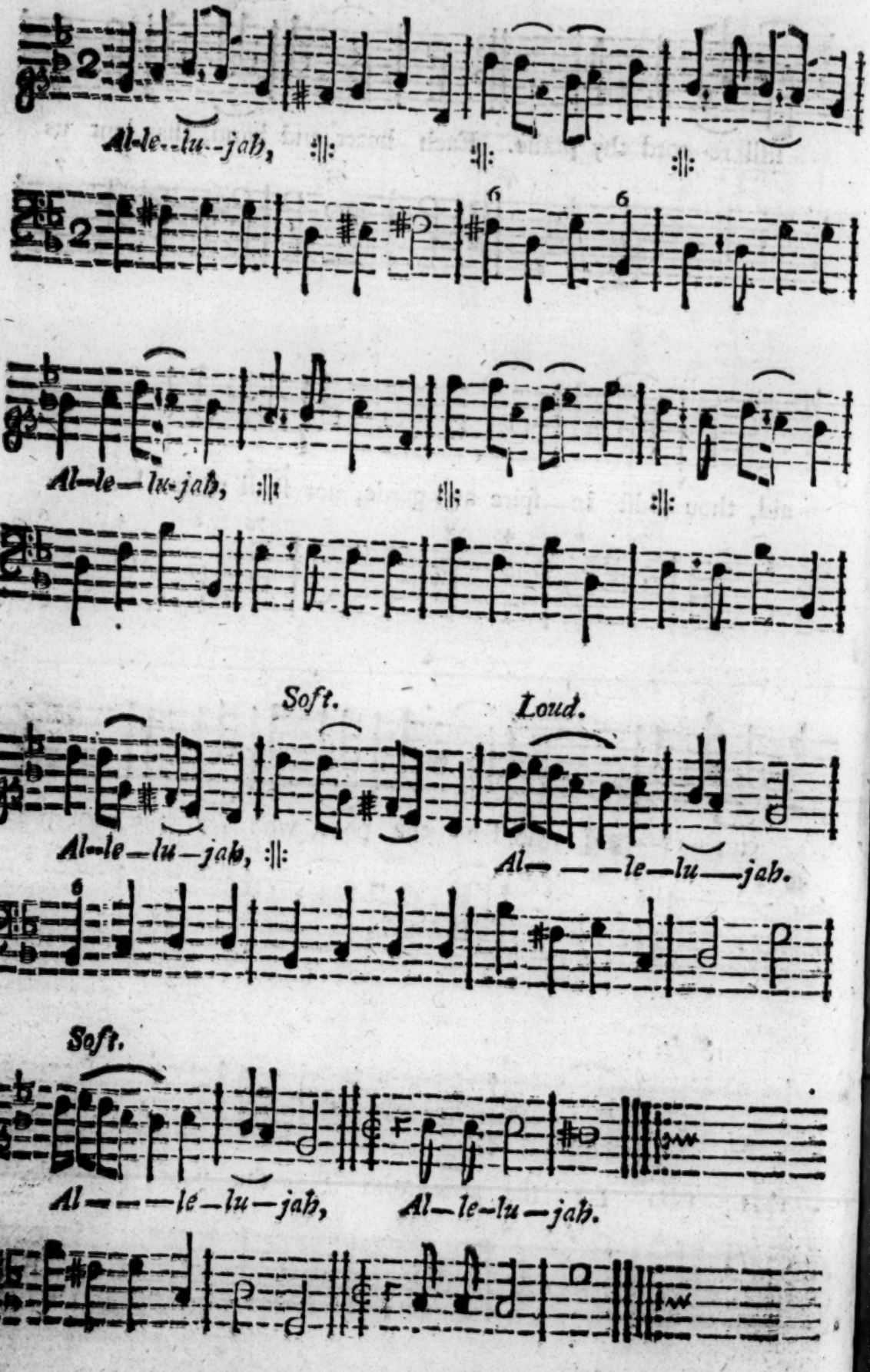
Soft.



—vide; who for the poor, who for the poor pro--vide.

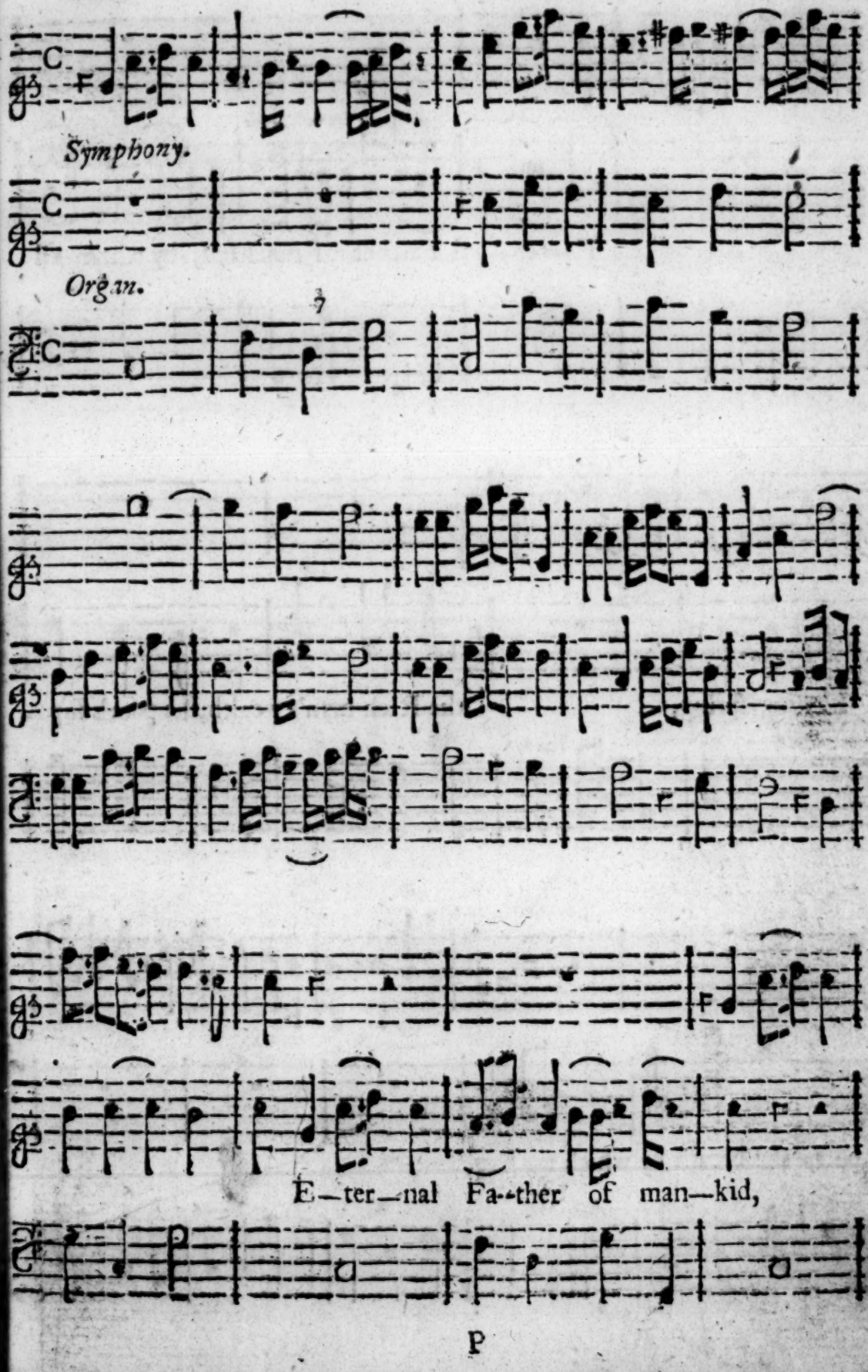


CHORUS. Continued.



An ANTHEM *with a Symphony, Set by* Dr. Croft.

Slow.



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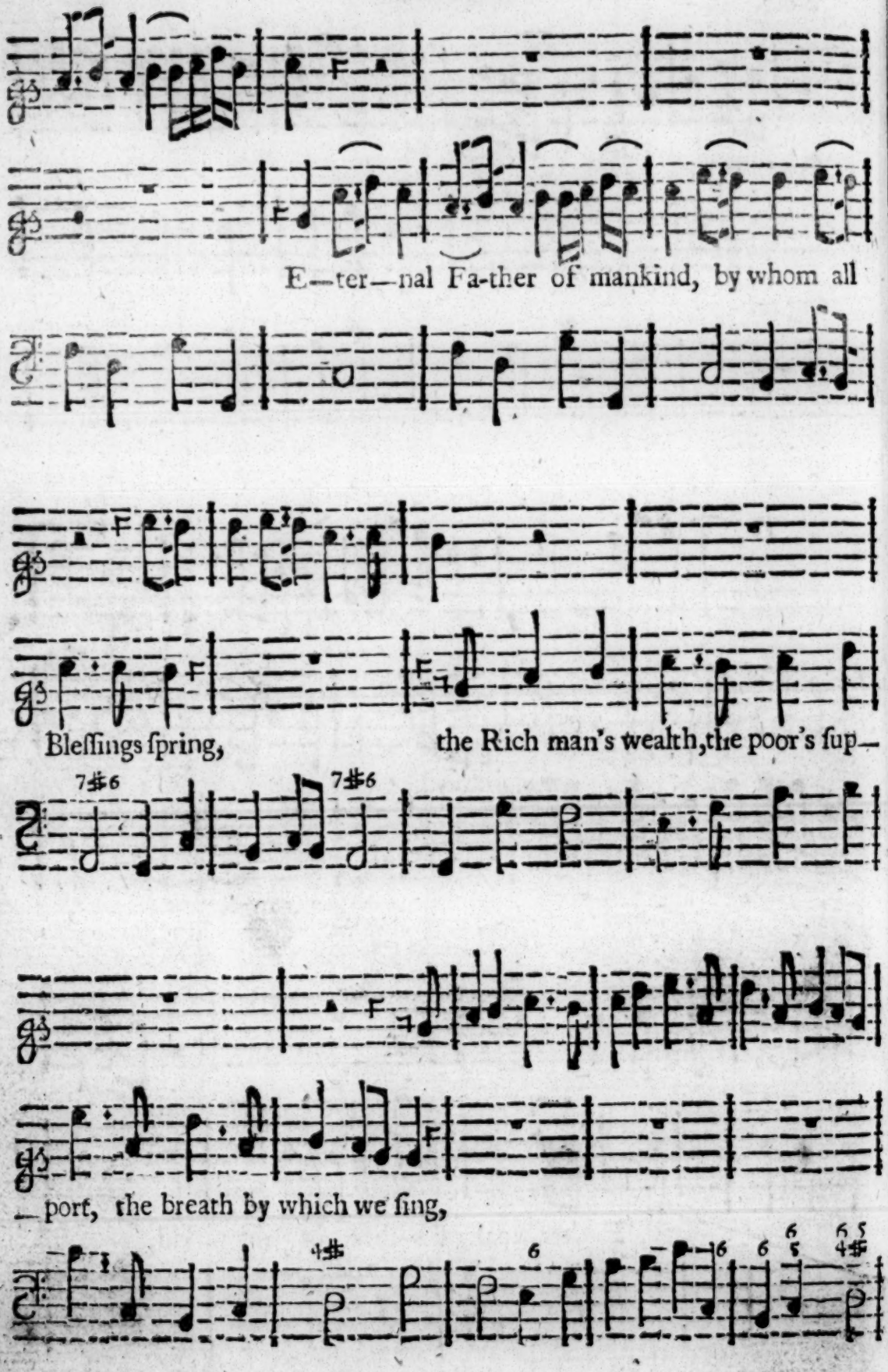
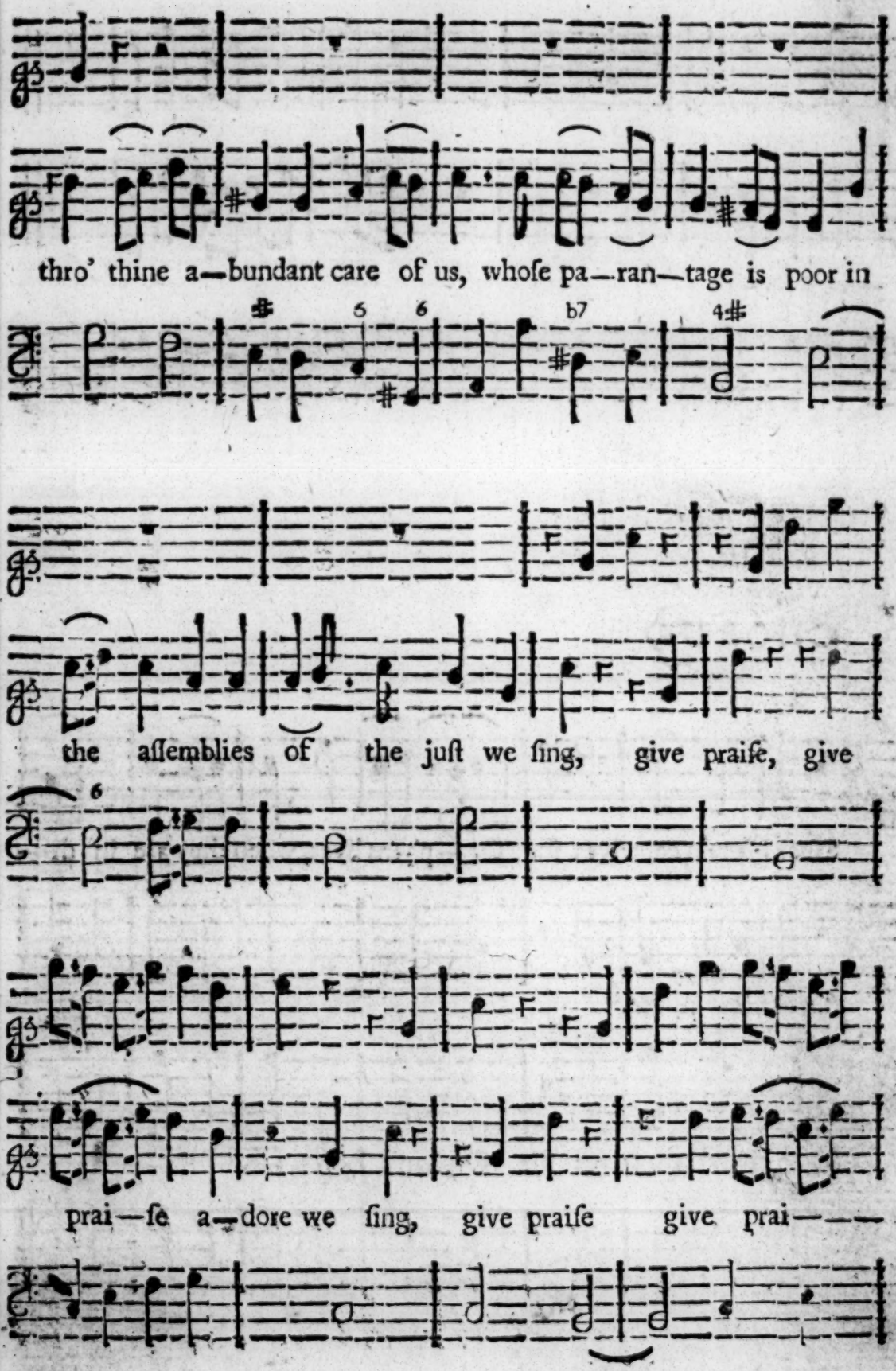
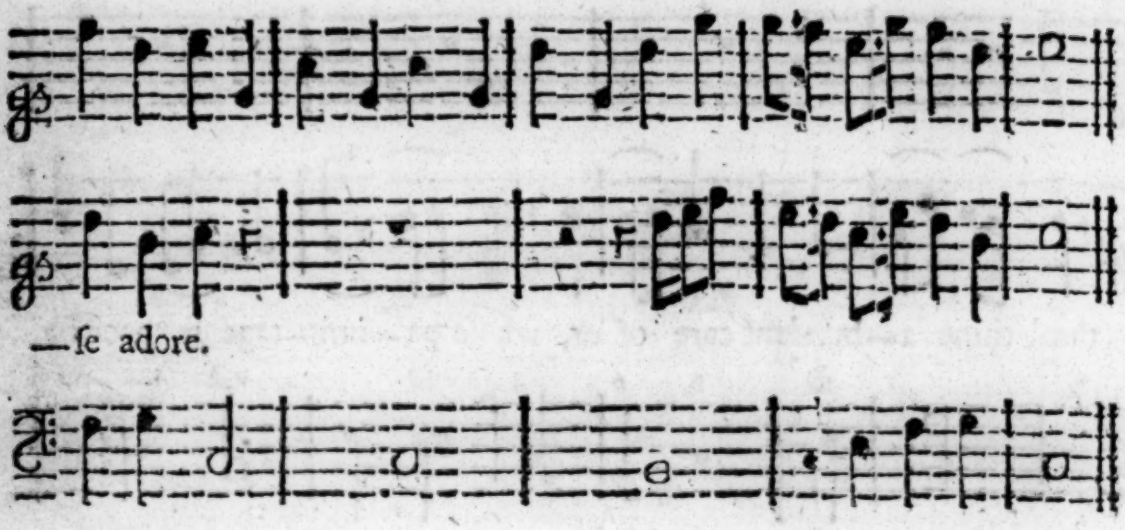

E—ter—nal Fa-ther of mankind, by whom all
Bleſſings ſpring,
the Rich man's wealth, the poor's ſup—
—port, the breath by which we ſing,

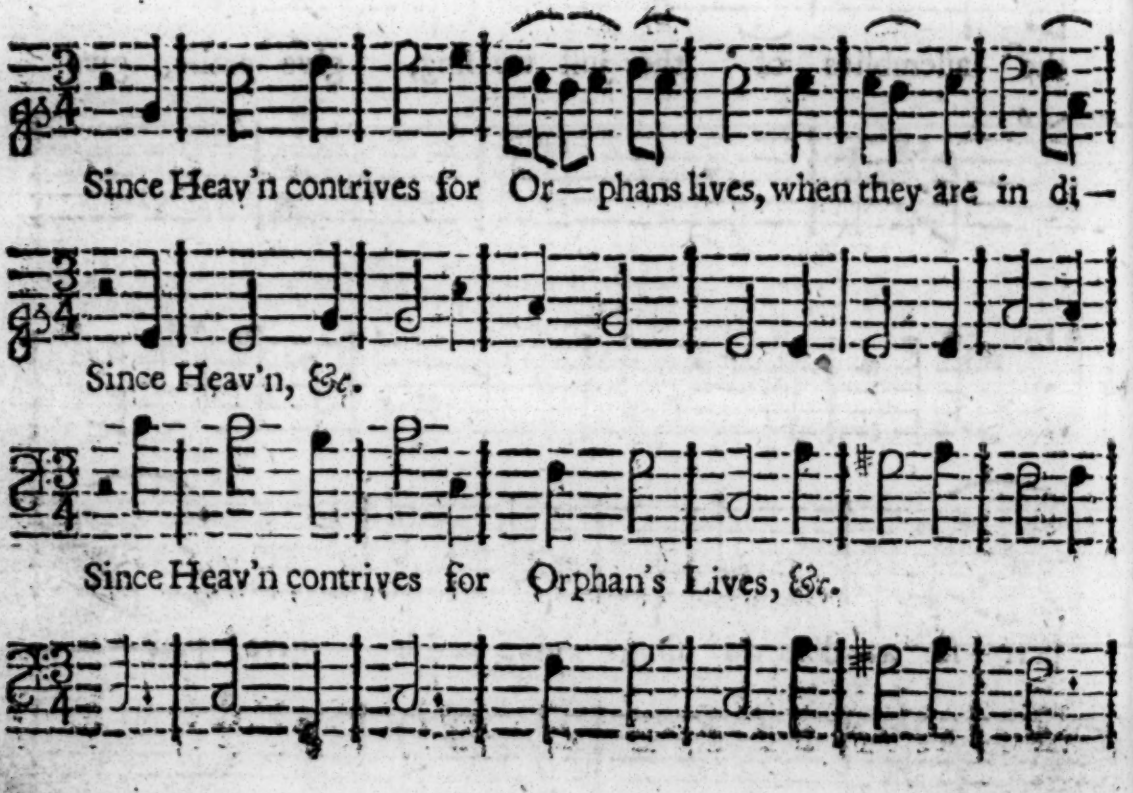
Continued.


thro' thine a—bundant care of us, whoſe pa—ran—tage is poor in
the aſſemblies of the juſt we ſing, give praiſe, give
prai—ſe a—dore we ſing, give praiſe give prai———

Continued.



CHORUS.



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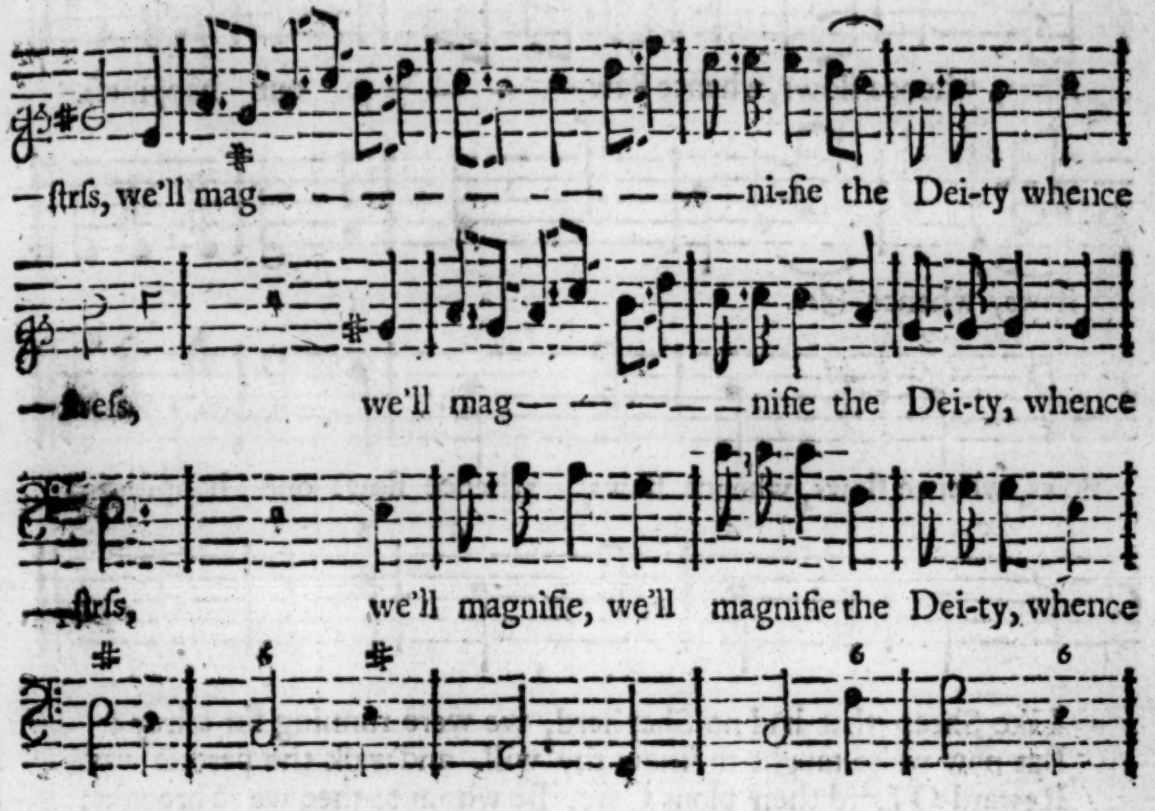
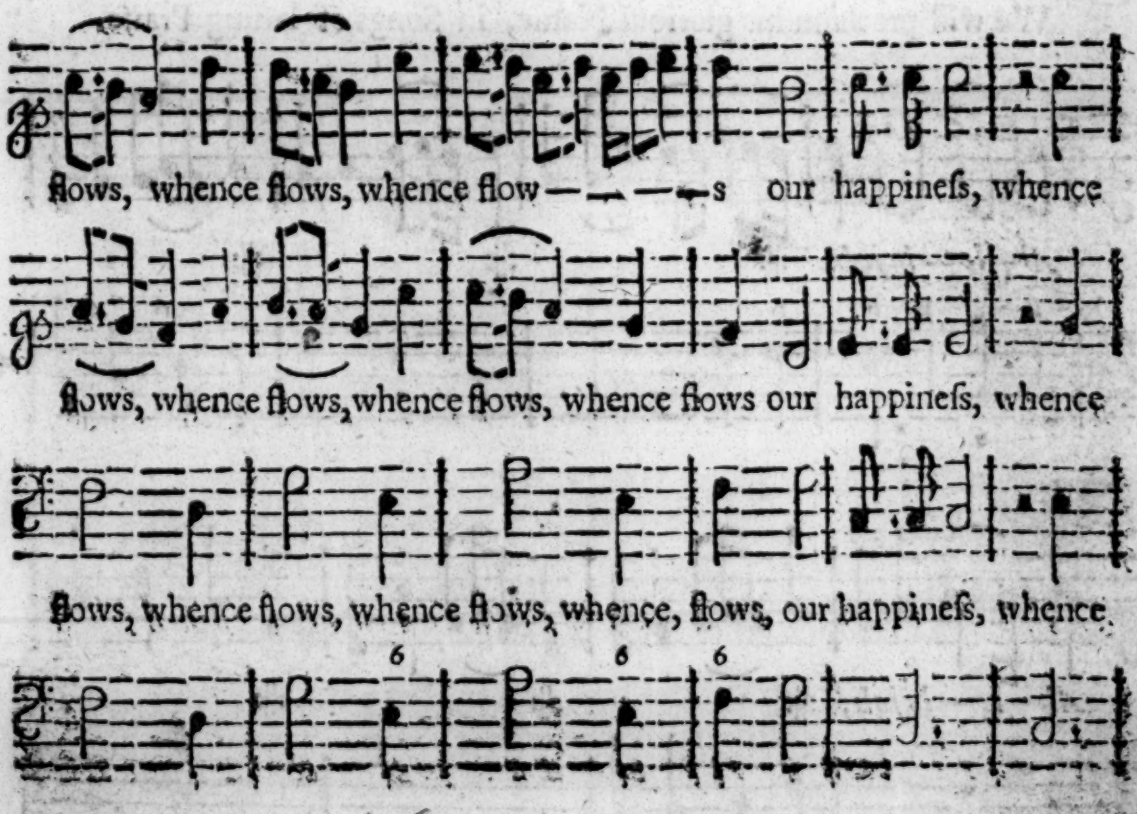
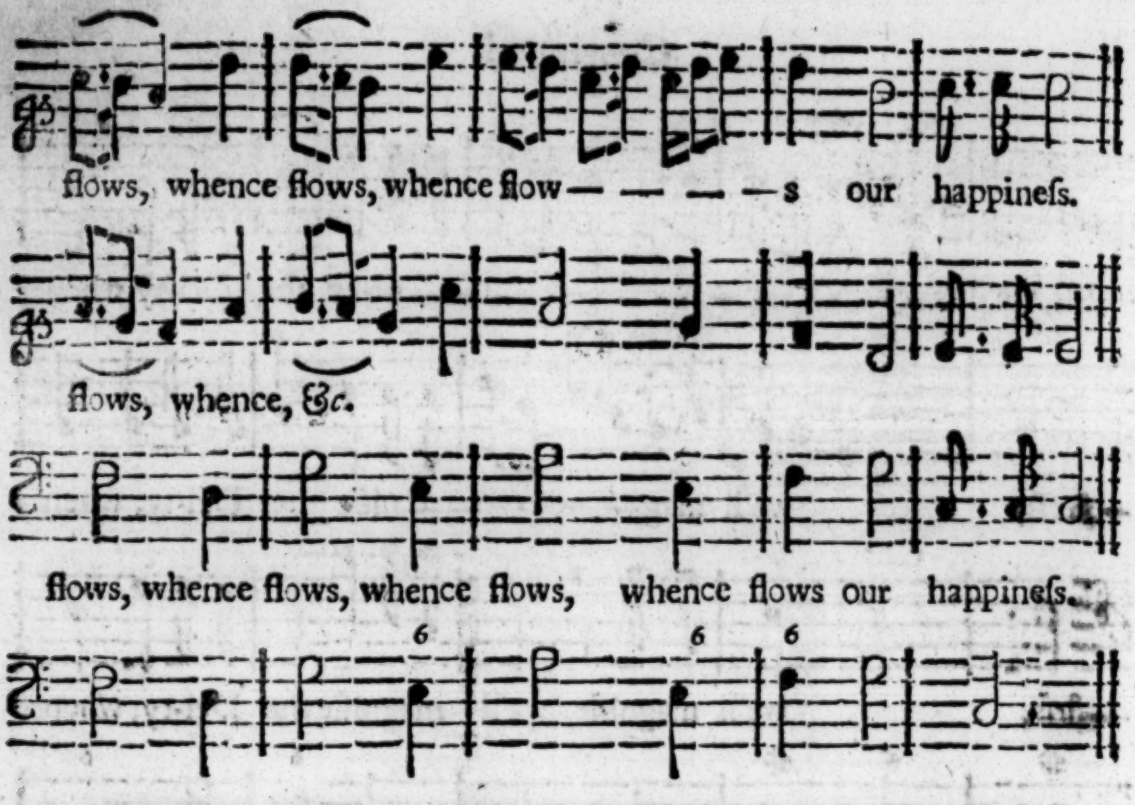
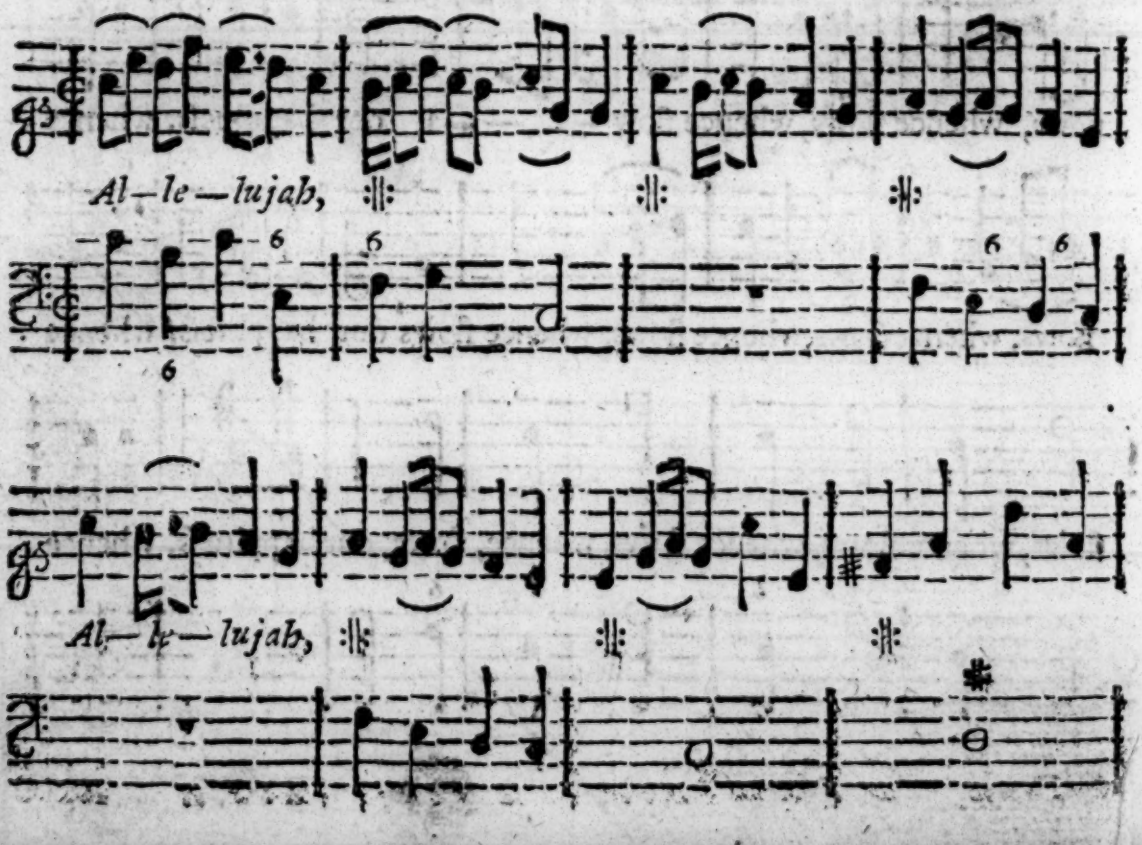

—ſtrſs, we'll mag— —ni-ſie the Dei-ty whence
—ſtrſs, we'll mag— —nifie the Dei-ty, whence
—ſtrſs, we'll magnifie, we'll magnifie the Dei-ty, whence


flows, whence flows, whence flow— —s our happineſs, whence
flows, whence flows, whence flows, whence flows our happineſs, whence
flows, whence flows, whence flows, whence, flows, our happineſs, whence



Like Sheep that had no Shepherd, we were running far aſtray;
But now we're taught to know thy will, and walk the perfect way.
Reward O Lord their pious Care, By whom to thee we're brought;
Guard them with ſpecial grace, by whom we're fed and taught.

Cho. Since God above in tender Love, for us ſuch Helps did raiſe;
We will proclaim his glorious Name, in Songs of laſting Praiſe.



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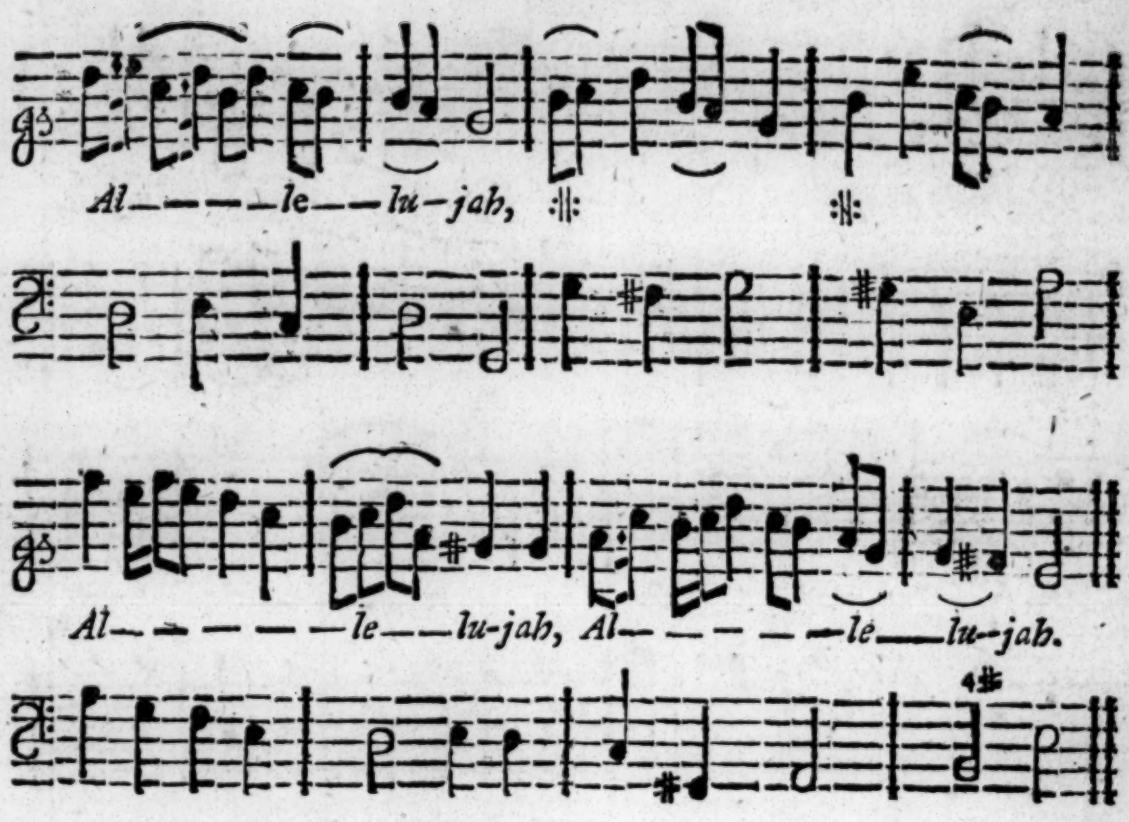
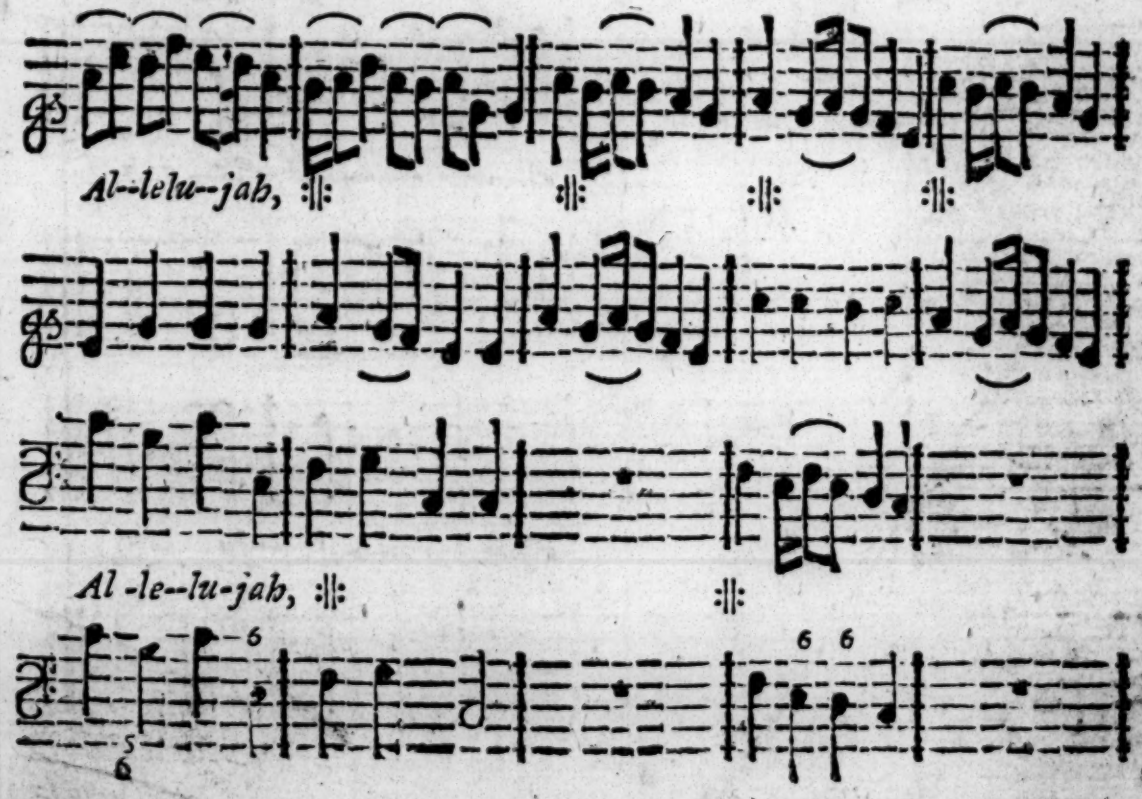


CHORUS.



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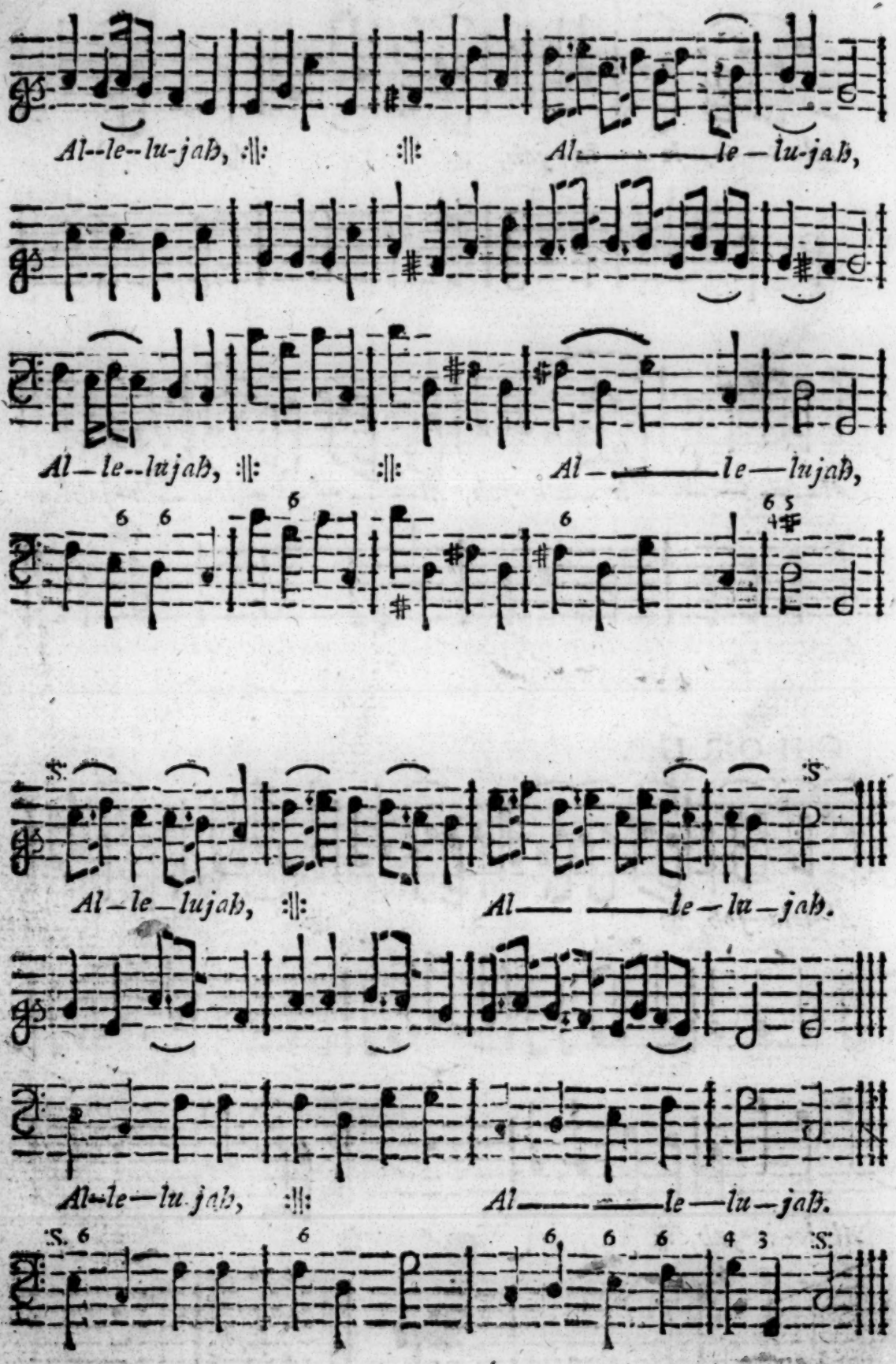
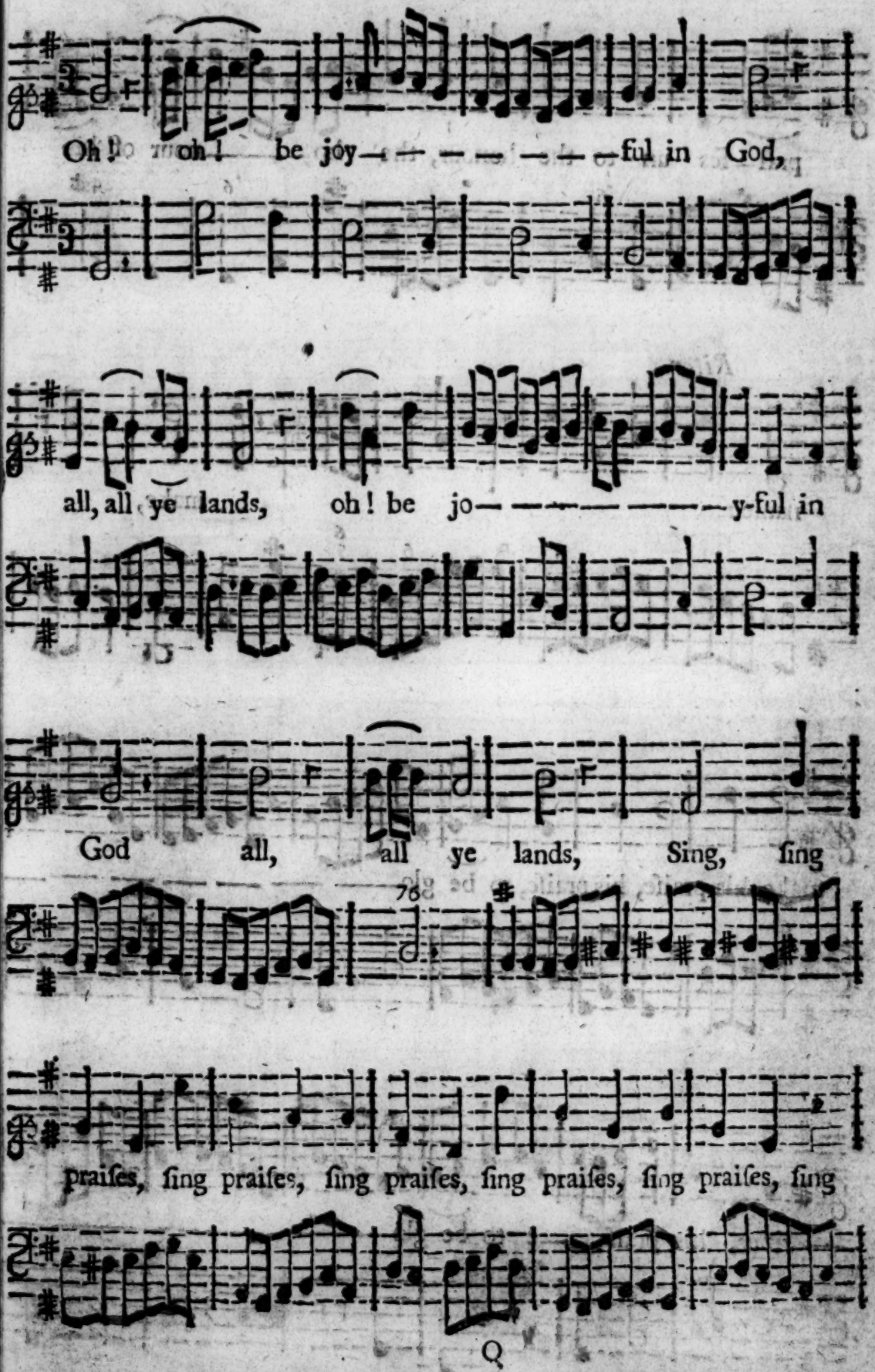

Al--le--lu-jah, :||: :||: Al——le—lu-jah,
Al—le--lujah, :||: :||: Al——le—lujah,
Al—le—lujah, :||: Al——le—lu—jah.
Al-le—lu-jah, :||: Al——le—lu—jah.

An ANTHEM *taken out of the* 100 Pſalm.



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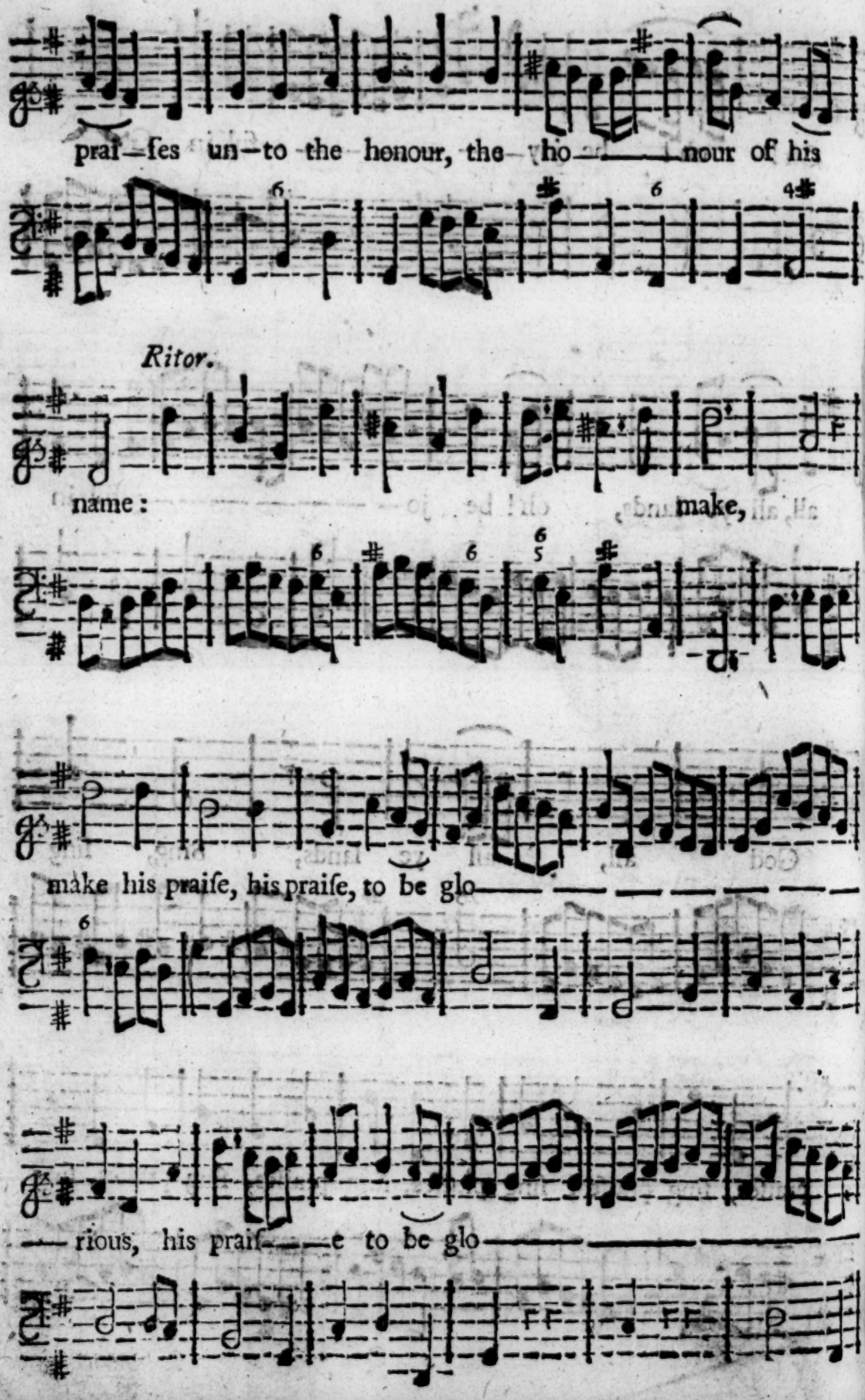
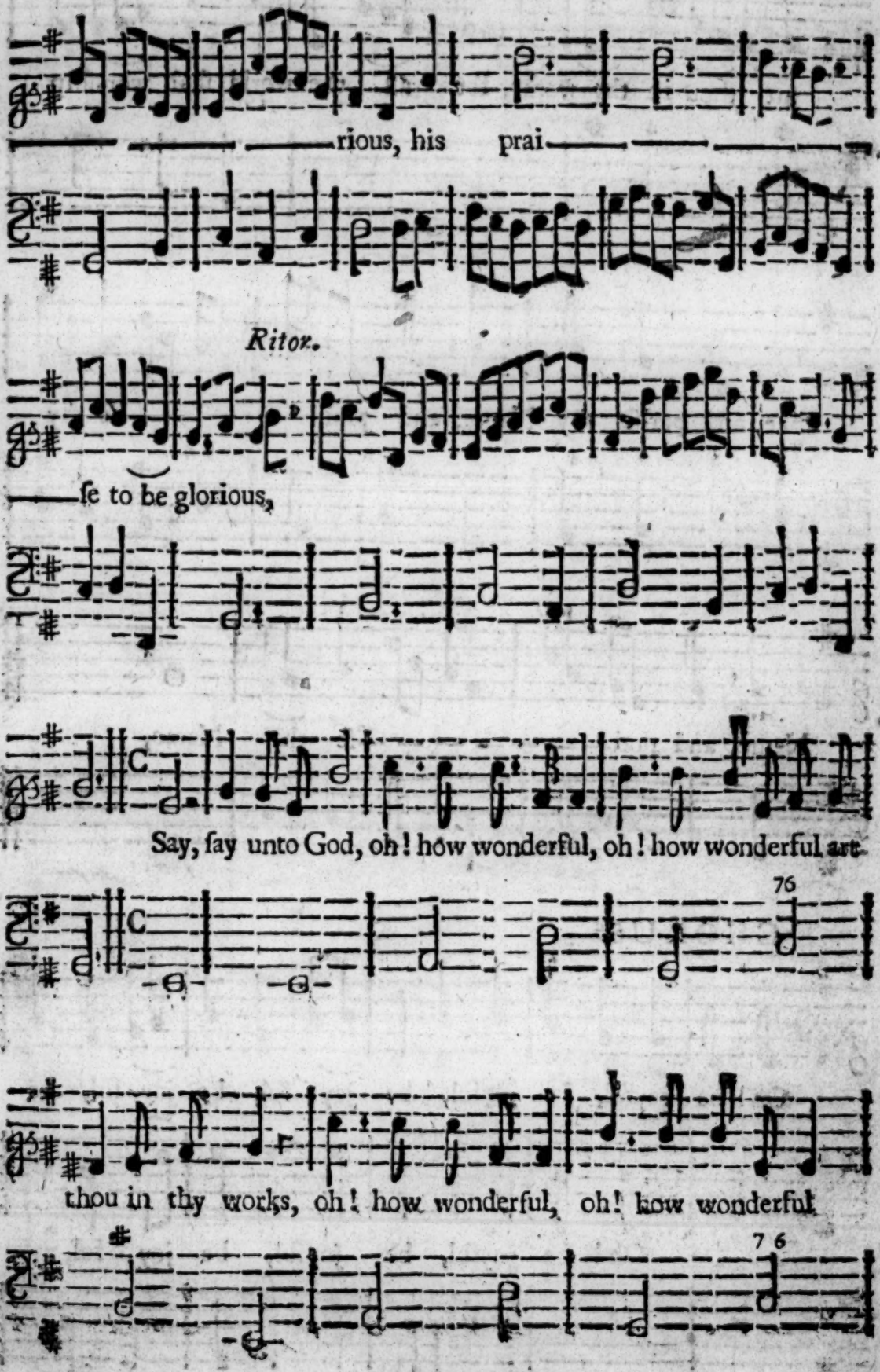
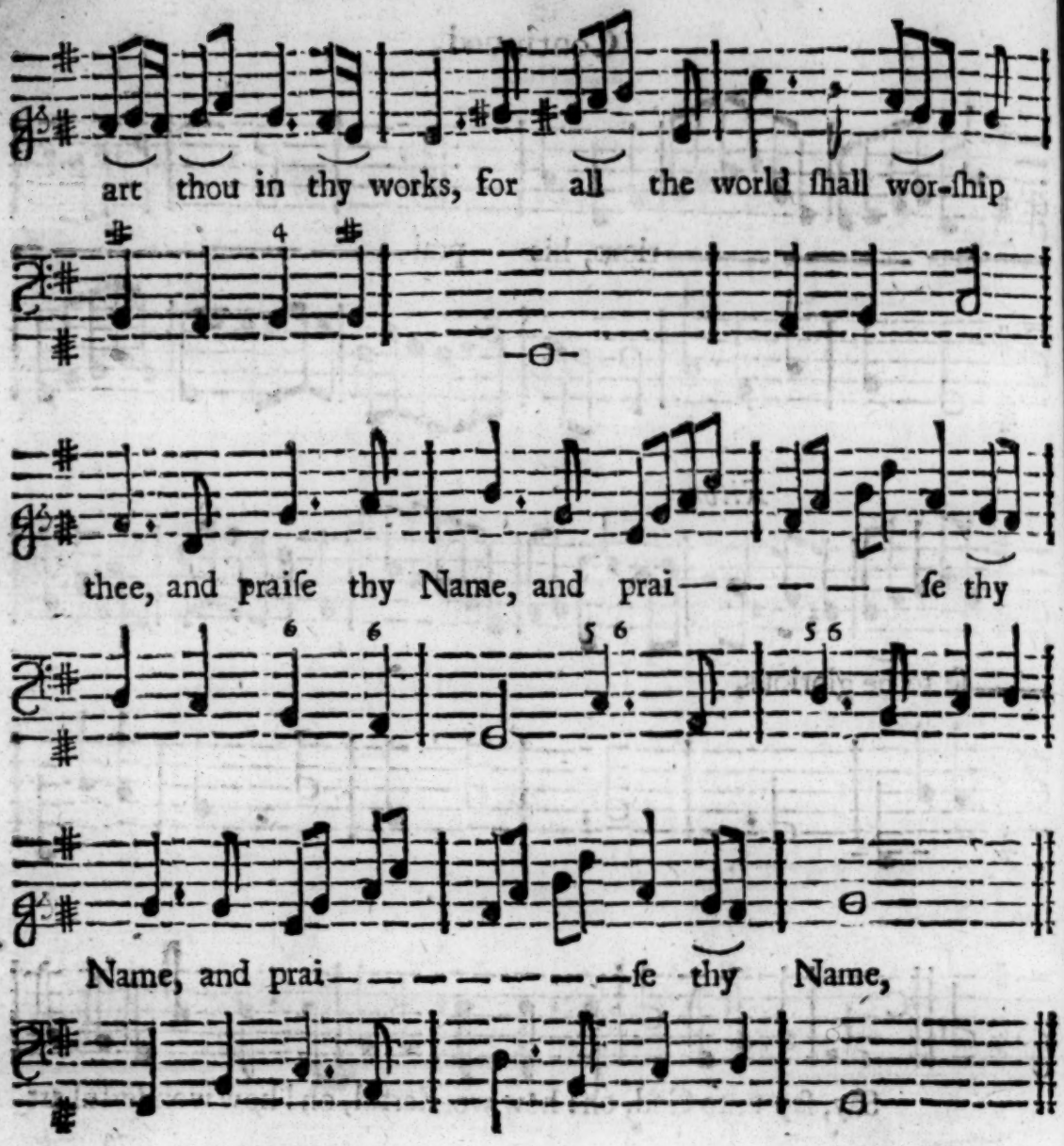
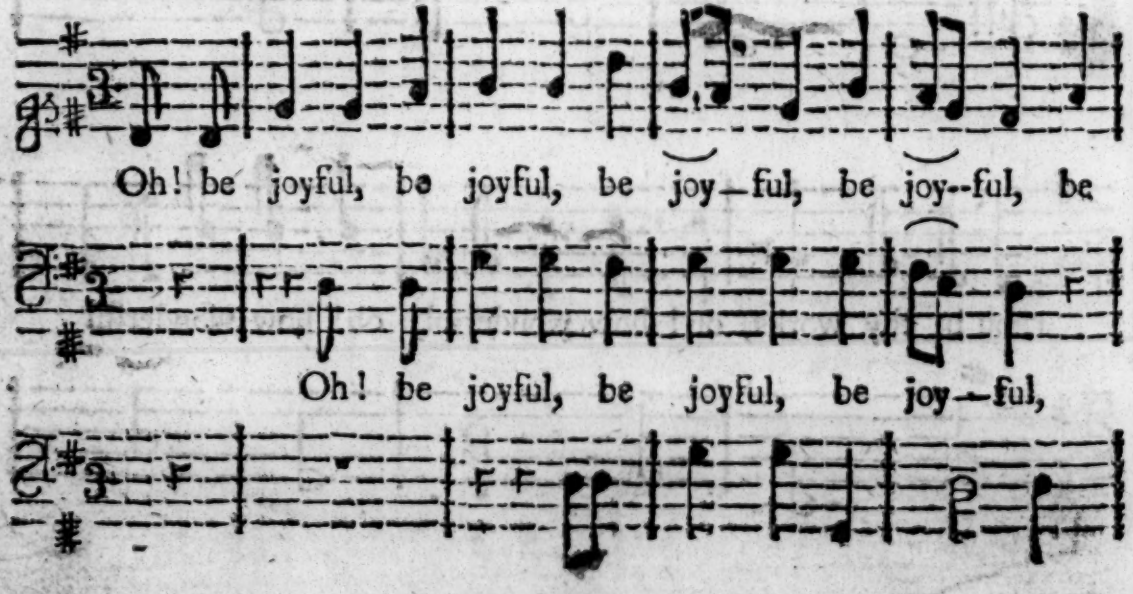

praiſes unto the honour, the honour of his
Ritor.
name:
make,
make his praiſe, his praiſe, to be glo
rious, his praiſe to be glo

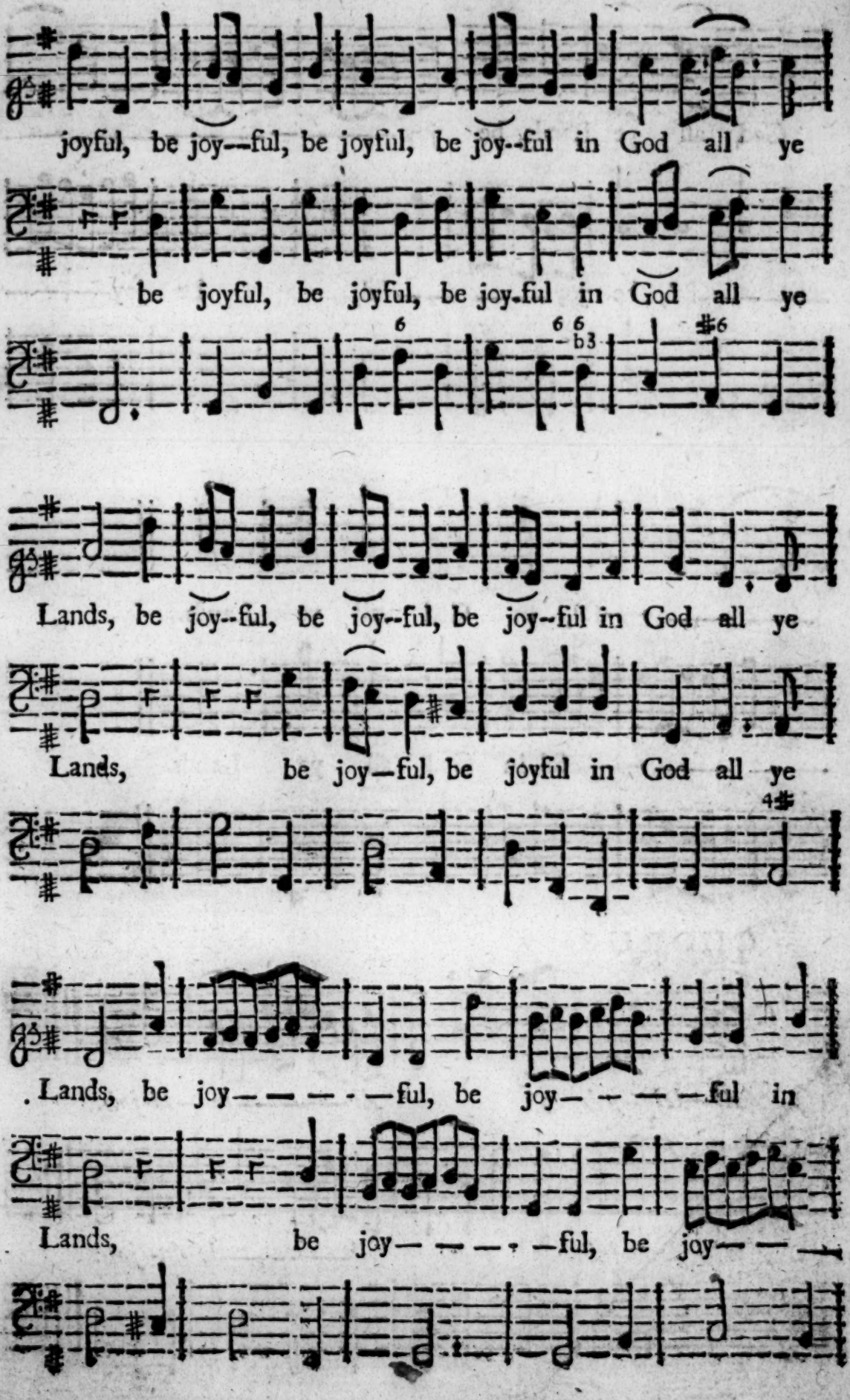
Continued.

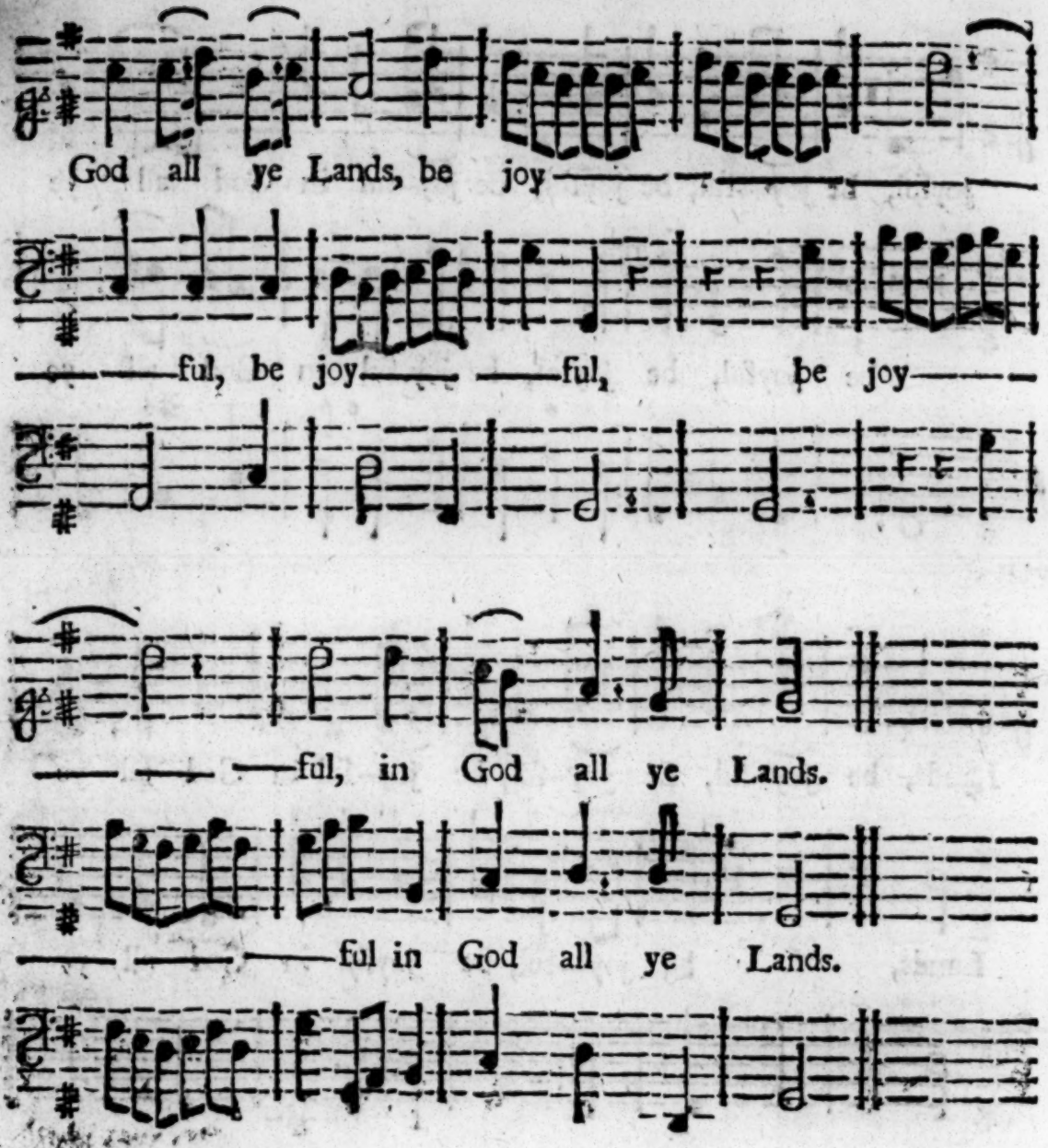

rious, his prai
Ritor.
se to be glorious,
Say, say unto God, oh! how wonderful, oh! how wonderful art
76
thou in thy works, oh! how wonderful, oh! how wonderful
7 6


art thou in thy works, for all the world ſhall wor-ſhip
thee, and praiſe thy Name, and prai——ſe thy
Name, and prai——ſe thy Name,

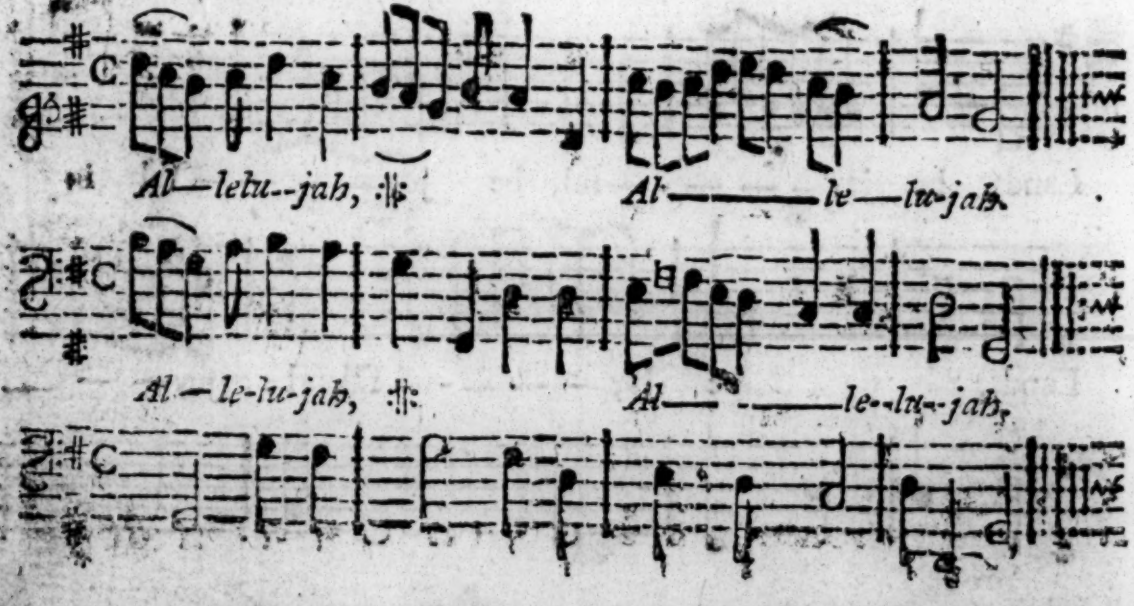
CHORUS.


Oh! be joyful, be joyful, be joy—ful, be joy--ful, be
Oh! be joyful, be joyful, be joy—ful,

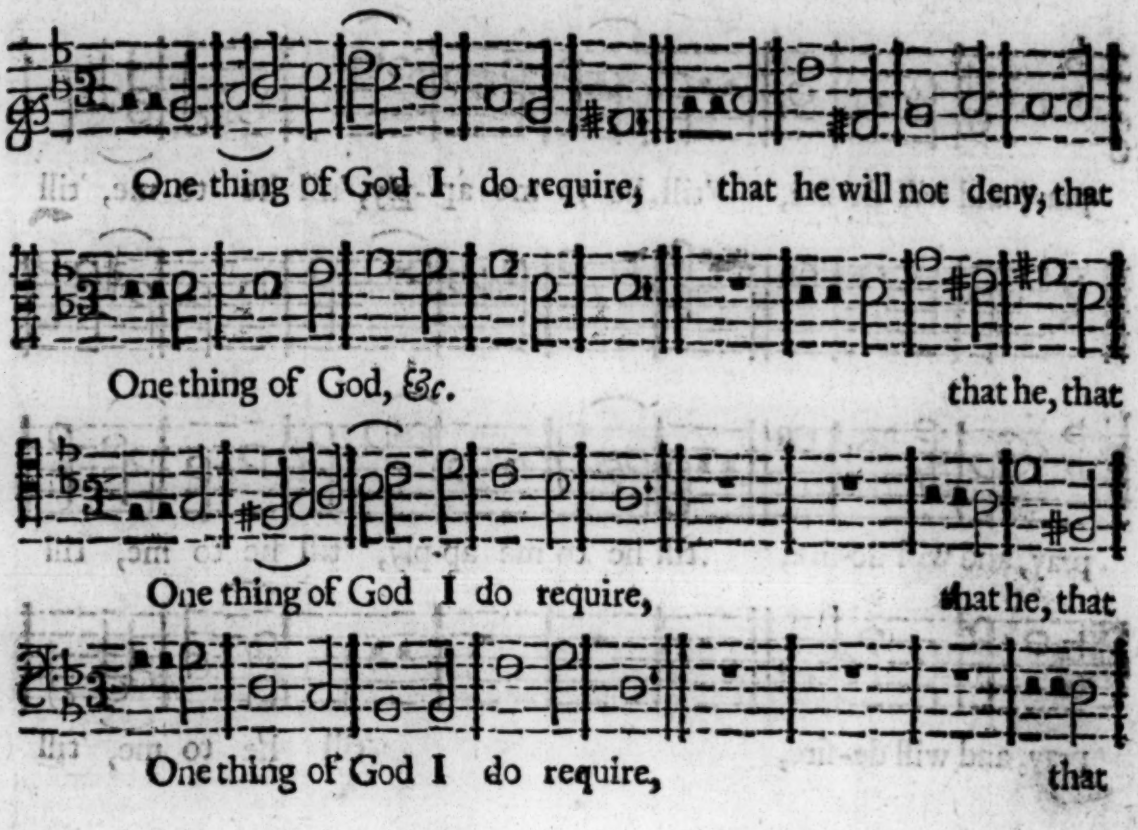

joyful, be joy--ful, be joyful, be joy--ful in God all ye
be joyful, be joyful, be joy-ful in God all ye
Lands, be joy--ful, be joy--ful, be joy--ful in God all ye
Lands, be joy—ful, be joyful in God all ye
Lands, be joy— — — — —ful, be joy— — — —ful in
Lands, be joy— — — — —ful, be joy— — —


God all ye Lands, be joy
ful, be joy ful, be joy
ful, in God all ye Lands.
ful in God all ye Lands.

CHORUS.


Al—lelu--jah, Al le—lu-jah.
Al—le-lu-jah, Al le--lu--jah.

Pſalm 27, *Set by the Reverend Mr.* A. Bedford, *for four Voices,*



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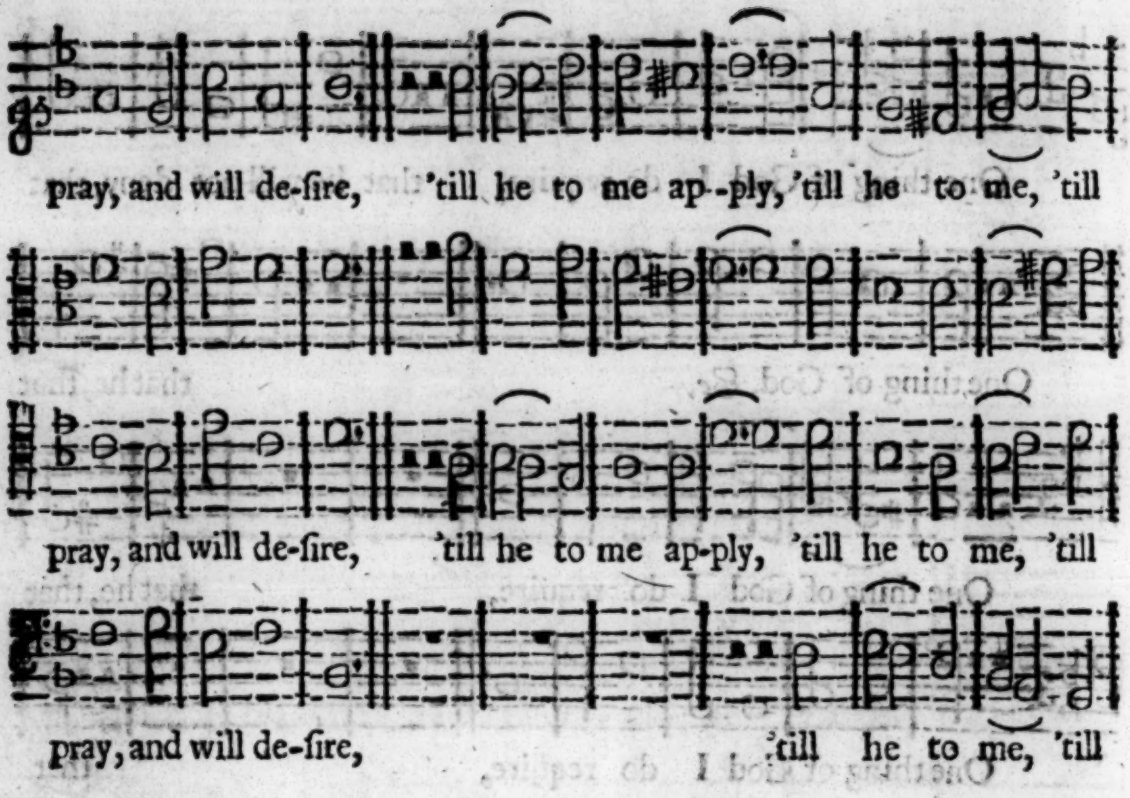
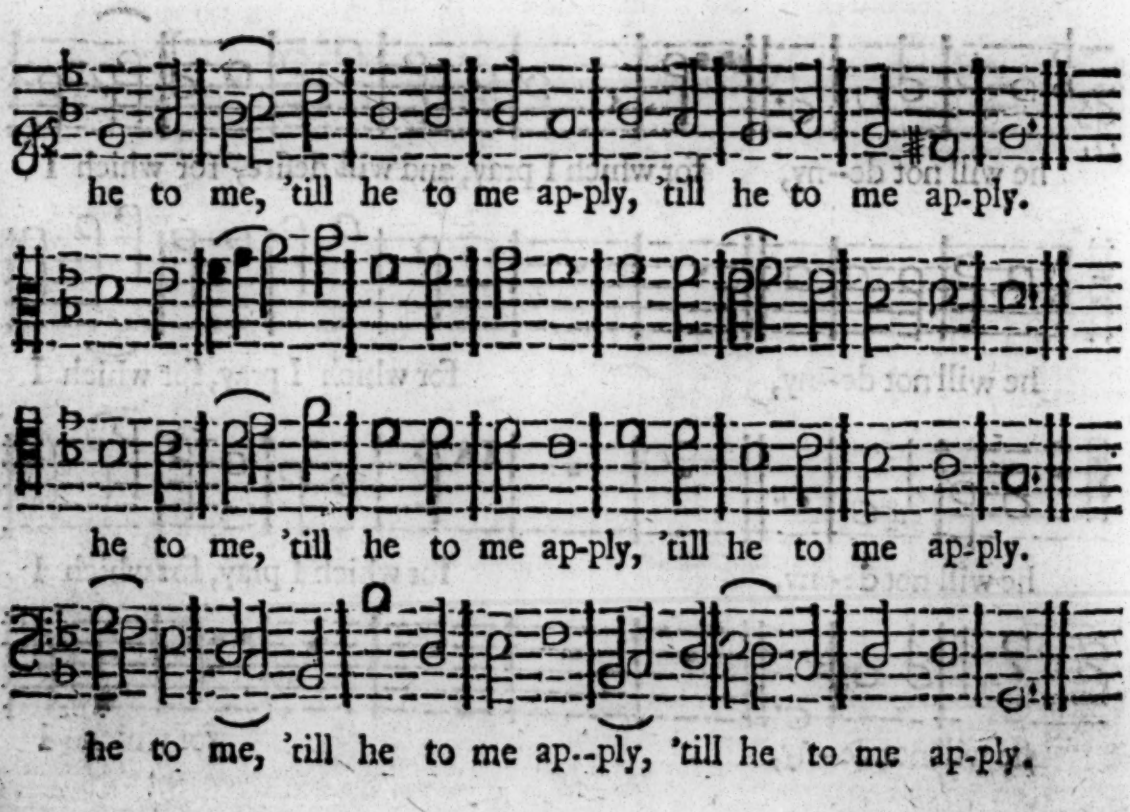
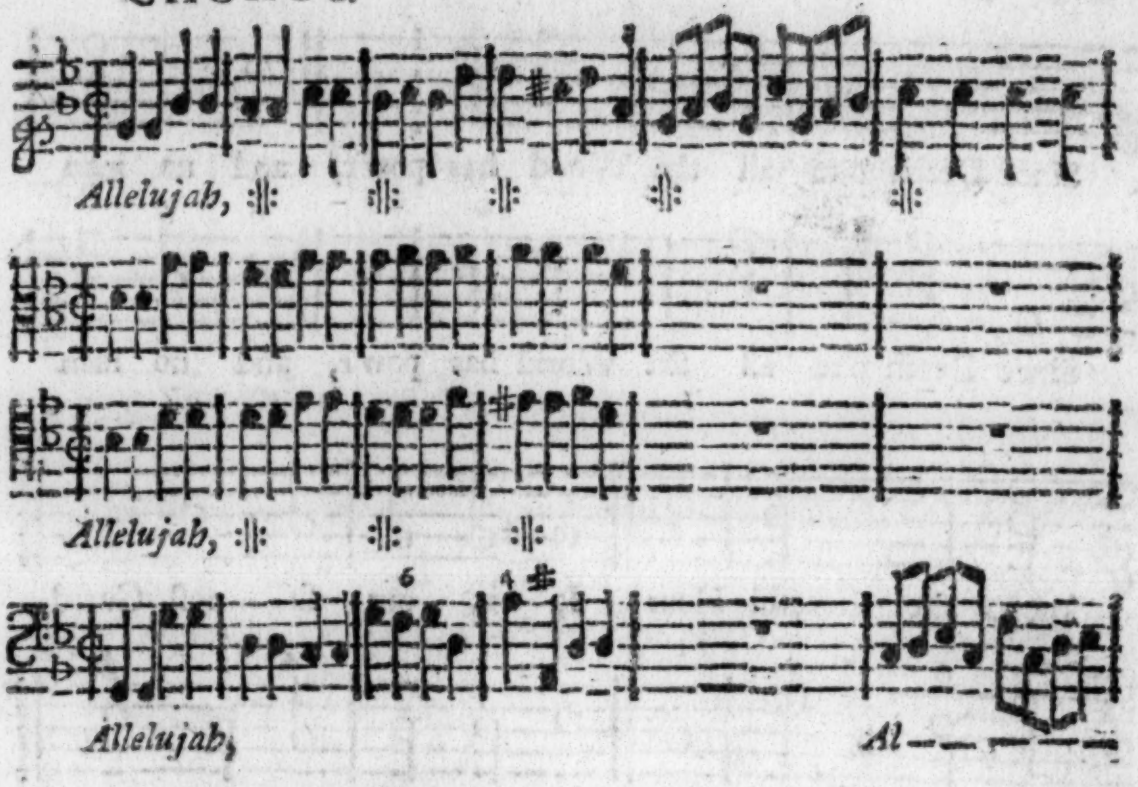

pray, and will de-ſire, 'till he to me ap--ply, 'till he to me, 'till
pray, and will de-ſire, 'till he to me ap-ply, 'till he to me, 'till
pray, and will de-ſire, 'till he to me, 'till

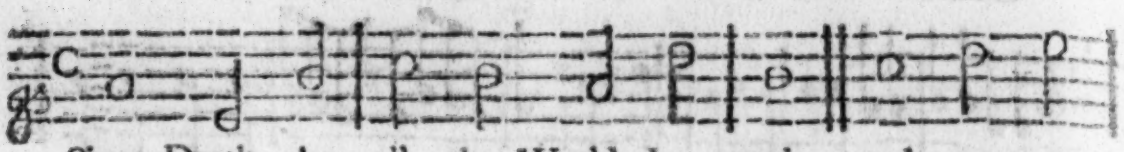

he to me, 'till he to me ap-ply, 'till he to me ap-ply.
he to me, 'till he to me ap-ply, 'till he to me ap-ply.
he to me, 'till he to me ap--ply, 'till he to me ap-ply.

Continued.

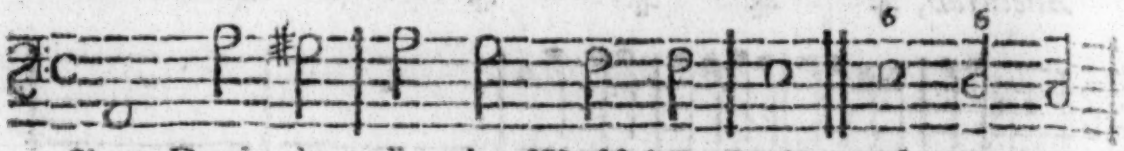
CHORUS.



A Funeral HYMM *Set by Mr.* William Turner.

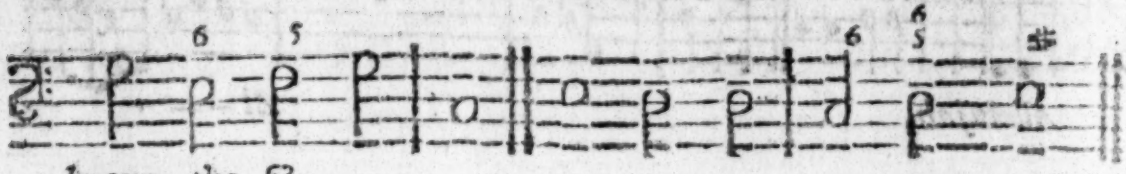


Since Death o're all the World has pow'r, and no man

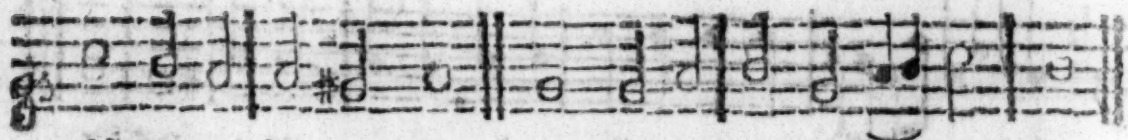


Since Death o're all the World has pow'r, and no man

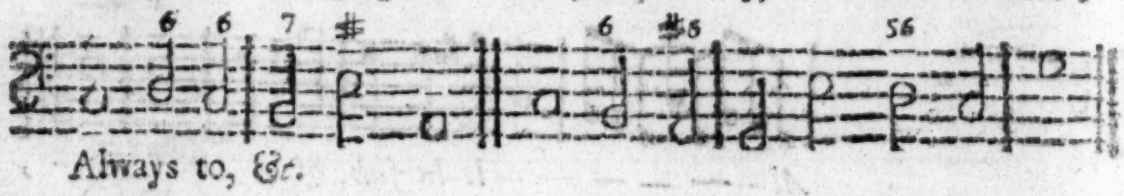
knows the dreadful Hour; It is our ſu——reſt Guard,



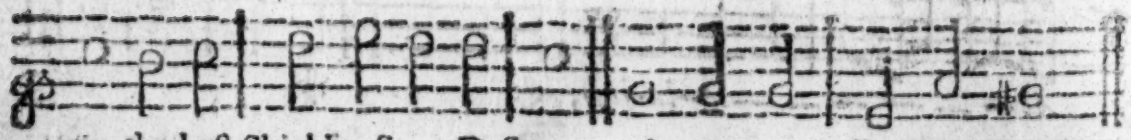
knows the, &c.



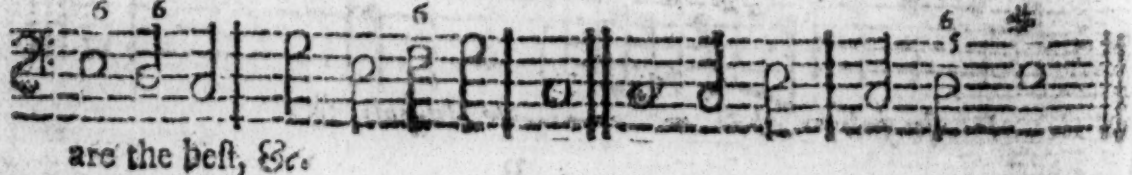
Always to be prepar'd: Love, Pi—e—ty, and In—no—cence,



Always to, &c.



are the beſt Shields of our Defence; A true re——li—gious Breaſt,



are the beſt, &c.

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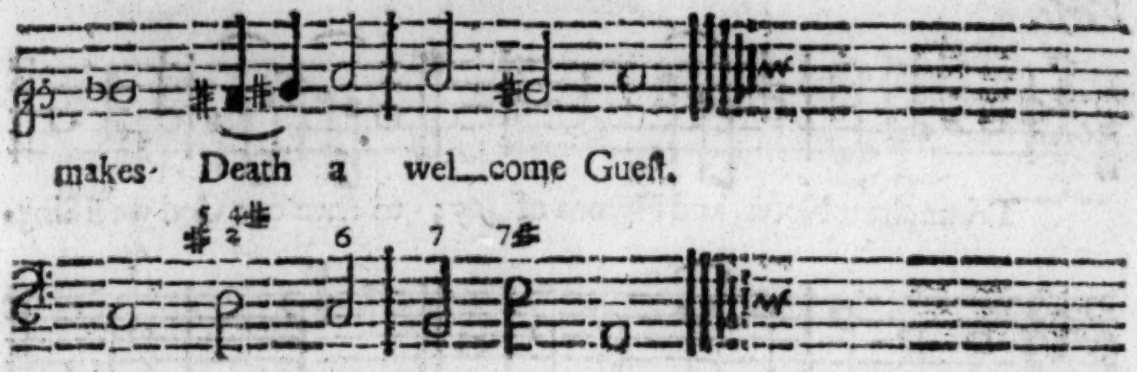


The Rich, the Poor, the Wiſe, the Great, are deſtin'd all to bow to Fate;
The Tyrant and the Slave, are equal in the Grave:
No golden Sums can purchaſe Breath; No pow'r reſtrain the hand of Death;
But his to whom we owe, all we enjoy below.

The upright Chriſtian never fears, the Length or Shortneſs of his Years;
But lives as if he ſaw, next Hour he ſhould withdraw,
From worldly Vanities to find, thoſe everlaſting Joys, deſign'd
By Heaven for all that know, and do God's Will below.

Death's only terrible to thoſe, whoſe Sins exclude that ſweet Repoſe;
Which from good Actions flow, the beſt of Fruits below;
The happy Tree that bears them ſound, and rooted well in Holy Ground;
Brings Honour to the Name, of God that Prunes the ſame.

But he who leads a wicked Life, is always with himſelf at ſtrife;
He knows he hath incurr'd, the Anger of the Lord;
And void of Hope, expects to feel, the Torments of a future Hell;
To puniſh him as ſoon, as Time ſhall mow him down.

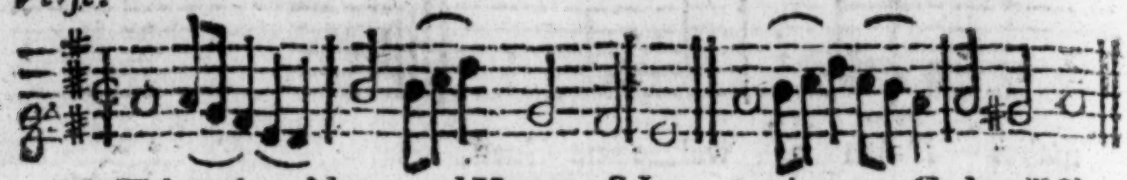
This makes the Sinner dread the Stroke of Death, and tremble at the ſhock
Of Sickneſs; e'er he dies, when he deſpairing lyes,
And with a ſinking Soul reflects, on his paſt Follies and Neglects;
And wiſhes, when too late, he could ſuſpend his Fate,

And but a little Time might gain, to eaſe his Conſcience of his Pain;
Which his paſt Life Creates, when Death in triumph waits;
To give the laſt Tremendous Blow, That ſends him to Eternal Woe;
Where none can interceed, or for his Pardon plead.

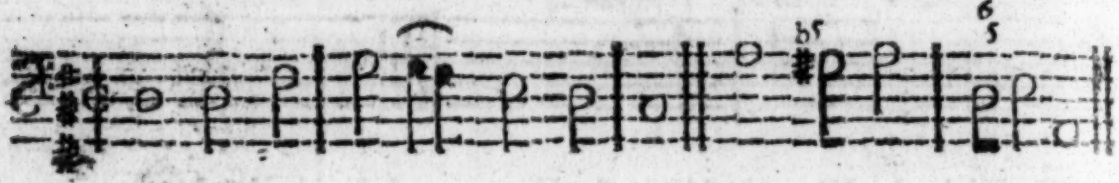
Then whilſt we're healthful, let us pray for Grace, and labour ev'ry Day,
To do what God requires, and curb our looſe Deſires;
For no Man knows how ſoon he may, be chang'd from living Fleſh to Clay;
'Tis only in the pow'r, of God to know the Hour.

An HYMN *for two Voices, Set by Mr.* W. Turner.

Verſe.



Triumphant Notes, and Hymns of Joy; to thee our God we'll Sing,



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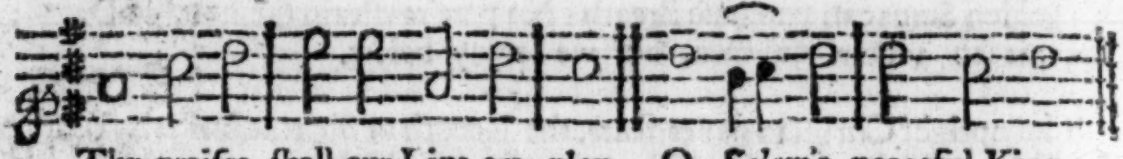
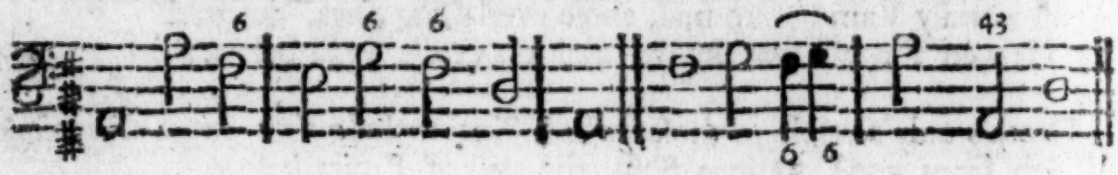
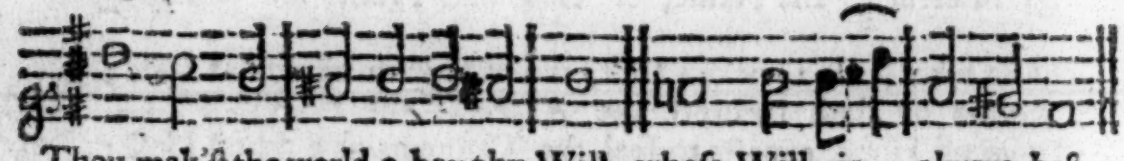


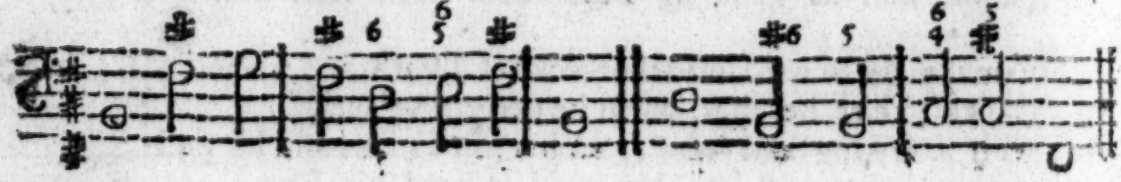
Thy praiſes ſhall our Lips em--ploy, O *Salem*'s peaceful King.



Soft.



Thou mak'ſt the world o-bey thy Will, whoſe Will is always beſt;



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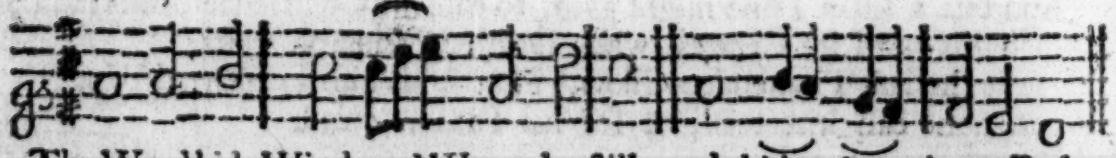
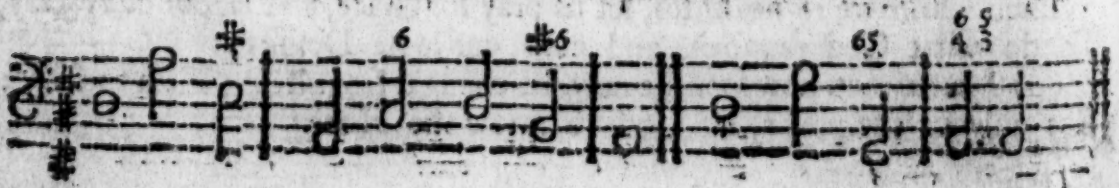


Thy Word bids Winds and Waves be ſtill, and chides them in-to Reſt.



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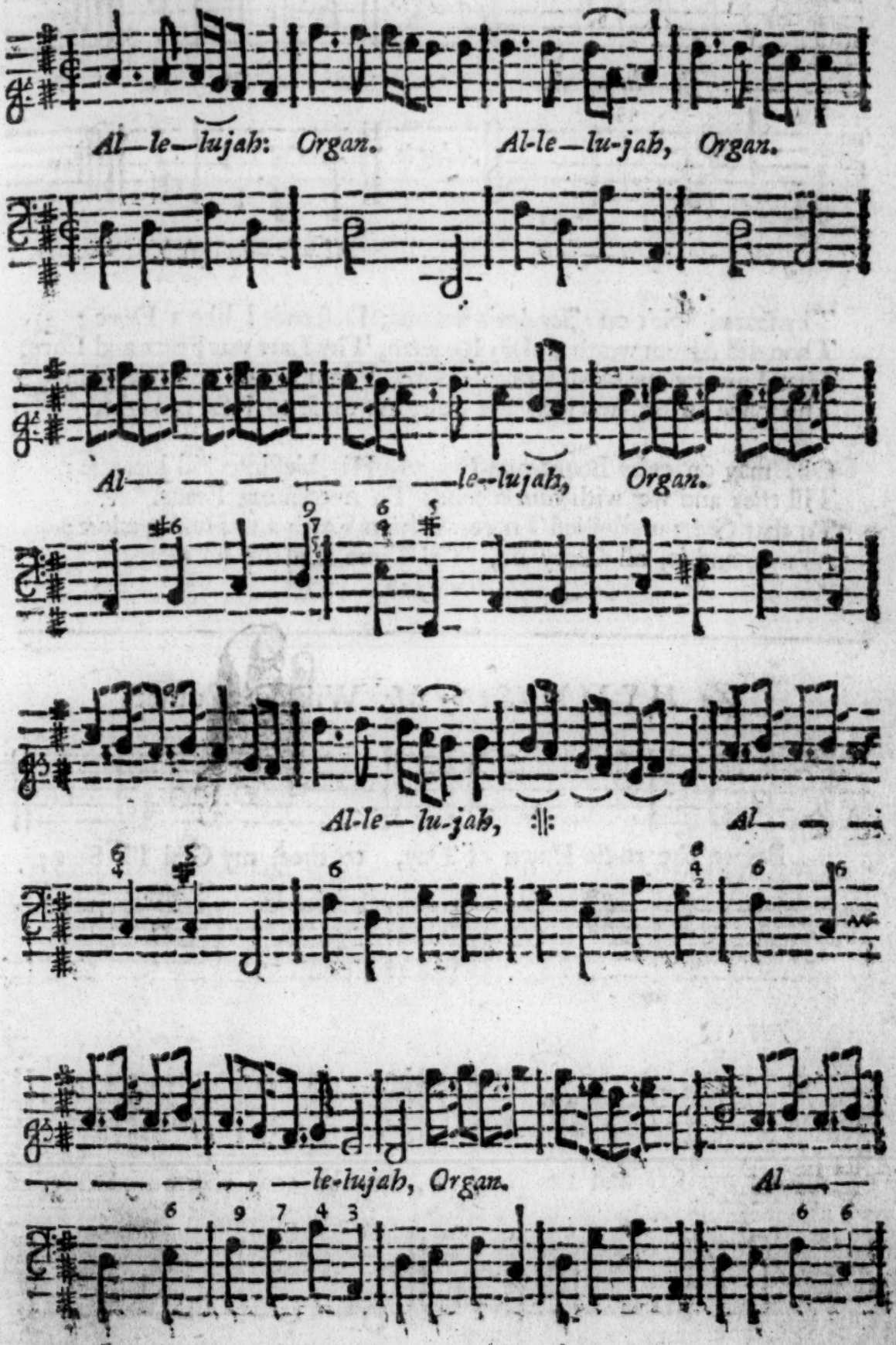
CHORUS.



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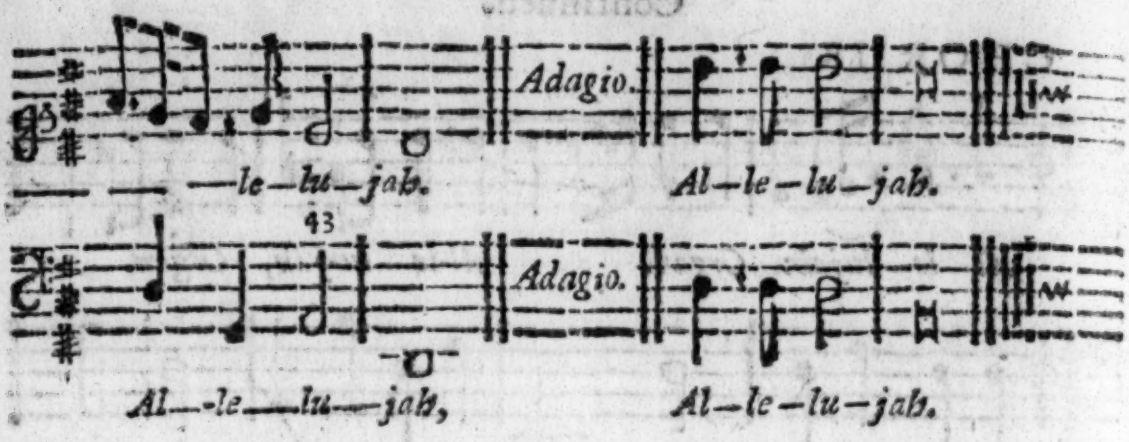
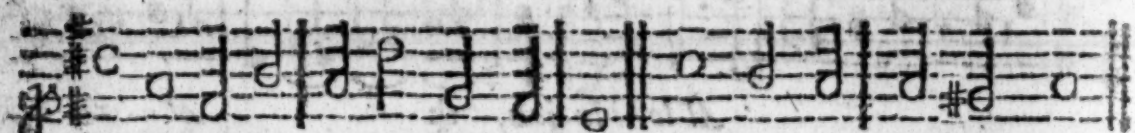


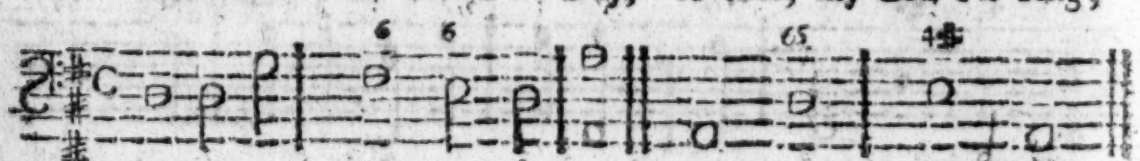
Thy ſacred Spir't on *Jordan*'s ſtreams, Deſcended like a Dove;
Thou did'ſt from wrath and ſin Redeem, Thy Law was Peace and Love.
That Law by our kind Patron's Care, We now are duly Taught;
Tho' once far off, we now are near, As thoſe to Jeſus brought.

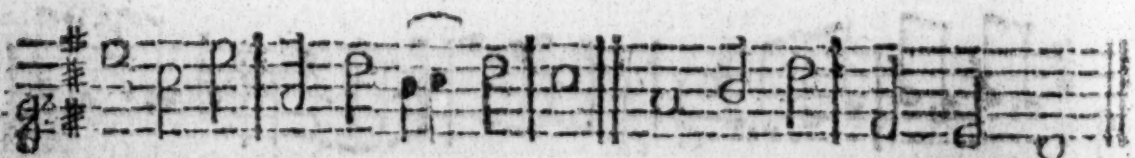
Oh! may on ev'ry Bounteous Friend, His bleſſings ſtill increaſe;
Till they and we with him aſcend, To everlaſting Peace.
To that Great undivided Three, Whom Earth and Heav'n adore;
As was, and is, all Glory be, Till Time ſhall be no more.
Allelujah.

An HYMN *Set by Mr.* William Turner.

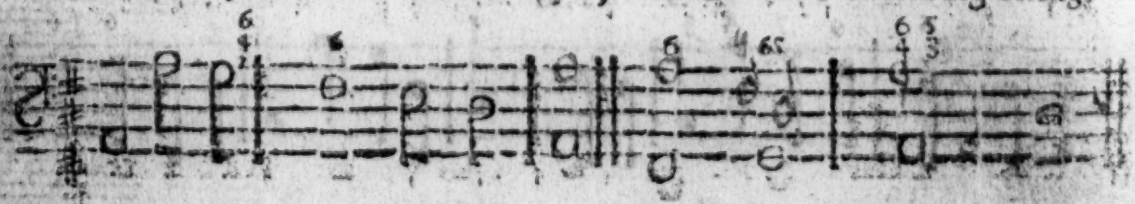


Before the ro-ſie Dawn of Day, to thee, my God I'll Sing;





Awake my ſoft and tuneful Lyre, awake each charming String.



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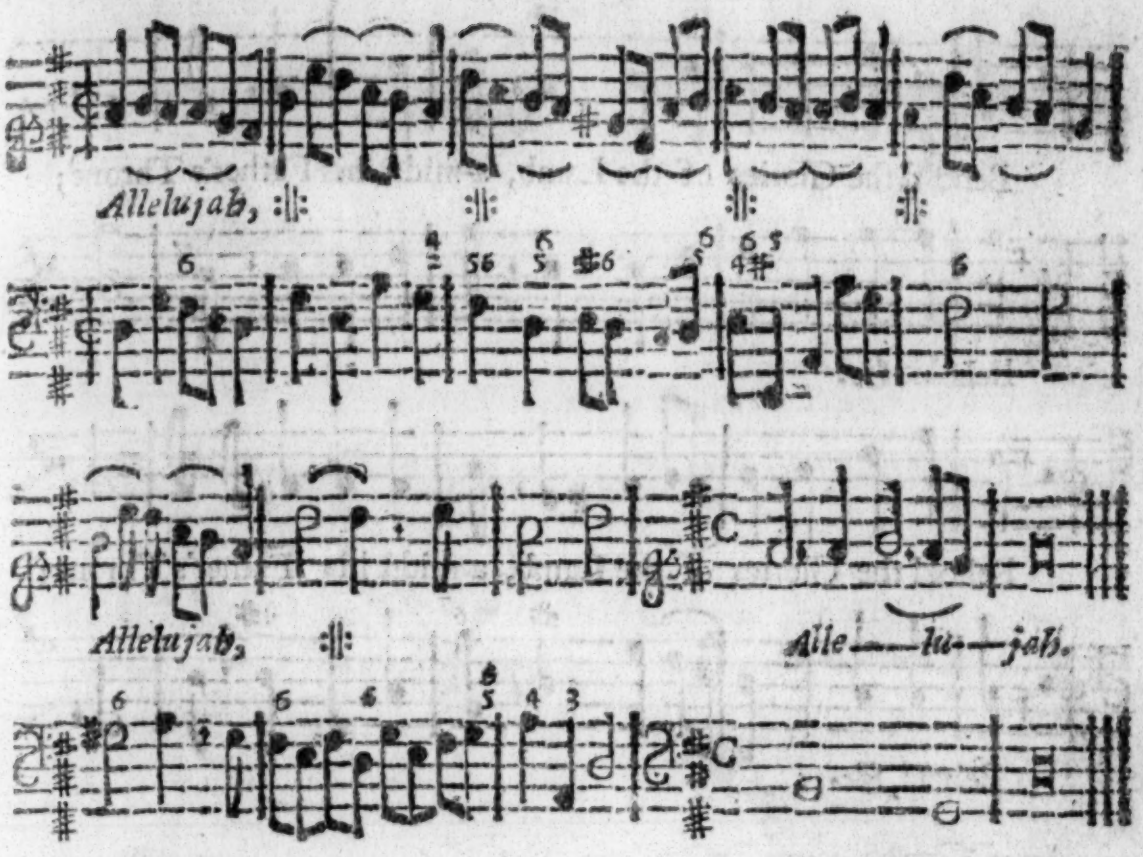
CHORUS.



Awake, and let thy flowing Strain Glide through the Midnight Air,
While high amid'ſt her ſilent Orb The ſilver Moon rouls clear.

While all the glittering Starry Lamps Are lighted in the Sky,
And ſet their Maker's Greatneſs forth To thy admiring Eye.

While watchful Angels round the Juſt As nightly Guardians wait,
In lofty Strains of grateful Praiſe Thy Spirit elevate.

Awake my ſoft and tuneful Lyre, Awake each charming String;
Before the roſie Dawn of Day, To thee, my God, I'll Sing.

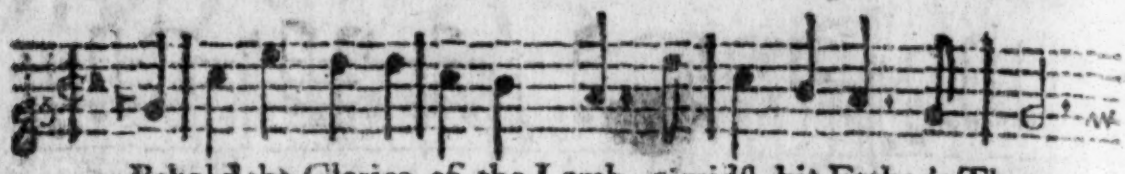
Thou round the Heav'nly Arch doſt draw A dark and ſable Vail,
And all the Beauties of the World From mortal Eyes conceal.

Agen the Sky with golden Beams Thy skilful Hands adorn,
And Paint with chearful Splendor gay The fair aſcending Morn.

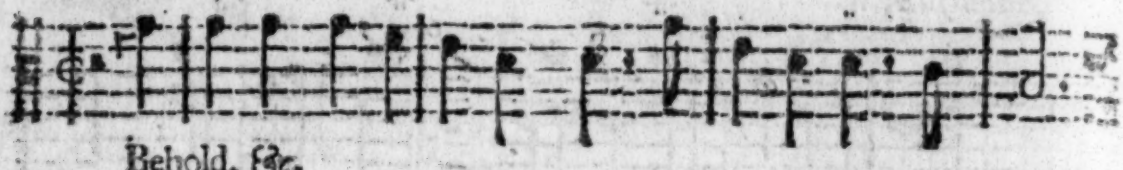
And as the gloomy Night returns, Or ſmiling Day renews.
Thy conſtant Goodneſs ſtill my Soul With Benefits purſues,

For this I'll Midnight Vows to thee With early Incence bring.
And e'er the roſie Dawn of Day Thy lofty Praiſes Sing.

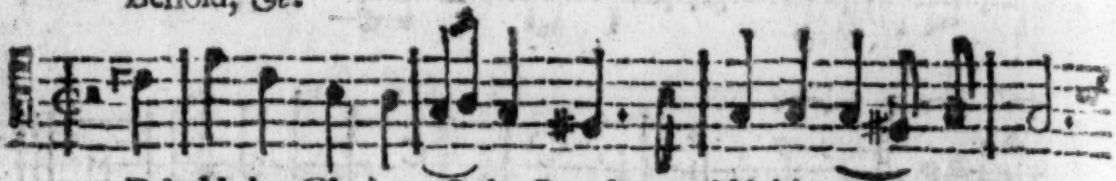
A Specimen of Muſick *in four Parts for Dr.* Watts's Hymns *and Spiritual* Songs. *Set by the Reverend Mr.* Arthur Bedford.



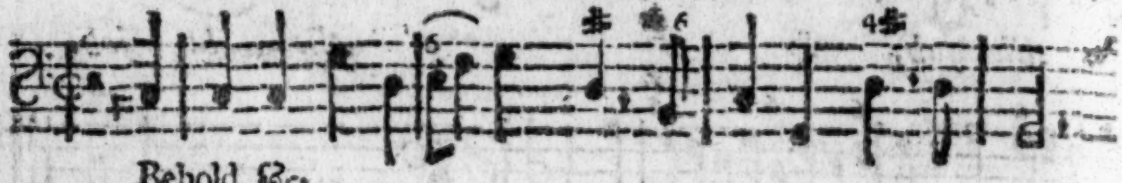
Behold the Glories of the Lamb, a-midſt his Father's Throne;



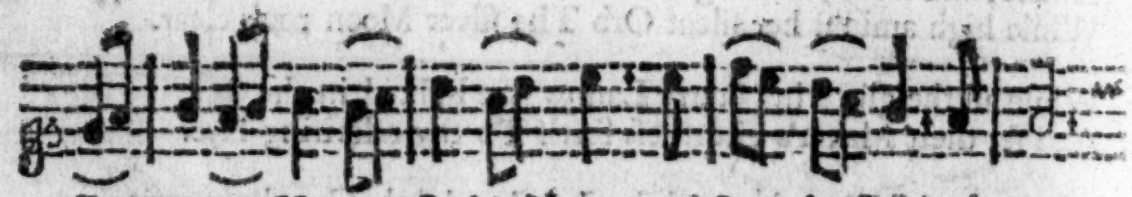
Behold, &c.



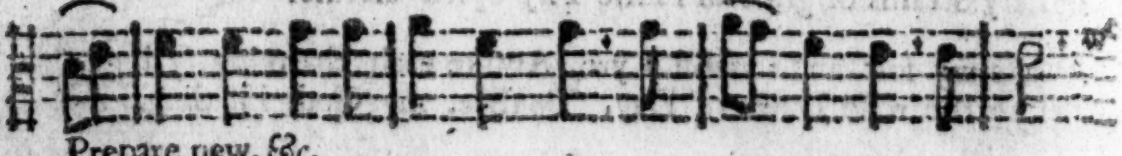
Behold the Glories of the Lamb, a-midſt his Father's Throne;



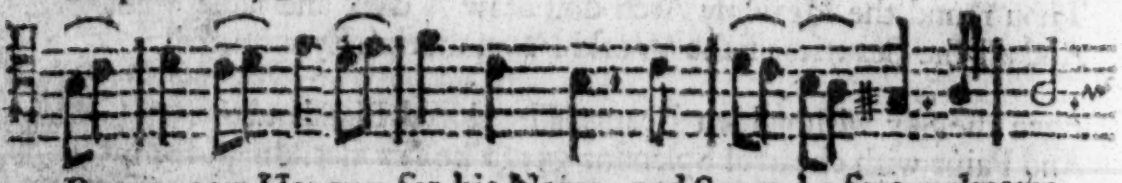
Behold, &c.



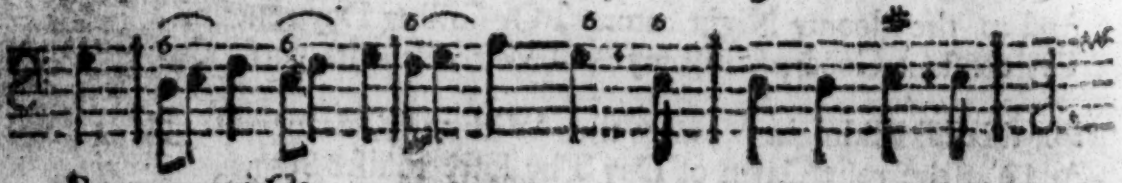
Prepare new Honours for his Name, and Songs be-fore unknown.



Prepare new, &c.



Prepare new Honours for his Name, and Songs be-fore unknown.



Prepare new, &c.

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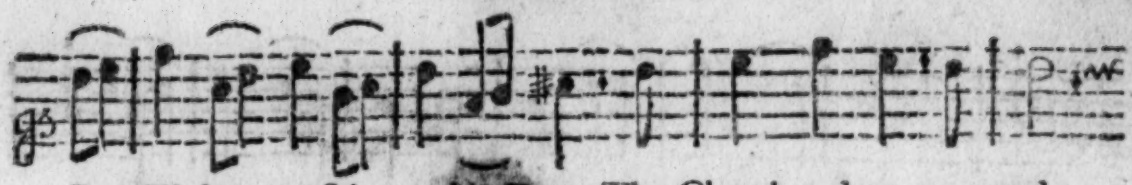
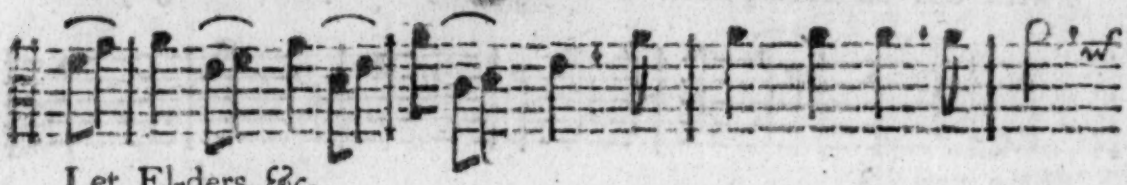
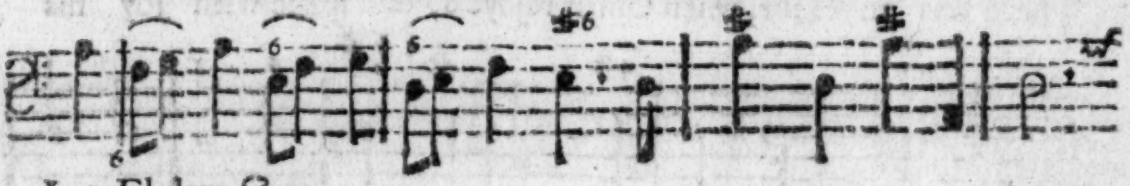


Let El-ders worſhip at his Feet, The Church a-dore a-round;

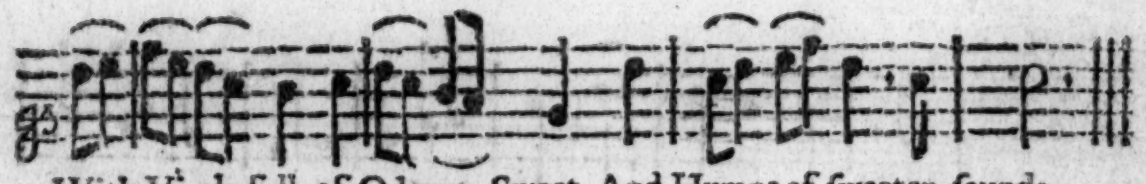


Let El-ders, &c.

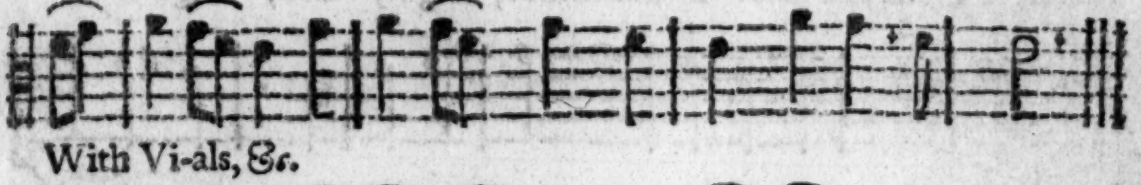
Let Elders worſhip at his Feet, The Church a-dore a-round;



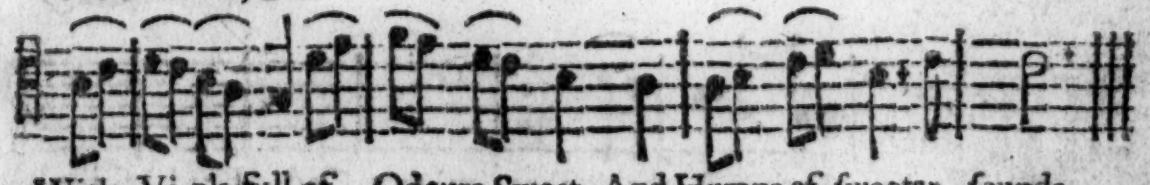
Let El-ders, &c.



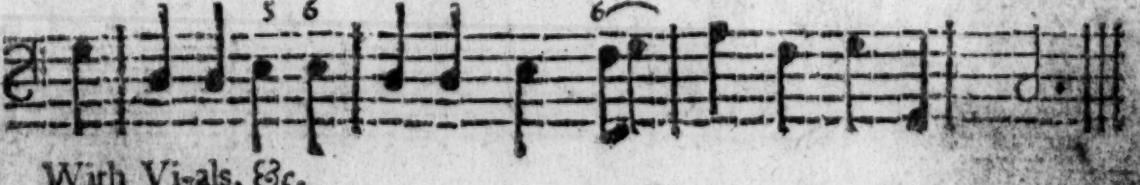
With Vi-als full of Odours Sweet, And Hymns of ſweeter ſounds.



With Vi-als, &c.

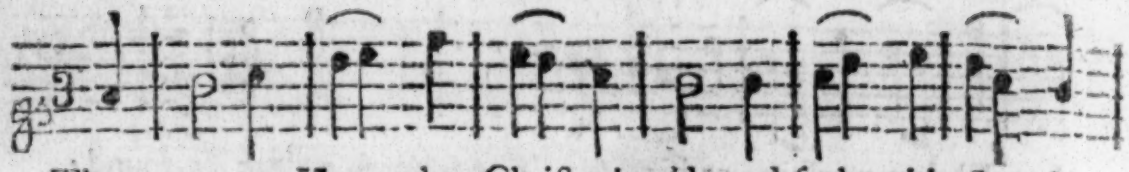


With Vi-als full of Odours Sweet, And Hymns of ſweetar ſounds.

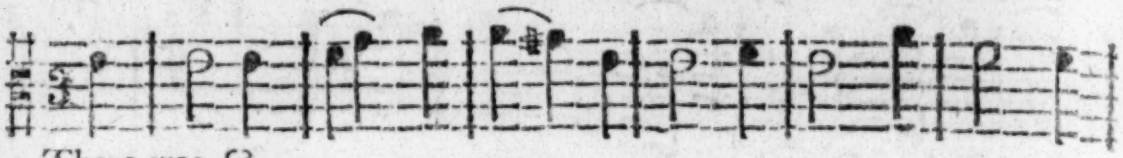


With Vi-als, &c.

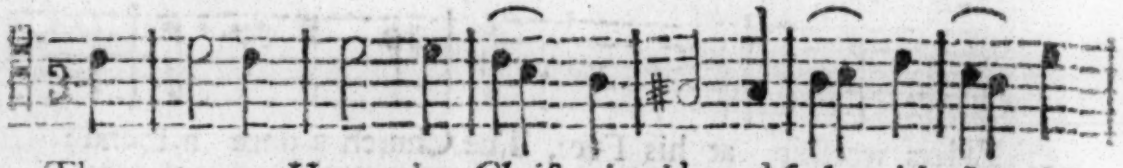
HYMN *the* 11*th.*



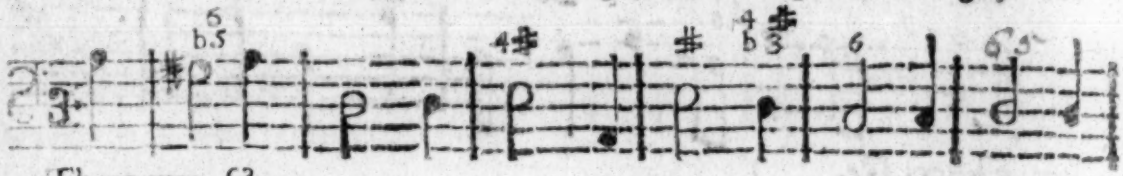
There was an Hour, when Chriſt rejoyc'd, and ſpake with Joy his



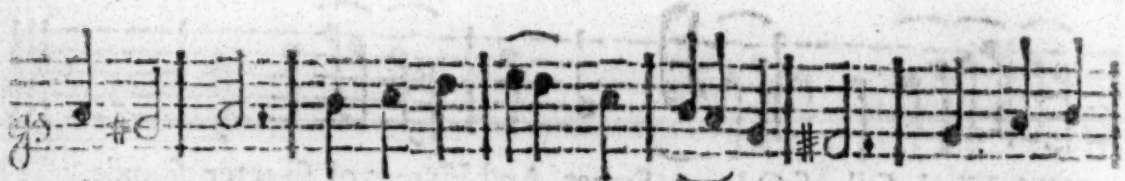
There was, &c,



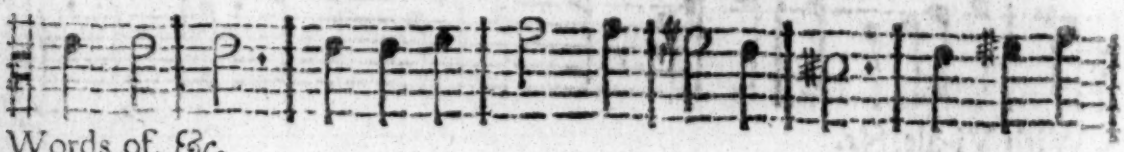
There was an Hour, when Chriſt rejoyc'd, and ſpake with Joy his



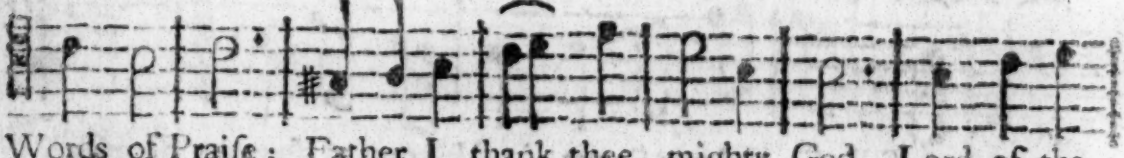
There was. &c.



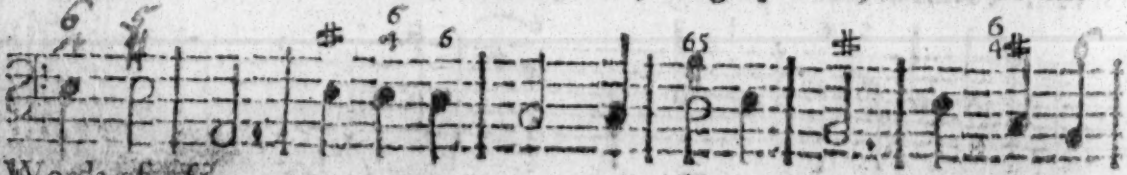
Words of Praiſe; Father I thank thee, mighty God, Lord of the



Words of, &c.



Words of Praiſe; Father I thank thee, mighty God, Lord of the



Words of, &c.

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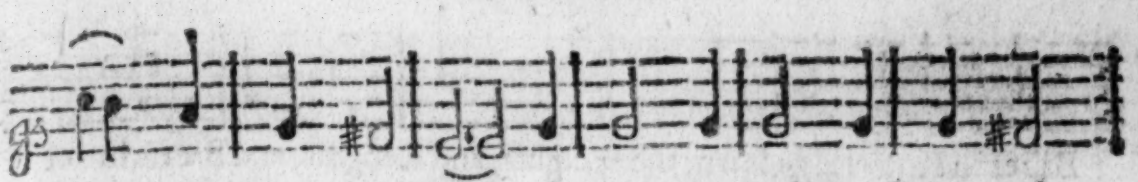
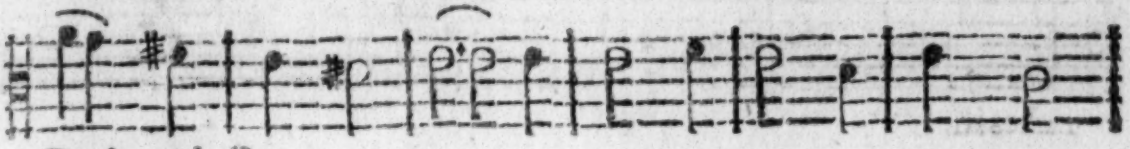
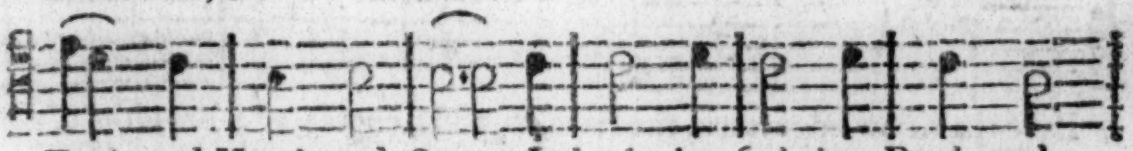


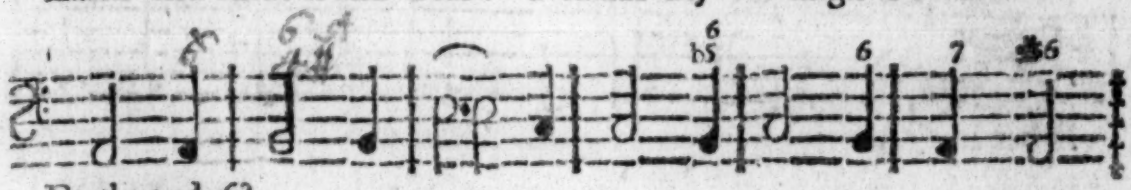
Earth and Heav'n and Seas: I thank thy ſov'raign Pow'r and



Earth and, &c.

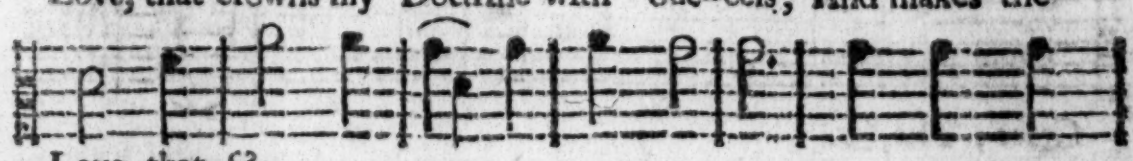


Earth and Heav'n and Seas: I thank thy ſov'raign Pow'r and

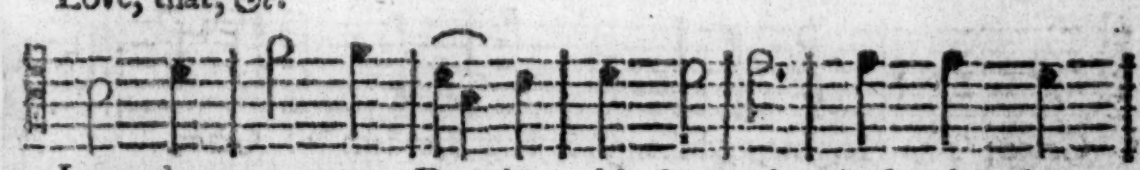


Earth and, &c.

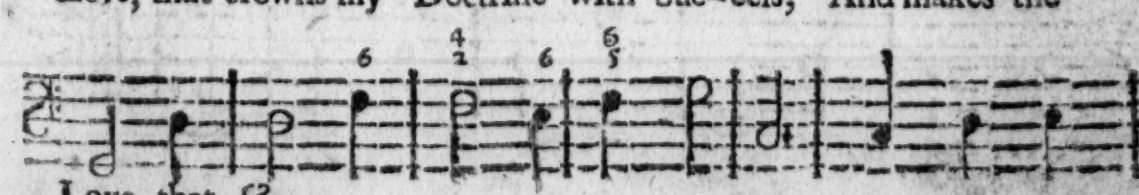
Love, that crowns my Doctrine with Suc--ceſs; And makes the



Love, that, &c.



Love, that crowns my Doctrine with Suc--ceſs; And makes the



Love, that, &c.

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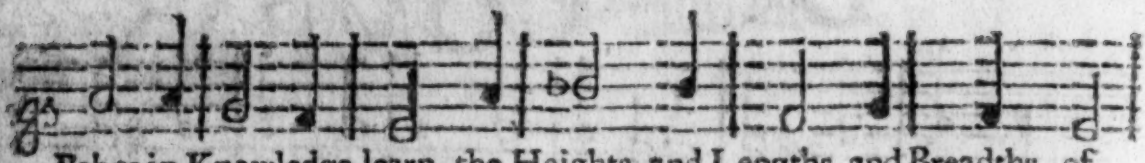
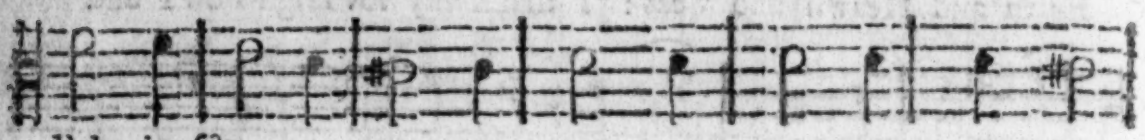
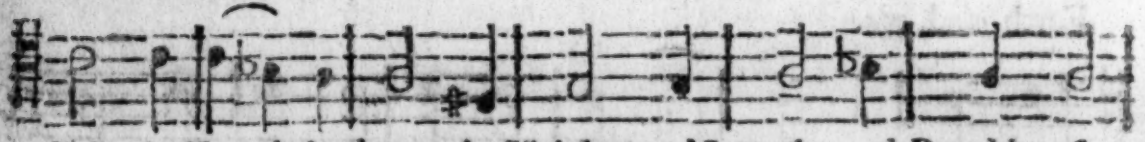


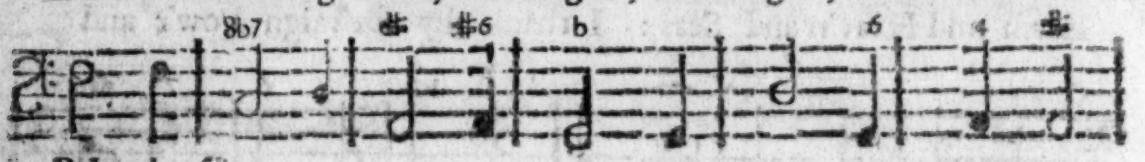
Babes in Knowledge learn, the Heights, and Lengths, and Breadths of



Babes in, &c.



Babes in Knowledge learn, the Heights, and Lengths, and Breadths of



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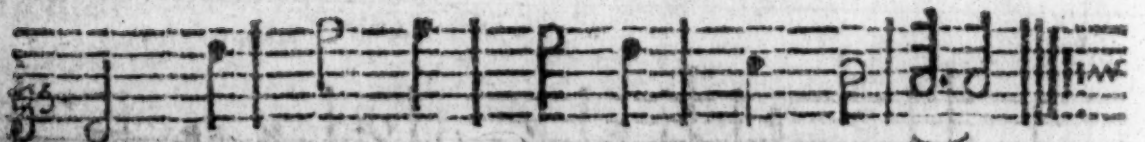
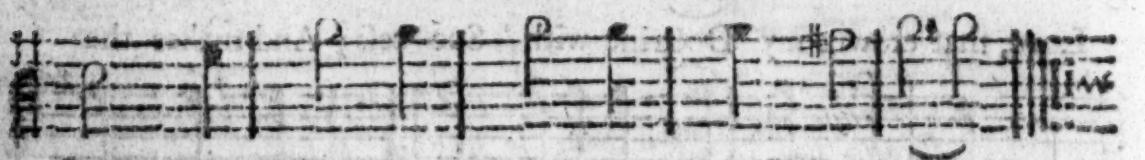
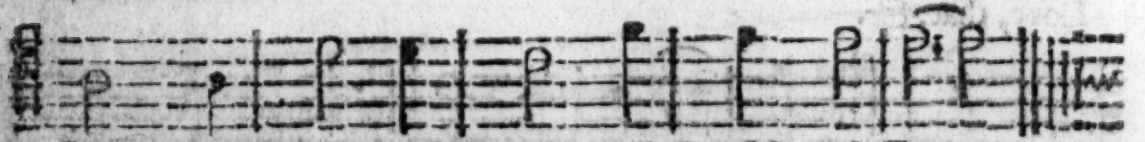


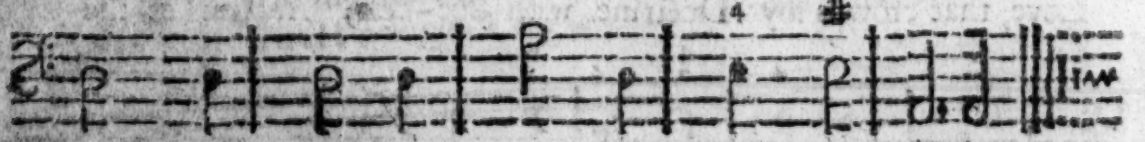
Grace; The Heights, and Lengths, and Breadths of Grace.



Grace; The, &c.



Grace; The Heights, and Lengths, and Breadths of Grace.



Grace; The, &c.

FINIS.

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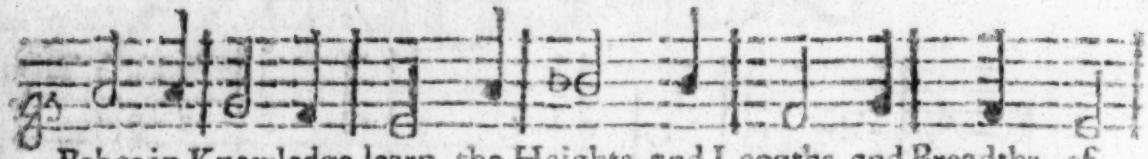
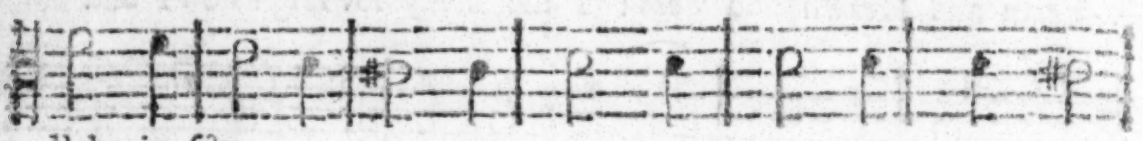


Babes in Knowledge learn, the Heights, and Lengths, and Breadths of



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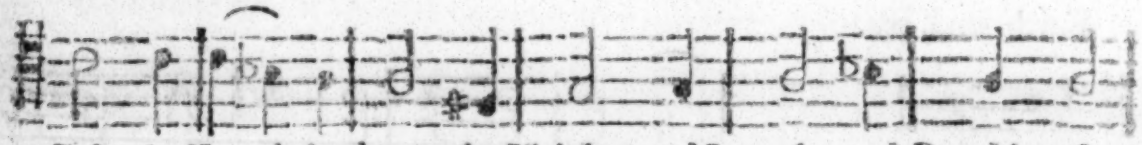
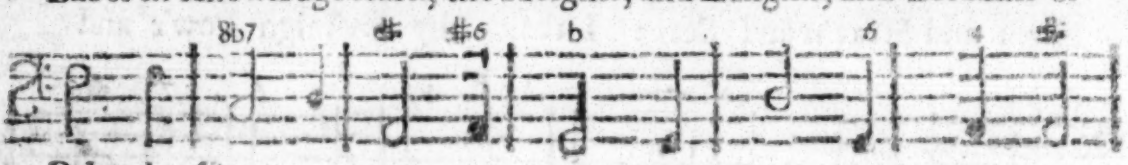


Babes in Knowledge learn, the Heights, and Lengths, and Breadths of



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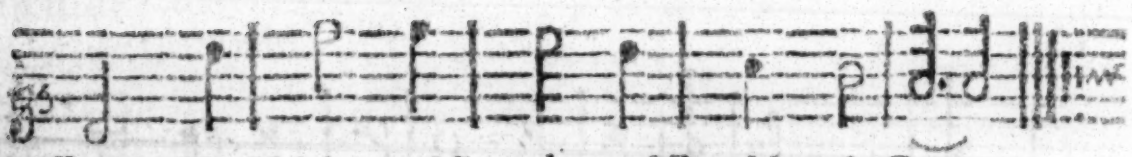

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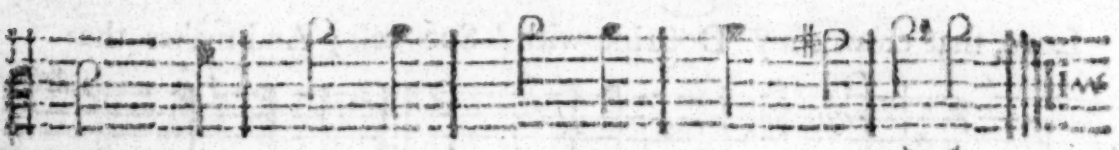
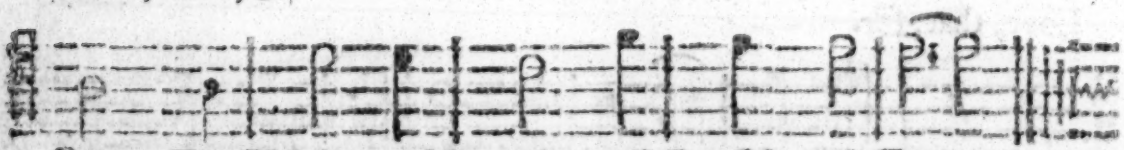


Grace; The, &c.



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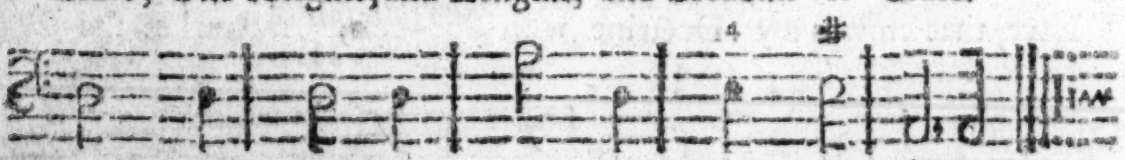

Grace; The, &c.

FINIS.